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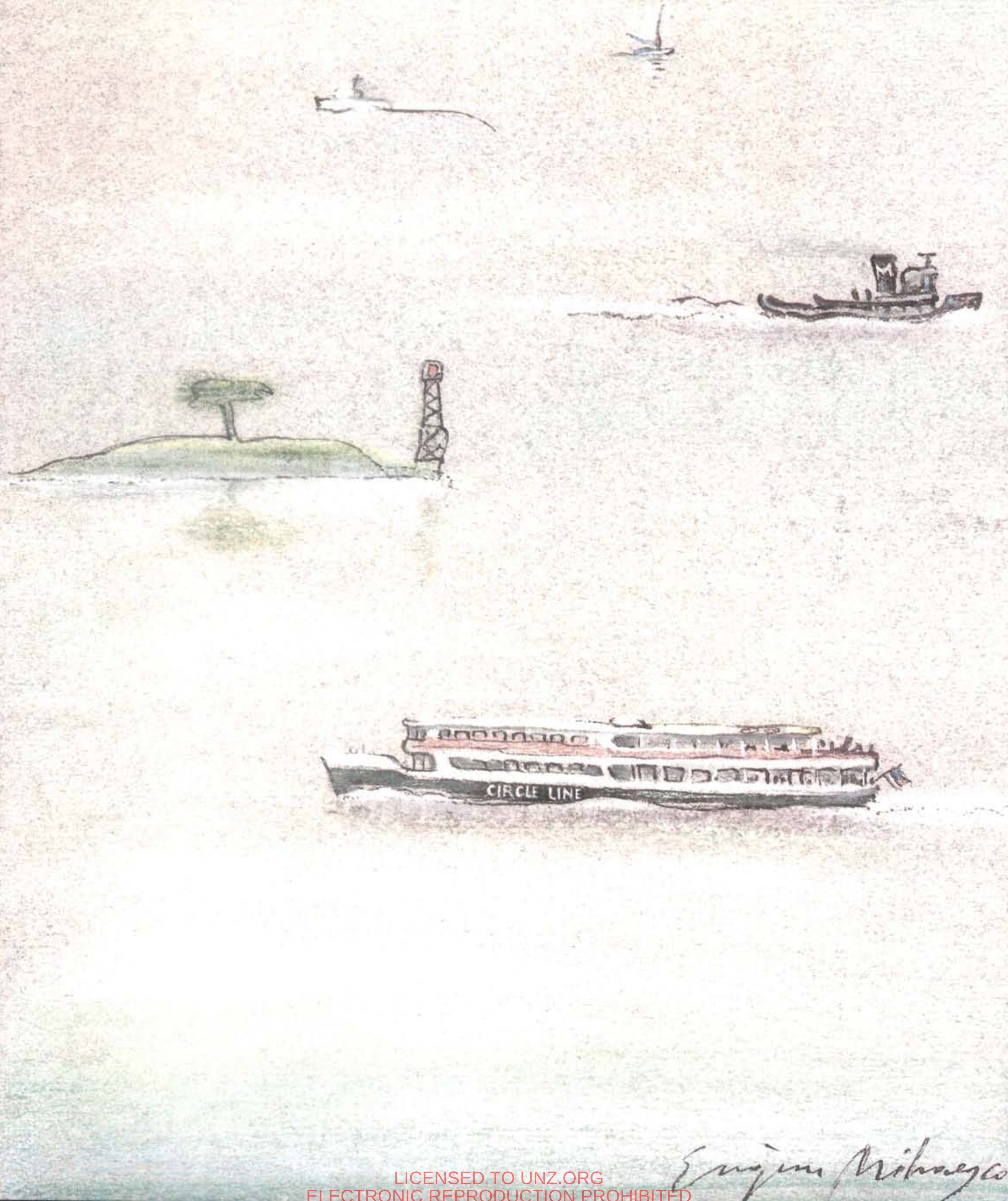
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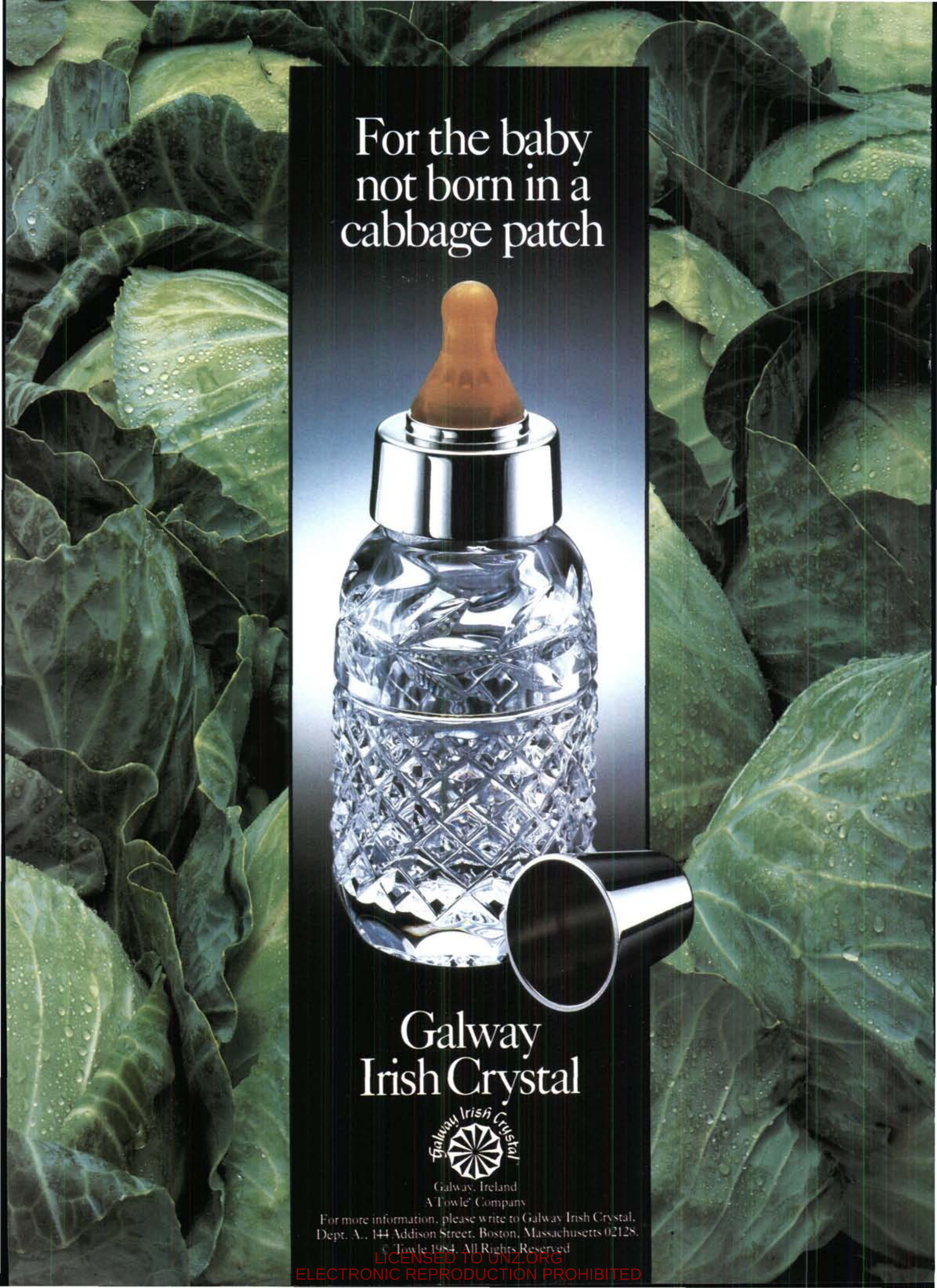
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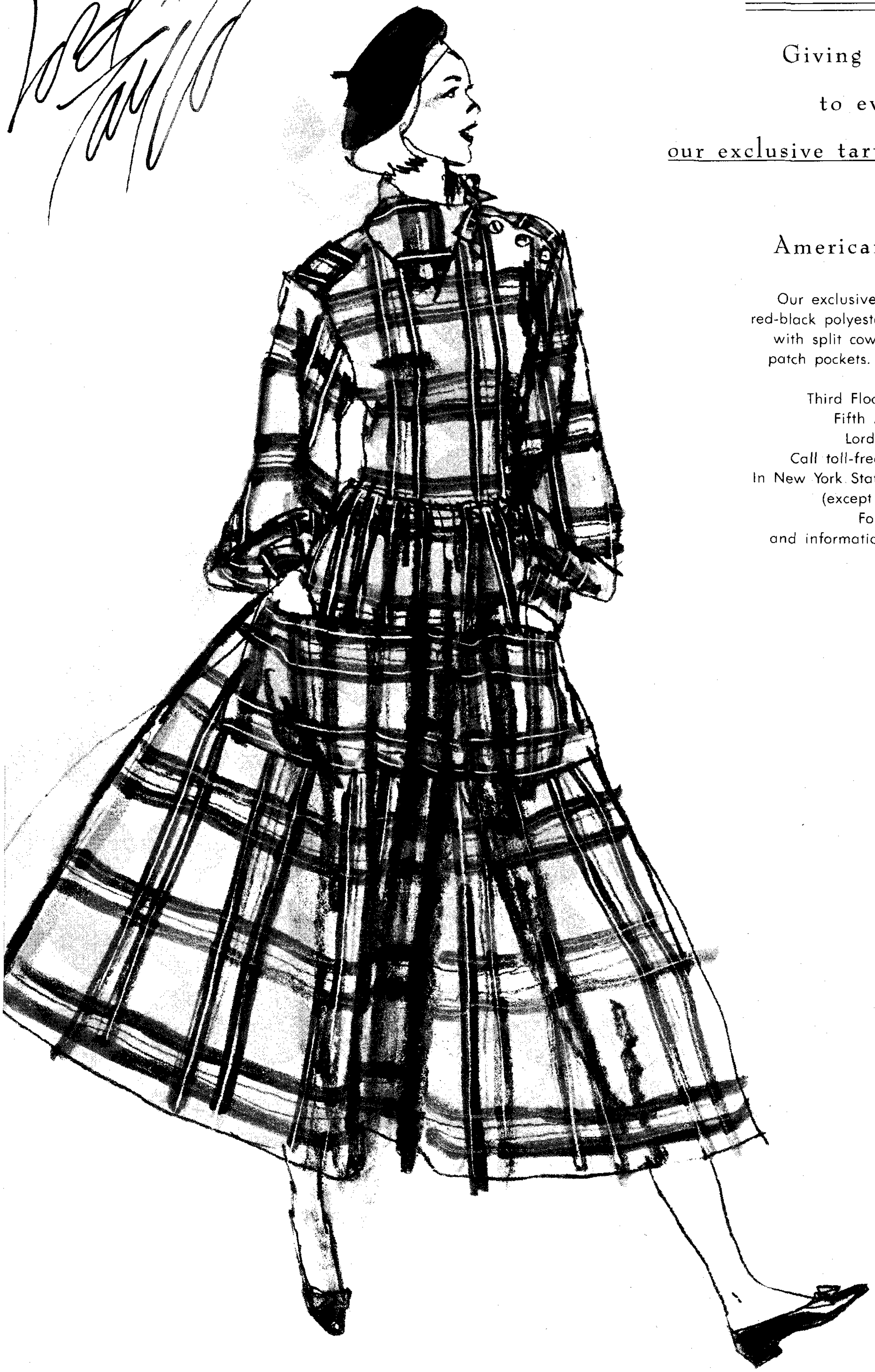

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blue Window—A comedy by Craig Lucas. (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—A revival of a play by William Inge, with Shirley Knight, Philip Bosco, and Mia Dillon. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea—John Turturro is the rough truck driver and June Stein the tough young woman who meet in a bar in the Bronx and proceed from there in John Patrick Shanley's melodrama. The strong direction was by Barnet Kellman. (6/18/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—A male artist, a male playwright, and a female interior designer make up a triangle that gives them the greatest possible pleasure; for a time, the triangle turns into a rectangle, which spoils everything. Such is the plot of this harsh comedy by Noël Coward. Directed by George C. Scott and with a cast headed by Jill Clayburgh, Frank Converse, and Raul Julia, it is well worth going to see. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) Closed for one week; it reopens, on Broadway, on Tuesday, Aug. 7. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. With Lisa Banes, Scottie Bloch, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Alan Rosenberg, and Steve Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 5: Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Aug. 8: Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Noises Off—As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Real Thing—The hero of Tom Stoppard's new comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. The playwright's mistress and eventual wife

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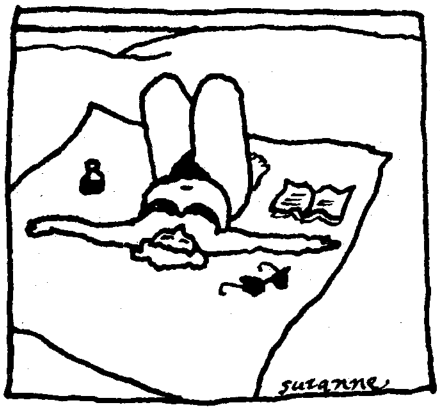

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proves to be even more selfish than he is. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt head the cast. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rink—A conscientiously depressing musical about how painful life can be. A few sunny glimpses are provided by Chita Rivera and Stockard Channing, as well as by Peter Larkin's marvellous setting. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb and are up to their high standard. The book is by Terrence McNally. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 4.)

Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—Nothing is less needed in the world than a didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork Boogie—A revised version of a comedy-with-music by Melvin Van Peebles, starring Mr. Van Peebles and the Brewery Puppets. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—Anthony Quinn and Lila Kedrova star in this revival of the 1968 musical. An oddly woebegone production. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, Aug. 5, at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical with George Hearn and Jamie Ross as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,096 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Aidan Quinn and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. With Jerry Orbach and Anne Rogers. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Erik Estrada and Peder Melhuse. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Wednesday at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 4.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Hyun Ja Kim Dance Company—In a program of traditional Korean dances. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Thursday and Friday, Aug 9-10, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(*A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . .* ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**RONNY WHYTE,** a fine baritone and a good pianist—dig his left hand—performs songs you may remember, songs you may have forgotten, and songs you may never even have heard of in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant—it feels sort of like the We're Here with jazz. Tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** works with drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER'S** trio on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4; and on Wednesday, Aug. 8, singer **DAKOTA STATON** will embark. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A rock, folk, folk-rock, and comedy club. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 1, Art, the Second Before, and United States; Thursday, Aug. 2, Kris Kruse, Robert Ross band, the Stranger, and Girl Friday; Friday, Aug. 3, Rita Rudner and Diane Ponzio; Saturday, Aug. 4, Rita Rudner and **GEORGE GERDES & HIS ALL-MALE VEGETARIAN ORCHESTRA;** Sunday, Aug. 5, Rocket 88 and Bobby Shehorn; Tuesday, Aug. 7, Judy Orbach; Wednesday, Aug. 8, David Roche and Mark Newman & the Body Electric; Thursday, Aug. 9, Tom Intondi, Lucy Kaplanski, and Martha P. Hogan; Friday, Aug. 10, the Whirling Dervishes, Viva Larue, and Louie & the Obscure Music; Saturday, Aug. 11, the King Crabs, Broken Promises, Rob Kramer, and the Shane Gang. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. In the **HORACE SILVER QUINTET** (which is on hand through Sunday, Aug. 5), Mr. Silver's piano isn't merely a percussion instrument, it's virtually the rhythm section. Oh, there's a bassist and a drummer, but Silver carries and sets the rhythms. He bends over the keys and rocks back and forth; his comping is intense. And should any of his talented young soloists falter or pause, he jumps right in and helps them out, letting them bounce off his ideas. For some thirty years, Horace Silver has played a distinctive, recognizable brand of hard bop, and it's some of the most lilting, most energetic, funkiest, and prettiest jazz around. On Monday, Aug. 6, Brenda Buffalino and the Amy Duncan trio will drop by; and on Tuesday, Aug. 7, **JEAN CARNE** will begin singing here. Music from ten. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: **OTIS BLACKWELL,** who wrote "Don't Be Cruel" and "All Shook Up," and the Nighthawks; Saturday, Aug. 4, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS**, trumpeter **TOM BROWNE**, and pianist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH**; Thursday, Aug. 9, **AL KOOPER** and the Lenny Kaye Connection; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11, comedians Chris Rush and the Unknown Comic. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** through Sunday, Aug. 5, and **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** starting Monday, Aug. 6. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, Aug. 1, Movemint Creme, the Tone Deafs, and Vertical; Thursday, Aug. 2, O Boy, Bill Baxter, and Eastern Bloc; Friday, Aug. 3, Holly Beth Vinson and ibm; Saturday, Aug. 4, Human Switchboard, the Egyptians, Me and I, and Ryan/Charles; Monday, Aug. 6, Human Switchboard and Glenn Phillips; and Tuesday, Aug. 7, the Drongos, Your Real Parents, and the Tall Boys. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Aug. 1, Seamus, Siobhan, and Roryann Egan; Saturday, Aug. 4, Bob Paisley & Southern Grass; Tuesday, Aug. 7, Johnny (Ringo) McDonagh, Mary Bergin, and Tony Halleran; Wednesday, Aug. 8, John Bottomley; Saturday, Aug. 11, the Jumbo String Band. Mondays and Fridays are Irish-music nights, too. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek hangout for traditional jazz. The house sextet plays Thursdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Aug. 5, Danny D'Imperio & the Metropolitan Bopera House will be on the stand; Mondays and Tuesdays Ed Polcer's quintet performs, and on Wednesdays a hot-jazz combo is present. Music from eight-thirty to two. Wednesdays, the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** and guitarist **CAL COLLINS** co-pilot a combo through Sunday, Aug. 5; on Tuesday, Aug. 7, pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER** will arrive with his trio. Mondays are claimed by guitarist **LES PAUL** and a trio. Sets begin at eight-thirty. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 1, Eric Bogosian with Ann Magnuson at nine and eleven; Thursday, Aug. 2, the Acme Improv Company at nine; Friday, Aug. 3, Buskin & Batteau at eight and eleven; Saturday, Aug. 4, **ELLEN MC ILWAINE** at eight and eleven; Tuesday, Aug. 7, Peter Spencer and Poez at nine; Wednesday, Aug. 8, the Squad and the Ben Vaughn band at nine and eleven; Friday, Aug. 10, the Bermuda Triangle and Andy Breckman at nine and twelve; and Saturday, Aug. 11, calypsoist **LORD BURGESS** at nine and midnight. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 1-2, guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS** and a duo; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4 bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and a trio; Monday, Aug. 6, Jane Blackstone; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 8-9, pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN**; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11, pianist and singer **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS**. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio; on Mondays pianist Judd Woldin teams up with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. Tuesdays through Saturdays, you can see (and hear) stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD**, and on Sundays and Mondays, the urbane and rhythmic **JIMMY LYON**. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

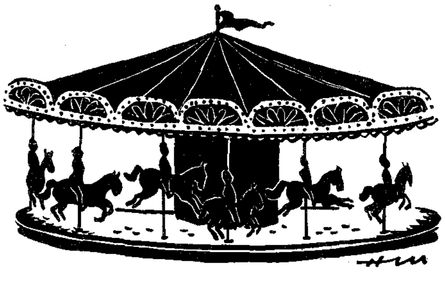
Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The performers: Wednesday, Aug. 1, the **NEVILLE BROTHERS** with the David Keyes band; Thursday, Aug. 2, **STEVE FORBERT** and Michael Fracasso; Sunday, Aug. 5, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN**; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 6-7, Texas rockabillyist **JOE ELY** and the Red Hot Chili Peppers; and Wednesday, Aug. 8, singer **TRACY NELSON** and the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL**. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Jazz yodeler **LEON THOMAS** sings with saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** and the **CEDAR WALTON** trio through Sunday, Aug. 5. On Tuesday, Aug. 7, **SPHERE**, a quartet for open-minded Thelonious Sphere Monk lovers, composed of **CHARLIE ROUSE** (Monk's tenor saxophonist for over ten years), **BEN RILEY** (Monk's drummer for a while in the sixties), bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and pianist **KENNY BARRON**, whose solos sometimes sound disconcertingly un-Monk-like smooth, will begin lovingly performing the master's music, as well as some Benny Carter tunes and some originals. Mondays now belong to singer **NANCY HARROW** and guitarist **JACK WILKINS**. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer Carol Woods pays tribute to Sammy Davis, Jr., Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, featuring Woody Allen on clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, Aug. 1, Mirage; Thursday, Aug. 2, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER**; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, electric violinist Noel Pointer; Monday, Aug. 6, **JUMP STREET**, a sturdy, energetic R. & B. band; Tuesday, Aug. 7, Nelson Rangell; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11, singer **JON LUCIEN**. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, Aug. 3, Blood on the Saddle, True West, and the **FLESHTONES**, too; Saturday, Aug. 4, the Cult, Rubber Rodeo, and In the Service Of. Live music from about eleven-thirty. Dancing.



Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Bob January and his Satin Swing Orchestra perform Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at eight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. British songwriters **CHRIS DIFFORD** and **GLENN TILBROOK** through Saturday, Aug. 4; Monday, Aug. 6, General Public; Thursday, Aug. 9, Black Flag and Sisters of Mercy; Friday, Aug. 10, Bad Manners; Saturday, Aug. 11, Way of the West and Zebra I. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing. Closed Sunday, Aug. 5, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 7-8.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. The lineup: Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER'S** sextet; Monday, Aug. 6, Julie Kohl; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 9-11, drummer **ART TAYLOR** and bassist **RON CARTER**. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Aug. 1, alto saxophonist and singer **OLIVER LAKE** and his stirring avant-reggae band, **JUMP UP**; Thursday, Aug. 2, Gumbe Sounds; Friday, Aug. 3, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; and Saturday, Aug. 4, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; and Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 7-9, tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI'S** quintet. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist, singer, and humorist **JAMES MOODY** heads up a quintet through Sunday, Aug. 5; on Monday, Aug. 6, jazz and poetry, the meat and potatoes of **BLUE ARK**, a collective featuring poet **AMIRI BARAKA** and trombonist **GRACHAN MONCUR III**, will be the fare; and starting Tuesday, Aug. 7, composer-violinist **LEROY JENKINS** will bring in his sextet, **STING**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A friendly, unassuming music hangout. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On Aug. 6, **RAY BARRETTO'S LATIN-JAZZ ORCHESTRA**, the **JOE CUBA SEXTET**, and a soloist, percussionist **CARLOS (PATATO) VALDEZ**, will all be here. On all other nights, the **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND**, a lively New Orleans outfit, goes on at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** perform piano-bass duets nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops by on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his exuberant, macho Latin-jazz quintet wind up a week here on Sunday, Aug. 5; and on Tuesday, Aug. 7, pianist **MAL WALDRON** will move in along with **WOODY SHAW**, **SONNY FORTUNE**, **REGGIE WORKMAN**, and **ED BLACKWELL**. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is Monday's tradition. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district.

One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The pianists: Wednesday, Aug. 1, **CHARLES EUBANKS;** Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 2-5, Joel Forrester; Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 6-8, Leslie Pintchik; and Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 9-12, Ted Chavis. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The schedule: tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** through Saturday, Aug. 4; Sunday and Monday, Aug. 5-6, pianist Ram Ramirez; and Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 7-11, the great **BENNY CARTER** on alto saxophone and trumpet. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Guitarist **TAL FARLOW** can be found here with bassist Gary Mazzaroppi Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, the music is provided by pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Nona Hendryx—With Monyaka. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Thursday, Aug. 2, at 10.)

Charles McPherson—With Barry Harris, Hal Dodson, and Leroy Williams. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

The Jacksons—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 4-5, at 8.

The Pretenders—With Simple Minds. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 8.)

Chicago—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug 9, at 7:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

John Taylor Arms (1887-1953)—A large selection of etchings. Through Aug. 12. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Paolo Buggiani—Samplings of paintings and constructions by an antic Italian artist who borrows from ancient mythology and creates some of his own; watching him work on a fresco mural in the Sander gallery is part of the show. Through Friday, Aug. 10. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

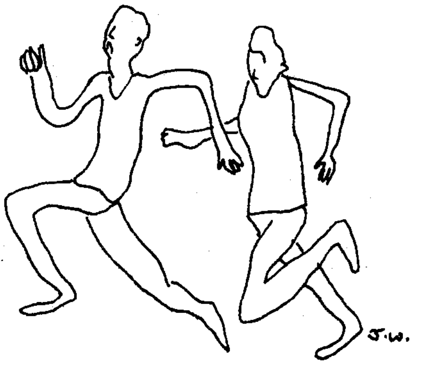
Roger Dennis—Paintings of the Connecticut countryside and coastal scenery by a sturdy Impressionist who is eighty-two years old and still hard at work. First one-man show in New York. Through Friday, Aug. 3. (Shippee, a recently opened gallery at 41 E. 57th St.)

Simone Gad—Glitzy environments, assemblages, and wall reliefs glorifying Hollywood and television stars of the fifties and early sixties—a life-size mannequin made up as Jayne Mansfield at her dressing table, for instance. Through Aug. 17. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Golinkin (1896-1977)—Watercolors and drawings of sports, as well as lithographs entered in the Los Angeles 1932 Olympic Fine Arts Competition, which won the artist an Olympic Gold Medal. Through Aug. 30. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Closes at 3 on Fridays.)

Al Hirschfeld—More than a thousand original drawings. Through Aug. 24. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St., between University Pl. and Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Carole Richard Kaufmann—Semi-abstract landscapes flecked with collaged references to China—clippings showing the Great Wall, empresses, toiling coolies, printed matter—all of it reflecting a recent trip to the Far East. Through Aug. 17. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)



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Fairfield Porter and Friends—A show of thirty-one works by fifteen artists who constitute a community, in this instance, because of their professional links to Mr. Porter (1907-75), whose portrait by Elaine de Kooning and self-portrait are included. Among the other artists are Robert Dash, Jane Freilicher, Larry Rivers, and Nell Blaine. Through Sept. 9. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Tuesdays through Sundays. This show complements Porter's retrospective at the Whitney Museum.)

George Stave—Small, deft oils of Venetian palaces and large Jersey summer homes. Through Saturday, Aug. 4. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Art on the Beach—Eight environmental installations, each the product of an association among an artist, an architect, and a performer and all appropriate in concept to this acre of sand tended by Creative Time. Through Sept. 16. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Group Shows—At **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: What these paintings and sculptures by about twenty artists have in common is a centered image. Martha Diamond, Suzan Pitt, Troels Worsel, others. Through Aug. 17. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: Among this year's highlights in the annual Old Master print show are ten etchings by Rembrandt and engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. Through Aug. 31. . . . **CUTLER,** 164 Mercer St.: Seven unfamiliar artists, among them Alfonse Borysewicz, who paints in a deliberately primitive style on unstretched canvas, and Imants Tillers, an eclectic Australian who borrows subject matter from reproductions in art magazines. Through Friday, Aug. 3. . . . **MARISA DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by thirty-one artists, from Arman to Warhol. Through Aug. 24. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Figurative drawings in various mediums by more than sixty American artists of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 31. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Ammi Phillips, John Kane, Grandma Moses, and others, gathered for a show entitled "American Folk Art: People, Places & Things." Through Sept. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GETLER-PALL-SAPER,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Swimming and Other Pools" is the title that explains this grouping of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, David Hockney, Budd Hopkins, Debra Pearson, and others. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings of women, including Thomas Sully's "Mother and Child" and Carmen Cicero's "Golden Dreams." Through Aug. 31. . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Models, architects' drawings, and photographs chronicling the current restoration work on the Statute of Liberty, and including the design for a double-decker hydraulic glass elevator, which will be in place when the work is completed, in 1986. Through Sept. 14. (Open Saturdays.)

¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, most of them with changing exhibitions of works by gallery members: **ARMSTRONG,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **ROBERT MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams (1902-84)—A memorial show consisting of more than sixty works by this landscape photographer. Through Sept. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

André Kertész—Various prints. Through Aug. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucas Samaras / Walter Iooss, Jr.—Polaroid photographs (chiefly self-portraits) taken between 1969 and 1983. / Photographs of America's Olympic hopefuls. Through Aug. 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **CITY GALLERY,** 2 Columbus Circle: More than a hundred photographs of the lower East Side by Sylvia Plachy, Jill Freedman, Mark Feldstein, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 10. . . . **PACE-MAC GILL,** 11 E. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists Harry Callahan, Nancy Hellebrand, Richard Avedon, Jim Goldberg, and others. Through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A display of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Rhode Island samplers and silk embroideries—works that no doubt are perfect examples of this sort of needlecraft, which was part of the curriculum in the state's "female academies" where they were done. Through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The inaugural exhibition in the expanded galleries is entitled "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." The complete show will run through Tuesday, Aug. 7; the ground floor, however, will be open through Aug. 19. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—In a show of sculptures taken from the collections, twenty artists whose works date from late in the past century to the nineteen-fifties are represented by a number of pieces as well as by related works on paper; Calder, for example, is represented by fourteen works. Also Degas, González, Brancusi, others. Through Sept. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Fairfield Porter. Through Aug. 19. (A complementary show is at Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ A survey of abstract paintings and sculptures in America covering the years 1927 (the date of Stuart Davis's "Eggbeater" series) through 1944 (the year Mondrian died); nonobjective and hard-edge styles typify these works by Albers, Noguchi, David Smith, and others, done prior to Abstract Expressionism. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A show of Viola Frey's giant, gaudily painted clay figures. Also, three ceramic plates, a small sculpture, and two large paintings. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ A selection of American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through Sept. 3.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Contemporary color prints. Through Sept. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. Through Sept. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Two shows reflecting contemporary life in the People's Republic of China. Brush-and-ink paintings (primarily hanging scrolls) and some sketches by thirty-six artists ranging in age from twenty-nine to ninety-one.... ¶ Photographs of the people there by Tom Zetterstrom. Both shows through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An architectural exhibit that reviews the changes in skyscraper design in Manhattan between the world wars, and specifically the impact of the 1916 setback zoning law on the city's skyline. The Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, and the Waldorf-Astoria are a few of the projects considered in original drawings, models, and photographs. Through Sept. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of neoclassical terra-cotta sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit reflecting the nineteenth-century whale trade: scrimshaw, paintings of maritime families, and ships' figureheads. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—Twenty wood sculptures by Martin Puryear, including painted circular works executed recently and reconstructed pieces whose original versions were lost in a fire at his studio.... ¶ David Ireland's environmental installation, designed as an extension of the architecture for the gallery space, is in part a three-tiered structure that wraps around the columns. Both shows through Sept. 9. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8, when there is no admission fee after 5; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an exhibit whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press ...," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)... ¶ The Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St., has mounted an exhibit called "Censorship and Black America," which is explained through a selection of newspapers, pamphlets, books, manuscripts, and photographs. (The center is open Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. Through Sept. 2.... ¶ Paintings, prints, and drawings done over the past ten years by New Yorker Ray Grist, whose work reflects the influences of Cubism and Abstract Expressionism, as well as other styles. Through Sept. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

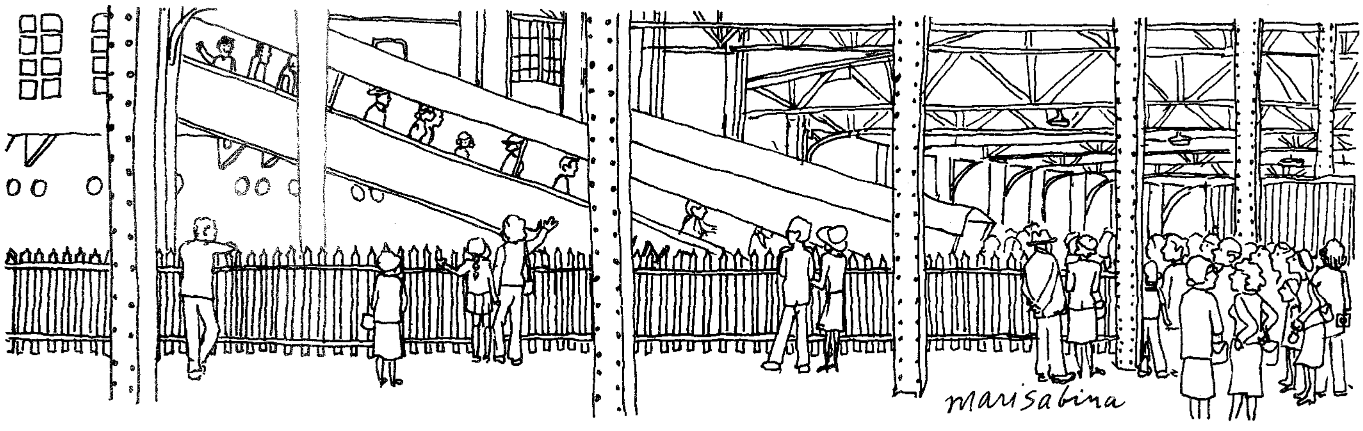
NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Friday, Aug. 3, at 8: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Wilhelmenia Fernandez, Jerry Hadley, and Scott Reeve; conducted by Imre Pallo.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Judith Forst, Bruce Reed, and Frederick Burchinal; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8: "Carmen," with Victoria Vergara, Maryanne Telese, Jacque Trussel, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 5, at 1: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rosemarie Freni, Cynthia Rose, Riccardo Calleo, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Catherine Lamy, Harry Theyard, and Frederick Burchinal; Klaus Weise conducting both.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 5, at 7: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Jane Shaulis, Barry McCauley, and Adib Fazah; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Sharon Christman, Walter MacNeil, and William Parker; Scott Bergeson.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Delores Ziegler, William Stone, and Michael Cousins; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Elizabeth Holleque, Jerry Hadley, and Robert Galbraith; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Jane Shaulis, Barry McCauley, and Adib Fazah; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rosemarie Freni, Cynthia Rose, Riccardo Calleo, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Catherine Lamy, Harry Theyard, and Frederick Burchinal; Klaus Weise conducting both.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8: "La Traviata," with Marianna Christos, Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland; Klaus Weise. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A seven-week festival of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 25. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 1: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as piano soloist, with David Shifrin, clarinet, and Alexander Markov, violin.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 2: Steven Lubin conducting an ensemble and acting as fortepiano soloist for a program performed on eighteenth-century instruments, with Elly Ameling, soprano, and the Baryton Trio.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4: David Willcocks directing the orchestra, with Arleen Auger, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Westminster Choir.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 6, and Wednesday, Aug. 8: Sergiu Comissiona conducting the orchestra, with Lilian Kallir, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 7: Alicia de Larrocha, piano, in an all-Mozart program.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9: Christopher Hogwood conducting an ensemble in an all-Mozart program performed on eighteenth-century instruments, with Miss Auger; Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano; and Stanley Ritchie, violin.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11: Sergiu Comissiona conducting the orchestra, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Cho-Liang Lin, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Thursday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a dress rehearsal of Berlioz' opera "Béatrice et Bénédict" (see Aug. 4).... ¶ Friday, Aug. 3, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony, in a chamber-music program.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 3, at 9: Charles Dutoit conducting the Boston Symphony, with Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a performance of Berlioz' opera "Béatrice et Bénédict," with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Sylvia McNair, soprano; Miss Taylor; David Rendall, tenor; David Parsons, baritone; John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; Italo Tajo, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 5, at 2:30: Charles Dutoit conducting an all-Mozart program, with Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Harold Wright, clarinet; Sherman Walt, bassoon; Charles Kavalovski, horn; and Joseph Silverstein, violin.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Jessye Norman, soprano, and Phillip Moll, piano.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 7: The Tanglewood Festival Chorus, John Oliver directing.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Mendelssohn-Shostakovich program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Joseph Silverstein conducting a Berlioz-Mozart-Beethoven program; no soloists.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 12, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Miss Norman; Edith Wiens, soprano; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Thursday, Aug. 2, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Elly Ameling, soprano.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 5, at 5:30: Yo-Yo Ma, cello, and Patricia Zander, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30: The Canadian Brass. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 12, at 5:30: Young-Uck Kim, violin, and Peter Serkin, piano, in an all-Mozart program. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 26. On Saturdays, buses leave at 6 from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Wednesday, Aug. 1: The Pretenders. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 2: Sheena Easton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4: Eurythmics. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 6: Chuck Mangione and his quartet. . . . ¶ Opening performances by the **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA** of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 25. Wednesday, Aug. 8: Dennis Russell Davies conducting a varied program, with André Watts, piano, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9: Dennis Russell Davies conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Milagro Vargas, mezzo-soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; Leslie Guinn, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10: William Smith conducting a Beethoven-Ives program, with Vinia Tsopelas, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11: Igor Buketoff directing an all-Rachmaninoff program that includes the première of "Monna Vanna," with Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; John Alexander and Henry Grossman, tenors; Sherrill Milnes and Nicholas Karousatos, baritones; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 9. Evenings at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SUMMERFARE '84—Final performances of a festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, *Un soupçon*—**WEDNESDAY, AUG. 1, AT 8:** Circus Oz, a company from Australia. . . . **AT 8:30:** The Lionel Hampton Orchestra. . . . **THURSDAY, AUG. 2, AT 8:** Circus Oz. . . . **AT 8:30:** The première of Conrad Susa's one-act opera "The Love of Don Perlimplin," based on the play of the same name by García Lorca. . . . **FRIDAY, AUG. 3, AT 8:** Circus Oz. . . . **AT 8:30:** "The Love of Don Perlimplin" and Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 4, AT 3 AND 8:30:** Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. . . . **AT 6 AND 8:30:** "The Love of Don Perlimplin." . . . **AT 8:** Circus Oz. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 5, AT 2:** A program of chamber music. (No tickets necessary.) . . . **AT 3 AND 7:30:** Circus Oz. . . . **AT 8:** Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. . . . **FRIDAY, AUG. 10, AT 8:** A program of one-act plays presented by Ensemble Studio Theatre. . . . **AT 8:30:** American Ballet Comedy, a dance company, and the Baltimore Symphony, Zdenck Macal conducting, with Bruno Gelber, piano. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 11, AT 3 AND 8:30:** American Ballet Comedy. . . . **AT 5:** Touchstone, an Irish and Celtic music group. (No tickets necessary.). . . **AT 8:** The one-act plays. . . . **AT 8:30:** Larry Coryell, Laurindo Almeida, and Sharon Isbin, jazz guitarists. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 12, AT 2:** Anthony Newman directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" by an ensemble playing original baroque instruments, with the Pro Arte Chorus of Connecticut and the Brooklyn Boys' Chorus. . . . **AT 8:** American Ballet Comedy and the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

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JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 4: The Hubbard Street Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 7-11: The Merce Cunningham Dance Company. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 1-2, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday, Aug. 3, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8; and Sunday, Aug. 5, at 2. . . . ¶ Chicago, Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 1; and Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8. . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, Aug. 9, at 7:35; Friday, Aug. 10, at 8:05; and Saturday, Aug. 11, at 7:35.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8:30.)

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, Aug. 1, through Monday, Aug. 27. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 1; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 2; the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 4; the Jim Dandy, Sunday, Aug. 5; the DeWitt Clinton, Monday, Aug. 6; and the Alabama, Sunday, Aug. 11. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Sorority, Saturday, Aug. 4, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 11. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1.

TENNIS—North American Tennis Open, formerly the Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Newark Academy, Livingston, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 1-3, at noon and 7; semifinals Saturday, Aug. 4, at 1; and finals Sunday, Aug. 5, at 1. For information about tickets, call 1-201 740-1715.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8, from Sunday, Aug. 5, through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 17. The Hambletonian, Saturday, Aug. 4.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of H. Leivick's "The Golem," with F. Murray Abraham and Randy Quaid. The second of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. Opens Friday, Aug. 3, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 2. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. Stanislaw Skrowaczewski will conduct the second of three programs: **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens, Friday, Aug. 3. . . . **SNUG HARBOR,** Staten Island, Tuesday, Aug. 7. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn, Wednesday, Aug. 8. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** Bronx, Friday, Aug. 10. (Evenings at 8.)

SYLVAN WINDS—An all-Mozart program. (North Plaza, Lincoln Center. Friday, Aug. 10, at 7.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Final free concerts on Pier 16. Thursday, Aug. 2: Charli Persip and Superband. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 3: The Nat Adderley quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9: Larry Harlow and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10: Thiago de Mello and Amazon. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 12.) . . . ¶ Dino Anagnost directing the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society. (Monday, Aug. 6, at 8.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Newell Jenkins conducting the Festival Orchestra, with Christine Locke, flute. The third in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller beer people's summertime concert series. Wednesday, Aug. 1: Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble, with the Gregg Allman Band. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Friday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

WALKING TOUR—A conducted tour of lower Broadway, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Aug. 5, starting at the steps of City Hall, at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

AUTOMOBILE RACING—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Aug. 19.

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Aug. 12 (day). San Francisco, Aug. 24 (twi-night doubleheader), Aug. 25 (night), and Aug. 26 (d). Los Angeles, Aug. 27-29 (n). San Diego, Aug. 31-Sept. 1 (twi-night doubleheaders) and Sept. 2 (d). Chicago, Sept. 7-8 (n) and Sept. 9 (d). St. Louis, Sept. 10 (n). . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Aug. 14 (night), Aug. 15 (day), and Aug. 16 (n). Oakland, Aug. 17-18 (n) and Aug. 19 (d). California, Aug. 20-22 (n). Toronto, Sept. 3 (at 4) and Sept. 4-5 (n).

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Grambling State vs. Boston University, in a benefit game. (Yankee Stadium. Sept. 8.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Jets, exhibition game, Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, exhibition game, Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, Sept. 9.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Aug. 29-Oct. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Sept. 1-Dec. 31.

SOCCER—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Juventus, Aug. 12. San Diego, Aug. 15. Minnesota, Aug. 19. International game, Aug. 22. Vancouver, Aug. 29. Toronto, Sept. 5.

TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Aug. 27-Sept. 9.)

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Aug. 22-26.)

OTHER DATES—The Republican National Convention will start on Aug. 20 in Dallas. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 1-3, Sept. 8-9, and Sept. 15-16. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 3.

BEN'S DINING ROOM
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The New Fragrance for Men

Bringing baby home in the Peugeot

She has ten tiny fingers, around which she has already wrapped her grandparents. And ten tiny toes.

She has enough clothes to stock a small store, including eight pairs of little knitted bootees that will never stay on.

Her face goes scarlet with anger if there's any stalling at feeding time.

There is some agreement that she looks like her grandmother on her mother's side—although this notion does not sit well with the other side of the family.

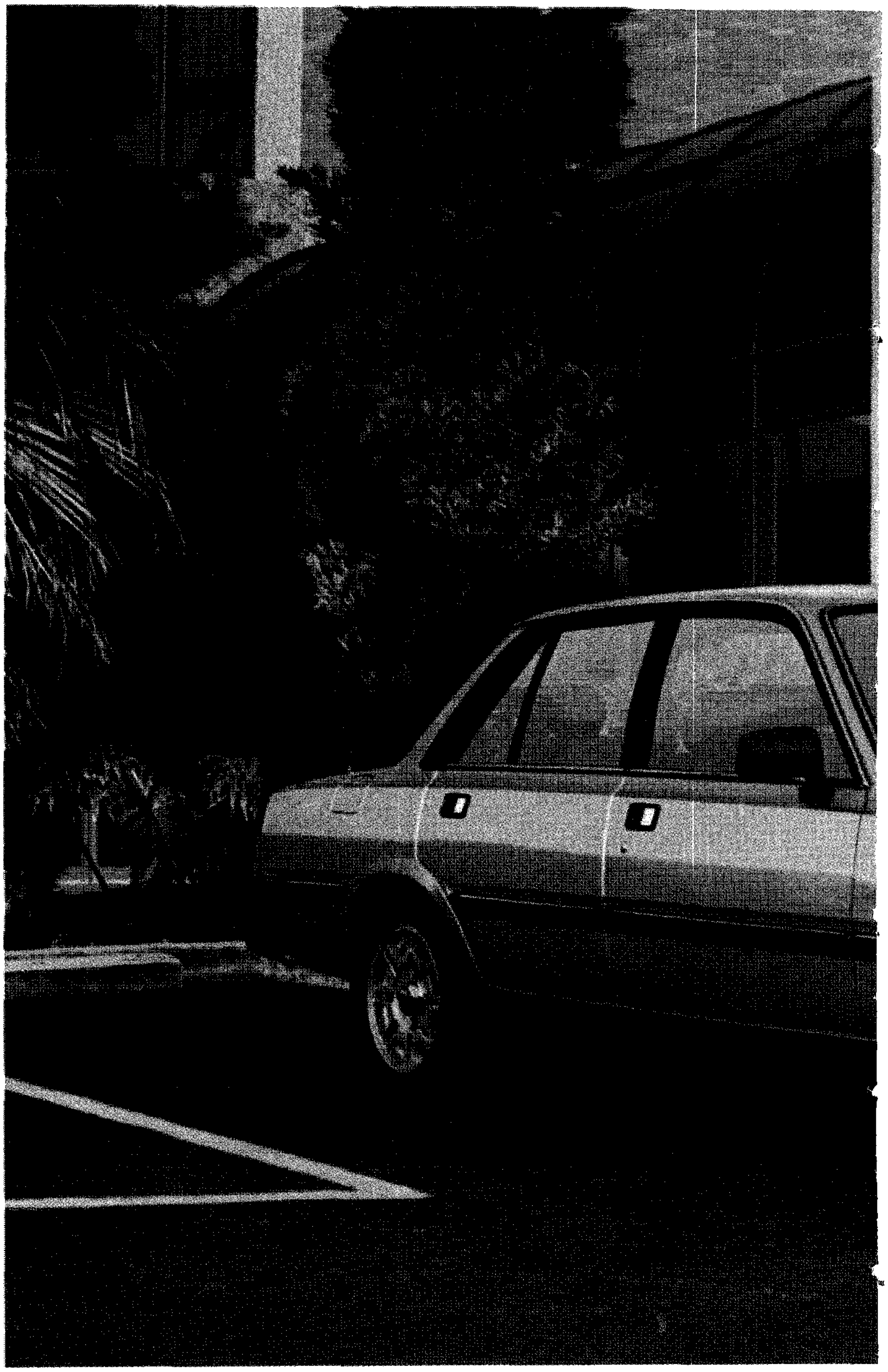
Dad will get up and check her fourteen times during her first night at home, each time making a mental note to do something about the creak in the floorboard.

She has pudgy cheeks, fat little knees, and almost no hair.

She is, they agree, the most beautiful baby anyone ever had.

Oh, the responsibility of it all!

The 505 STI's seats are wrapped in a soft, supple leather, with the front pair heated in the winter. Comfort of body, indeed.

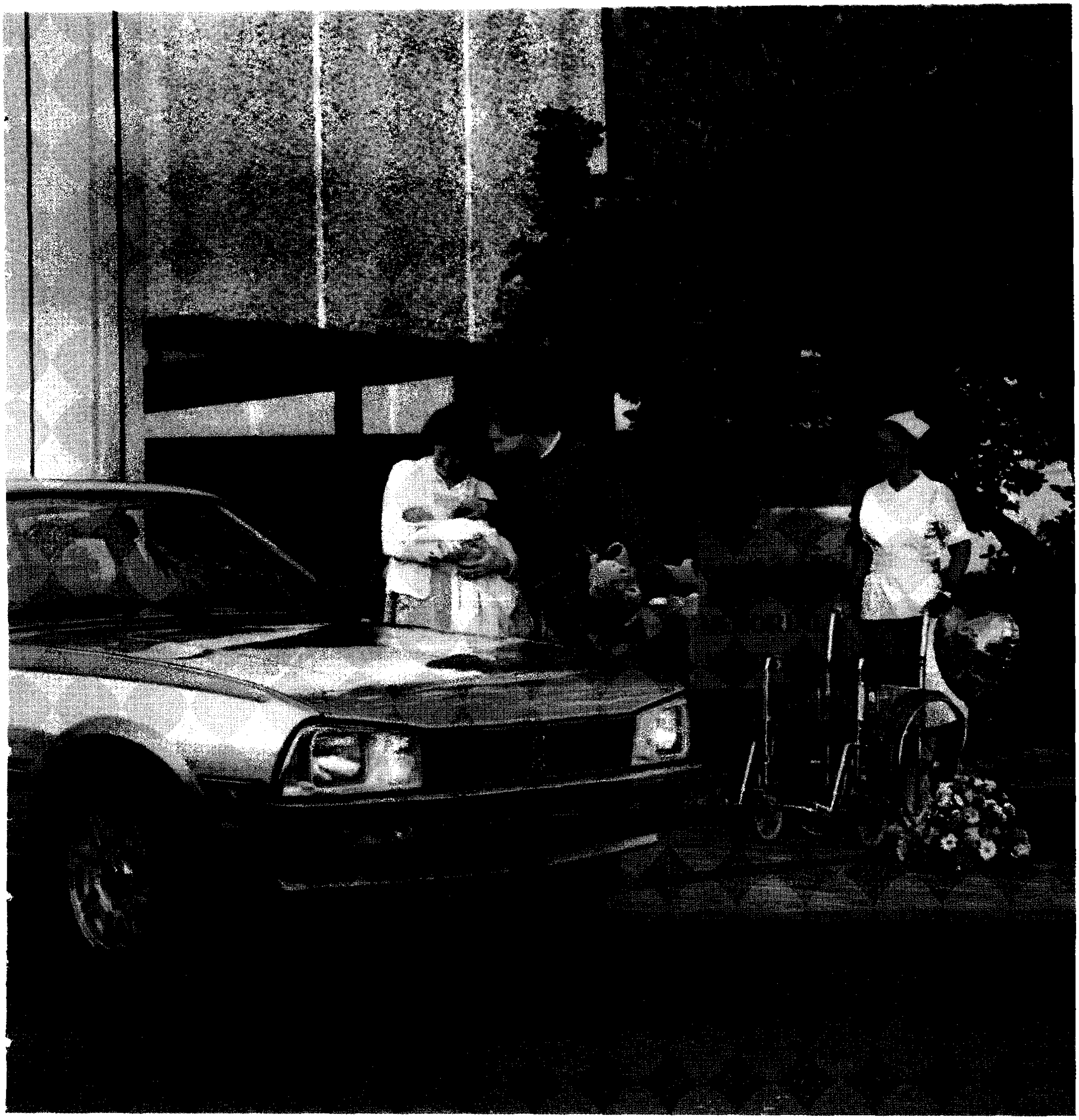


The car they are bringing baby home in (Dad will drive very, very carefully) is a Peugeot 505 STI.

It is a veritable fortress of strength. The occupants are cradled within a body that is welded in 4,032 places. The body is protected by 21 separate anti-corrosion measures.

The steering of the Peugeot is itself a form of safety device. It "knows" when to step in and help the driver . . . and precisely how much help is needed. If the road is icy or wet, the amount of power assistance is automatically cut back so that you retain the feel of the road through your fingertips.

The Peugeot is very much a car for comfort of mind.



It is also a car for comfort of body. So lavishly equipped is the 505 STI that the only way you can spend more money is if you prefer an automatic transmission.

Everything from air conditioning to cruise control to side mirrors that de-ice themselves... all is standard equipment.

Prices of Peugeot sedans and station wagons—all available with gasoline or turbodiesel engines—range from $11,435 to $17,965.* Please call 1-800-447-2882 in the continental U.S. for a 32-page color brochure and the name of your nearest Peugeot dealer.

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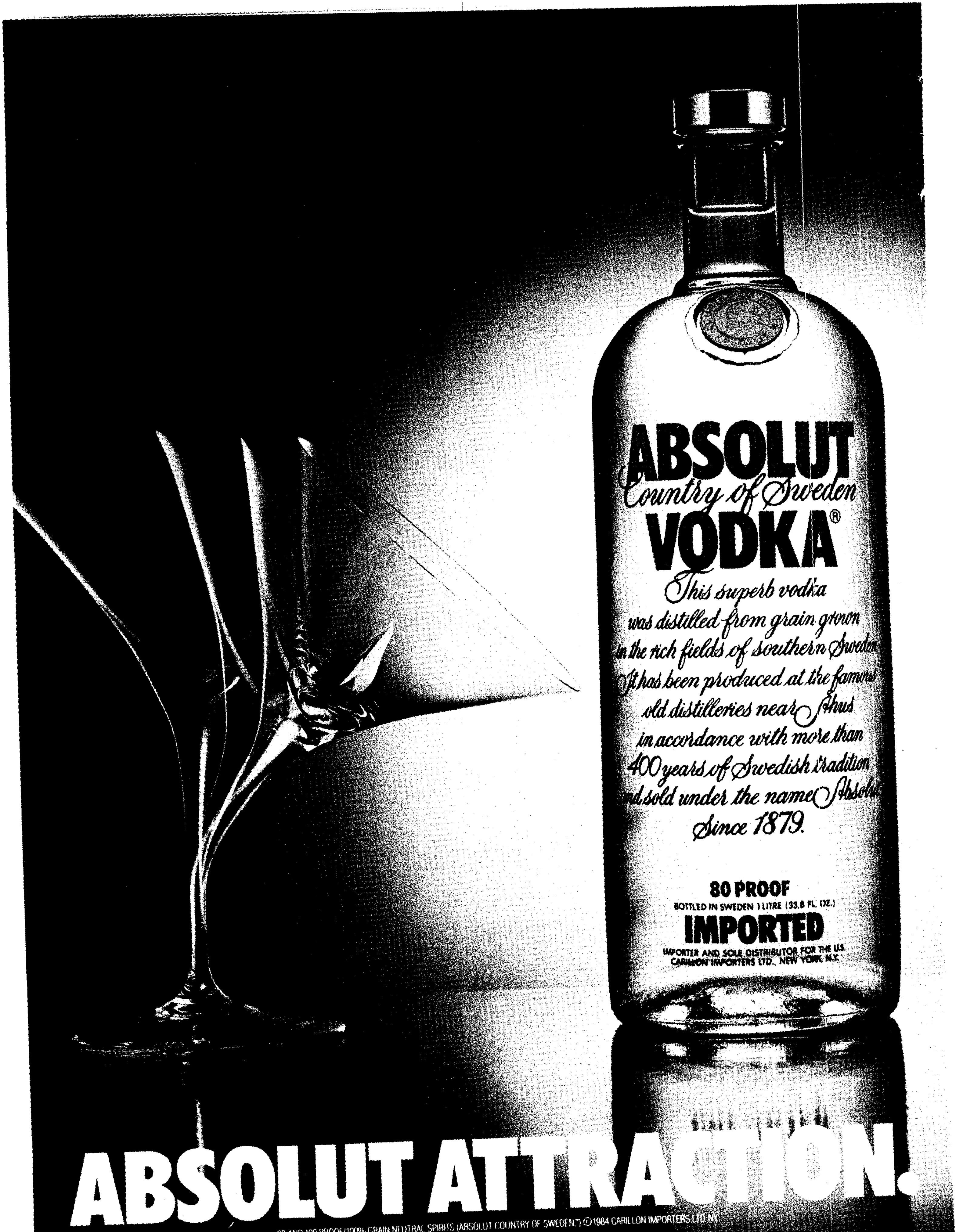
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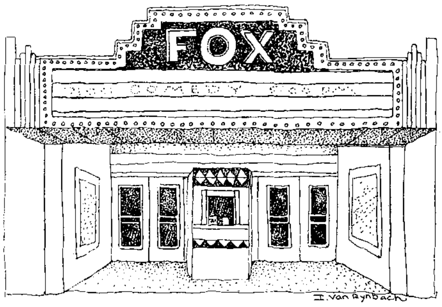
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A festival of Charlie Chaplin films:
Through Aug. 2: "Limelight" (†); and "Work" (1915; a short film).
Aug. 3-5: "The Great Dictator" (†); and "Kid Auto Races at Venice" (1914; a short film).
Aug. 7-9: "Modern Times" (†) and "A Woman of Paris" (†).
From Aug. 10: "Monsieur Verdoux" (†); and "The Face on the Barroom Floor" (1914; a short film).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Purple Rain" (directed by Albert Magnoli), with Prince.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 2: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†) and "Footloose" (†).
From Aug. 3: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 2: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).
From Aug. 3: "Grandview, U.S.A." (Randal Kleiser), with Jamie Lee Curtis and C. Thomas Howell.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Gremlins" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 9: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy. From Aug. 10: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 9: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
From Aug. 10: "Cloak and Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The 4th Man" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: "One Deadly Summer" (Jean Becker; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Aug. 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
From Aug. 2: "Under the Volcano" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Aug. 1: "Under the Volcano" (†). From Aug. 2: "The Bostonians" (†).
Theatre 2: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 9: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From Aug. 10: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 2: "Cheech & Chong's The Corsican Brothers" (Thomas Chong). From Aug. 3: "Grandview, U.S.A." (Randal Kleiser), with Jamie Lee Curtis and C. Thomas Howell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 9: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer. No performances on Tuesday, Aug. 7.
From Aug. 10: To be announced.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Aug. 1: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen and Virginia Madsen.
From Aug. 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 9: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.
From Aug. 10: "Cloak and Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Lost One" (1951; directed by Peter Lorre; in German), with Lorre.
Theatre 2: "Cruel Story of Youth" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: "Ghostbusters" (†). From Aug. 5: "A Question of Silence" (Marleen Gorris; in Dutch).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
Theatre 2: "Last Night at the Alamo" (Eagle Pennell).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Aug. 1: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen and Virginia Madsen. From Aug. 2: "Under the Volcano" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 9: "Heart of the Stag" (Michael Firth; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence. From Aug. 10: "Eréndira" (†).
Theatre 4: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Natural" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Aug. 9: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).
From Aug. 10: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film, with a 1984 soundtrack.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Aug. 1: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (†).
From Aug. 2: "Under the Volcano" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 2: "After the Rehearsal" (Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Ingrid Thulin. From Aug. 3: "First Name: Carmen" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).
Theatre 2: "Another Time, Another Place" (Michael Radford), with Phyllis Logan.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 2: "Eréndira" (†). From Aug. 3: "After the Rehearsal."

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "Improper Conduct" (Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in French and Spanish), a documentary.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 9: "Heart of the Stag" (Michael Firth; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence. From Aug. 10: "Strangers Kiss" (Matthew Chapman), with Peter Coyote and Victoria Tennant.
Theatre 2: "Skyline" (Fernando Colomo; in Spanish and English).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 2: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From Aug. 3: "Grandview, U.S.A." (Randal Kleiser), with Jamie Lee Curtis and C. Thomas Howell.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.
Theatre 4: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
Theatre 2: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 2: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From Aug. 3: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 2: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen and Virginia Madsen. From Aug. 3: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 9: "Star Trek III:

The Search for Spock" (†). From Aug. 10: "Cloak and Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 2: "Cheech & Chong's The Corsican Brothers" (Thomas Chong). From Aug. 3: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Revenge of the Nerds" (directed by Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.
Theatre 3: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 9: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan). From Aug. 10: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
Theatre 5: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 2: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods. From Aug. 3: "Cannonball Run II (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 3: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
Theatre 4: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Aug. 2: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen and Virginia Madsen.
From Aug. 3: "Grandview, U.S.A." (Randal Kleiser), with Jamie Lee Curtis and C. Thomas Howell.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Splash" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Cheech & Chong's The Corsican *Brothers" (Thomas Chong).*
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 9: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From Aug. 10: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 9: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz). From Aug. 10: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 9: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver. From Aug. 10: "Cloak and Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 1-2: "Young Frankenstein" (1974; directed by Mel Brooks), with Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn; and "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film).
Aug. 3-4: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, and Sam Shepard; and "An Officer and a Gentleman" (1982; Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere, Debra Winger, and Louis Gossett, Jr.

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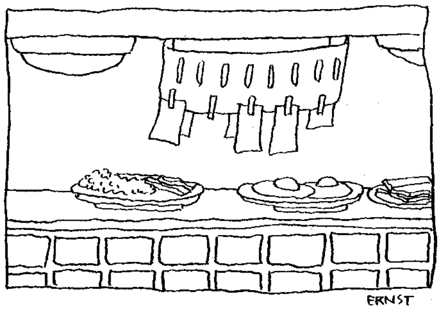
Aug. 5-6: "1900" (1976; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Burt Lancaster ad Robert DeNiro.
Aug. 7: "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado; and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Jack Palance.
Aug. 8: "Terms of Endearment" (1983; James L. Brooks), with Shirley MacLaine, Debra Winger, and Jack Nicholson.
Aug. 9: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Tenant" (Roman Polanski), with Polanski.
Aug. 10-11: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 7: "Not a Love Story" (1982; Bonnie Sherr Klein; a Canadian film).
From Aug. 8: "The Whole Shootin' Match" (1979; Eagle Pennell), with Lou Berry and Sonny Davis.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 1: "If . . . " (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell; and "Medium Cool" (1969; Haskell Wexler), with Robert Forster.
Aug. 2: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.
Aug. 3: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.
Aug. 4: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.
Aug. 5: "Stalag 17" (1953; Billy Wilder), with William Holden, Don Taylor, Otto Preminger, and Robert Strauss; and "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin.
Aug. 6: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Popeye" (†).
Aug. 7: "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin; and "Skidoo" (1969; Otto Preminger), with Jackie Gleason and Carol Channing.
Aug. 8: "Atlantic City" (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; and "The Rose Tattoo" (1955; Daniel Mann), with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Virginia Grey.
Aug. 9: "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley.
From Aug. 10: A week-long program of samurai films.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 2: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French).
Aug. 3-9: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.



Aug. 10-11: "Missing" (1982; Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek, Melanie Mayron, and John Shea; and "Betrayal" (1983; David Jones), with Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley, and Patricia Hodge.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Aug. 1: "Gorky Park" (1983; Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin; and "The Night of the Generals" (1967; Anatole Litvak), with Peter O'Toole, Omar Sharif, Charles Gray, Tom Courtenay, Donald Pleasence, and Joanna Pettet.
Aug. 2-4: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.
Aug. 5-6: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), with the Marx Brothers; "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), with the Marx Brothers; and "The Cocoanuts" (†).
Aug. 7-8: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "La Balance" (1983; Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.
Aug. 9-11: "Dr. No" (1963; Terence Young) and "From Russia with Love" (1964; Terence Young), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 2: "Magical Mystery Tour" (1969), with the Beatles; and "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles.
Aug. 3-4: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
Aug. 5: "Battle Beyond the Stars" (1980; Jimmy T. Murakami), with Richard Thomas and Robert Vaughn; "Battlestar Galactica" (1979; Richard A. Colla), with Richard Hatch, Dirk Benedict, and Lorne Greene; and "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century" (1979; Daniel Haller), with Gil Gerard, Pamela Hensley, and Erin Gray.
Aug. 6-7: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1979; Russ Meyer) and "Supervixens" (1975; Russ Meyer).
Aug. 8-9: "*Unfaithfully Yours*" (1984; *Howard* Zieff), with Dudley Moore, Nastassja Kinski, and Armand Assante; and "Blame It on Rio" (1984; Stanley Donen), with Michael Caine, Joseph Bologna, Demi Moore, and Michelle Johnson.
Aug. 10-11: "The China Syndrome" (†); and "Silkwood" (1983; Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, and Cher.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Aug. 1: "Valley of the Dolls" (1967; Mark Robson), with Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke, Sharon Tate, Susan Hayward, and Paul Burke; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).
Aug. 2: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne; and "Frantic" ("Elevator to the Gallows;" 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.
Aug. 3-9: "La Petite Sirène" ("The Little Mermaid;" 1980; Roger Andrieux; in French), with Laura Alexis and Philippe Léotard.
Aug. 10: "Confidentially Yours" (1984; François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.
Aug. 11: "The Right Stuff" (1983; Philip Kaufman), with Sam Shepard, Dennis Quaid, and Ed Harris.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Aug. 1: "The Wind and the Lion" (1975; John Milius), with Sean Connery, Brian Keith, and Candice Bergen; and "The Dirty

Dozen" (1967; Robert Aldrich), with Lee Marvin.

Aug. 2-4: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "Libeled Lady" (1936; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Myrna Loy.

Aug. 5-6: "The Wind" (1928; Victor Seastrom; a silent film), with Lillian Gish, Montagu Love, Lars Hanson, and Dorothy Cumming; and "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Daniell.

Aug. 7-8: "Lust for Life" (1956; Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn; and "Some Came Running" (1959; Vincente Minnelli), with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, and Martha Hyer.

Aug. 9-11: "Ziegfeld Follies" (†) and "Singin' in the Rain" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 1: "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), recorded at a performance in August, 1965; and "The Hungry i Reunion" (1982; Thomas Cohen), a documentary.

Aug. 2: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Toni" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French).

Aug. 3: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (1973; Gérard Oury; in French), with Louis de Funès; and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973; Yves Robert; in French), with Pierre Richard.

Aug. 4: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "A Married Woman" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Macha Meril.

Aug. 5: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; and "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck.

Aug. 6: "Gulliver's Travels" (1939; Max Fleischer), a full-length cartoon; and a program of cartoons.

Aug. 7: "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" (1966; Russ Meyer); and "Ms. 45" (1981; Abel Ferrara), with Zoë Tamerlis.

Aug. 8: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Five Fingers" (†).

Aug. 9: "The Golden Coach" (1953; Jean Renoir; in French); and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (†).

Aug. 10-11: "My Name Is Anna Magnani" (1979; Chris Vermorcken), a documentary; and "Open City" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 1: "War of the Worlds" (1953; Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry; and "When Worlds Collide" (1951; Rudolph Maté), with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush.

Aug. 2: "Arsène Lupin" (1932; Jack Conway), with John and Lionel Barrymore; and "The Mad Genius" (1931; Michael Curtiz), with John Barrymore, Boris Karloff, and Marian Marsh.

Aug. 3: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

Aug. 4: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942; Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton.

Aug. 5: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey.

Aug. 6: "Anna Christie" (†) and "Anna Karenina" (†).

Aug. 7: "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel; and "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn.

Aug. 8: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943; Roy William Neill) and "The Woman in Green" (1945; Roy William Neill), both films with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.

Aug. 9: "A Big Hand for the Little Lady" (†); and "Waterhole #3" (1967; William Graham), with James Coburn.

Aug. 10-11: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941 †).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Aug. 2 at 2:30 and 6: "Nightshift" (1981; directed by Robina Rose), with Jordan, Anne Rees-Mogg, Mitch Davies, and Heathcote Williams. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 2:30; "Flamme Blanche" (1930; a silent film) and "Le Mauvais Oeil" (1936; in Flemish, with French subtitles), both films directed by Charles Dekeukeleire. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 6 and Aug. 4 at 2:30: "Notre Dame de Paris" (1911; Albert Capellani; a silent film) and "A Message from Mars" (1913; J. Wallet Waller). . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 5: A program of six short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 2:30: "Enough to Eat?" (1936; Edgar Anstey); "Food, Secret of the Peace" (1945); "Peace and Plenty;" and "Pett and Pott" (1934; Alberto Cavalcanti). . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 5: "Kuhle Wampe" (1932; Slatan Dudow; in German), with Hertha Thiele and Ernst Busch. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 2:30: "Drifters" (1929; John Grierson; a silent film) and "Housing Problems" (1935; Arthur Elton and Edgar Anstey). . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 6: "Enough to Eat?," "Food, Secret of the Peace," "Peace and Plenty," and "Pett and Pott." . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 2:30: "Nana" (1926; Jean Renoir; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Catherine Hessling. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 6: A program of six short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 2:30: "Lineage" (1979; George Griffin), "Eureka (Geography)" (1974; Ernie Gehr; a silent film), "Shift" (1972-74; Ernie Gehr), and "Asparagus" (1974-78; Susan Pitt). This program is not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 6: A program of seven short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 2:30: "L'Architecture d'Aujourd'hui" (1931; Pierre Chenal), "Pissarro: At the Heart of Impressionism" (1981; Judith Wechsler), "Spaces: The Architecture of Paul Rudolph" (1983; Bob Eisenhardt), and "Marcel Duchamp in His Own Words" (1978; Lewis Jacobs). . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 6: "Dear Phone" (1977), "H Is for House" (1978), "A Walk Through H." (1978), all directed by Peter Greenaway. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 2: "Corridor" (1970; Standish Lawder), "Serene Velocity" (1970; Ernie Gehr, a silent film), "Analogies: Studies in the Movement of Time" (1977; Peter Rose), and "Manhattan Doorway" (1980; Anita Thacher). . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 5: "The Wonder Ring" (1955; Stan Brakhage; a silent film), "Styx" (1977; Jan Krawitz and Thomas Ott), and "Stations of the Elevated" (1980; Manfred Kirchheimer). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL RETROSPECTIVE—The first programs in a series of forty-five international films originally shown during the second ten years of the Festival (1973-82). Aug. 10 at 6:15: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 8:30: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 1: "The Black Stallion" (1979; Carroll Ballard), with Mickey Rooney, Kelly Reno, and Teri Garr. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 3:30: "Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)" (1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 6:30: "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 9: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ANNA CHRISTIE (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 6.)

ANNA KARENINA (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 6.)

A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY (1966)—A tense and funny Western about a poker game. Among the fine actors on display around the table are Henry Fonda, Paul Ford, Charles Bickford, John Qualen, and Joanne Woodward, and (on the sidelines) Burgess Meredith, as a somewhat puckish doctor. Directed by Fielder Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 9.)

THE BOSTONIANS—With Christopher Reeve and Vanessa Redgrave, directed by James Ivory. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I; starting Aug. 2.)

THE CHINA SYNDROME (1979)—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells. She has been used by TV for her looks, and has endlessly talked brightly about trivia while serious things are going on around her. She gets her chance to be as committed as she wants to be when she learns that a nuclear power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who discovers the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 10-11.)

THE COCOANUTS (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in Paramount's Astoria Studios, on Long Island, is a somewhat cumbersome transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the Florida land boom. Most of the action takes place in a hotel lobby; the characters walk on and off as if they were in a stage play, and they do stage business. The material hasn't been paced for the screen; there are dead spots (without even background music), but there are also a lot of funny verbal routines and a musical burlesque of "Carmen," and Harpo, as a fiendish pickpocket, is much faster (and less aesthetic and self-conscious and innocent) than in the Brothers' later comedies. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo as Penelope, a jewel thief; Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats as the rich Mrs. Potter, the possessor of a valuable necklace; and a pair of forgettable singing lovers (Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw). Based on the musical play by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, with music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, adapted by Ryskind, and directed by Joseph Santley and Robert Florey. With the Berlin song "When My Dreams Come True." The cast includes Basil Ruysdael and Cyril Ring. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 5-6.)

ENTRE NOUS—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/5/84.) (*Cinema Studio.*)

Eréndira—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Lincoln Plaza; through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 10.)

Five Fingers (1952)—The spy Cicero (James Mason), a valet at the British Embassy in Ankara, sells the Germans the plans for the Normandy invasion, but the Germans think the documents are false. This suspense *thriller, directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz,* sticks closely to the facts of one of the great ironic spy stories of the Second World War, yet it isn't very exciting. Something seems missing—maybe from the character of Cicero himself; we don't have much involvement with him, or with anybody else. With Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie, Walter Hampden, Oscar Karlweis, Herbert Berghof, and Michael Pate. The script is by Michael Wilson, based on the book "Operation Cicero," by L. C. Moyzich; cinematography by Norbert Brodine. (Thalia; Aug. 8.)

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, *Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest.* Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages

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to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 2.)

The 4th Man—The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good *time in this thriller about a homosexual* writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk), because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protagonist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Plaza.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the *three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air.* Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin the sentimentalist can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 3-5.)

Gremlins—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch–Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. *Written by Chris Columbus; the critters* were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a *script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz.* The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero, the old, impoverished English clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that he is still the greatest, and then dies in the wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. The mediocrity of Calvero's stage routines may be the result of Chaplin's aiming at greatness. At one point, Calvero awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden). In the darkened theatre after she has performed, he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. And is it because Chaplin didn't talk on screen until late in his career that he doesn't seem to have a dramatic instinct for language? (He talks high-mindedly and incessantly.) With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André

Anne Burgess

Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Aug. 2.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the start of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 9.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart's most exciting role was Sam Spade, that ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear, who gave new dimensions to the detective genre. This film, the first directed by John Huston, is an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Huston used Hammett's plot design and economical dialogue in a hard, precise directorial style that brings out the full viciousness of characters who are so ruthless and greedy that they become comic. It is (and this is rare in American films) a work of entertainment that is yet so skillfully constructed that after many years and many viewings it has the same brittle explosiveness—and even some of the same surprise—that it had in its first run. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Mary Astor as Brigid O'Shaughnessy, Sydney Greenstreet as Casper Gutman, Peter Lorre as Joel Cairo, Gladys George as Iva, Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer the gunsel, Jerome Cowan as Miles Archer, Lee Patrick as Effie, and Ward Bond and Barton MacLane as the cops. Huston was a good enough screenwriter to see that Hammett had already written the scenario, and he didn't soften Sam Spade's character. Bogart played him as written by Hammett, and Hammett was not sentimental about detectives: they were cops who were going it alone—i.e., who had smartened up and become more openly mercenary and crooked. Bogart's Spade is a loner who uses nice, simple people. He's a man who's constantly testing himself, who doesn't want to be touched, who's obsessively anti-homosexual: he enjoys hitting Joel Cairo and humiliating Wilmer. A flaw: the appalling music (by Adolph Deutsch), rising and swelling to call our attention to the big "I won't, because all of me wants to" speech at the end, almost kills the scene. And a regret: that Huston didn't (or couldn't) retain Hammett's final scene—when Effie realizes what a bastard Spade is. But perhaps the absence of that final scene is part of what made the movie a hit: Huston, by shooting the material from Spade's point of view, makes it possible for the audience to enjoy Spade's petty, sadistic victories and his sense of triumph as he proves he's tougher than anybody. Spade was left a romantic figure, though he's only a few steps away from the psychopathic "nobody ever put anything over on Fred C. Dobbs" of "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), which was a box-office failure—perhaps because the audience was forced to see what was inside the hero. Warners had already got its money's worth out of "The Maltese Falcon"—in 1931, with Ricardo Cortez and Bebe Daniels, and again in 1936, as "Satan Met a Lady," with Warren William and Bette Davis. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 10-11.)

Modern Times (1936)—After "City Lights," which was silent, with a musical accompaniment and sound effects, Charlie Chaplin was absent from the screen for five years; he returned in triumph with this rambunctious comedy, in which he still doesn't speak, although he uses background sounds and, as a singing waiter in a crowded cabaret, he does a wonderful jabberwocky patter song that you can't get out of your head. (It is, of course, a demonstration of how unnecessary words are.) Influenced by René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté," Chaplin opens the film with a satire on the dehumanizing effects of technology (the machines speak—they whir and pound and screech), but Chaplin is far more basic and sadistic than Clair. As a worker on an assembly line, Charlie the tramp is run through the gears of a huge machine and is force-fed by an experimental time-saving contraption that splashes soup in his face and shoves corn on the cob into his mouth. He can't take a second off work to scratch him-

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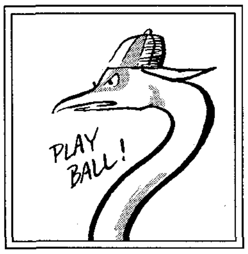

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

self without turning the whole plant into chaos; after a long stretch of tightening screws, he becomes a robot who runs to tighten the buttons he sees on women. The picture is about the social disorders of the thirties, and there are clashes between the unemployed and the police, and a gag about a Communist demonstration, yet it's one of the happiest and most lighthearted of the Chaplin pictures—partly because his new leading lady, Paulette Goddard, who is listed as "a Gamin," has a beautiful grin and a bouncy, outgoing personality. And with the use of more sound Chaplin seems to drop some of his pathos; this picture doesn't pull at your heartstrings—it has the spirit of a good vaudeville show, and the tramp doesn't lose out at the end (he gets his gamin). Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, who also takes credit for the music. With Henry Bergman as the café proprietor, Chester Conklin as the mechanic, and Hank Mann as one of the burglars. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 7-9.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a Parisian bank clerk—a dapper Bluebeard—in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies. This private entrepreneur who charms rich widows and murders them for their money feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented in his pantomime bits than in the talky, antiwar passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as dubious, and even rather lame-brained. There are also static sentimental interludes about Verdoux's devotion to his virtuous wife (Mady Correll). The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations, and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. With Isobel Elsom, Marilyn Nash, William Frawley, Virginia Brissac, Robert Lewis, Fritz Leiber, and a glimpse of Edna Purviance. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, with Robert Florey and Wheeler Dryden as his assistant directors. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Aug. 10.)

The Natural—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? Directed by Barry Levinson, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the batboy. The cinematography is by Caleb Deschanel; the music is by Randy Newman; the script is by Roger Towne, with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version. (5/28/84) (Festival.)

Open City (1945)—Roberto Rossellini burst upon the world with this film, made just after the Allies took Rome. The fame of his brutal, melodramatic account of the underground resistance to the Nazi occupation rests on its extraordinary immediacy and its rough, documentary look; at its most startling, it seems "caught" rather than staged. Many Americans, used to slick war films, reacted to it as if it actually were caught documentary footage, and mistook the great Anna Magnani and Aldo Fabrizi, Maria Michi, and the other actors for nonprofessionals—this despite such stock elements as a rapacious lesbian Gestapo agent and a Hollywood-and-Vine-type Gestapo chief. The plot devices are often opportunistic, but there's a unifying fervor; shot on odds and ends of film stock, with fluctuating electricity, and showing people who a few weeks before had been part of the events, the movie gave us a cross-section of a city under terrible stress. When the initial twenty-five thousand dollars that Rossellini had raised was used up, he and Magnani sold their clothes; Maria Michi, who had hidden men like Togliatti—and the film's scriptwriter, Sergio Amidei—in her flat, now provided the flat for some of the sequences. Federico Fellini assisted Amidei on the script. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 10-11.)

The Pope of Greenwich Village—An entertaining but shallow movie that gives itself heavyweight airs. Based on Vincent Patrick's adaptation of his own 1979 novel about the ties among small-time Italian and Irish hoods, it's a candied "Mean Streets," evenly and impersonally directed by Stuart Rosenberg. It has no temperament—it doesn't even have any get-up-and-go. But Patrick supplies colorful "ethnic" dialogue, and the actors run with it. As the two young pals who get into trouble together, Mickey Rourke is fatherly and protective (and a little repetitive), while Eric Roberts tries for something outré—he brings off some wild, androgynous effects, and gives the film whatever drive and point it has. As a crooked cop's tough old mother, Geraldine Page gives an enthrallingly hammy performance—smoking, boozing, and picking horses. As her son, Jack Kehoe has just the right kind of cagey, sallow anonymity. Kenneth McMillan is sly and astute as an ex-con safecracker. Playing a detestable Mafia boss, Burt Young has mad little porcine eyes. And Tony Mu-

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sante, M. Emmet Walsh, Philip Bosco, and several other actors have big moments. Daryl Hannah plays Rourke's girlfriend—the one Wasp in the picture. The cinematography (which has a shine) is by John Bailey. (7/23/84) (Loews Paramount; Aug. 1.)

Popeye (1980)—Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with "Popeye," with Robin Williams as the squinting sailor, Shelley Duvall as the persnickety Olive Oyl, and Robert Altman directing, from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer. The picture doesn't come together, though, and much of it is cluttered, squawky, and eerily unfunny. But there are lovely moments—especially when Olive is loping along or singing, and when she and Popeye are gazing adoringly at the foundling Swee'Pea (Wesley Ivan Hurt). The songs—an uneven collection—are by Harry Nilsson. With Paul Dooley as Wimpy, Paul L. Smith as Bluto, and, as Pappy, Ray Walston, whose rambunctious Broadway pizzazz cheapens everything. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Repo Man—With Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton, directed by Alex Cox. (Reviewed in this issue.) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant satire of Hollywood in the late twenties, at the time of the transition from silents to talkies, is probably the most enjoyable of all American movie musicals. The teamwork of the stars, Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds, is joyful, and the material is first-rate—ranging from parodies of the Busby Berkeley style of choreography to the Charleston and the Black Bottom performed straight. The film falters during a too long love song on a deserted studio stage and during a lavish oversize Broadway ballet, but these sequences don't seriously affect one's enjoyment. With Jean Hagen as an imbecile movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, Rita Moreno as a flapper actress, Madge Blake as a syrupy columnist, and Douglas Fowley as a distraught director. Directed by Kelly and Stanley Donen from a witty, affectionate script by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. The songs, by Nacio Herb Brown, with lyrics by Arthur Freed, include "All I Do Is Dream of You," "Make 'Em Laugh," "I've Got a Feeling You're Fooling," "Wedding of the Painted Doll," "Fit as a Fiddle," "Should I?," "You Were Meant for Me," "Good Morning," "You Are My Lucky Star," and, of course, "Singin' in the Rain." The song "Moses" is by Comden and Green and Roger Edens. Cinematography by Harold Rosson. (Regency; Aug. 9-11.)

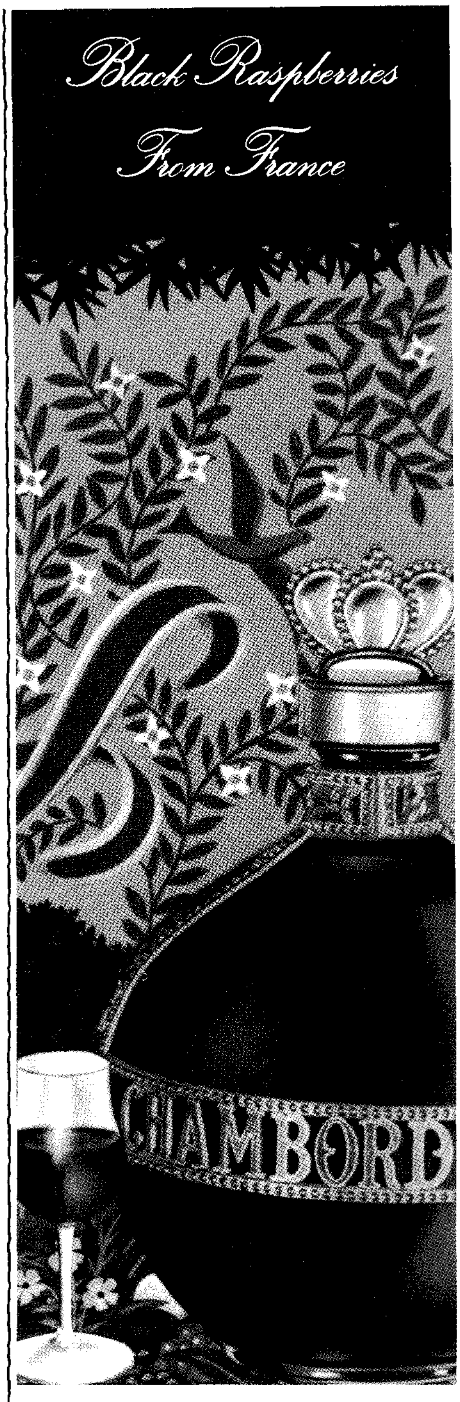
Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Star Trek III: The Search for Spock—With Leonard Nimoy at the helm, this is the first movie directed by a Vulcan; maybe we shouldn't be surprised that it's achingly prosaic. Its predecessor, "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan," ended with Spock's casket's being sent to a newly created planet, the paradisiacal Genesis, where, the audience could assume, he would be reborn. Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) and his venerable crew must steal the now mothballed Enterprise to rescue Spock—whatever form he's in—and take him home to Vulcan. The principal diversion comes from the Klingons, a bunch of ogres whose brains appear to be on the outside of their foreheads, and their Lord (Christopher Lloyd), who manages to be droll despite the absolute nonexistence of comedy scenes in this movie. There's also a ceremony conducted by a Vulcan priestess, played by Judith Anderson (in her eighty-seventh year); her voice is so commandingly intense it's scary, and she brings a spot of high style to this movie—her huge, pointy ears only add to her grandeur. From a script by the producer, Harve Bennett. (7/9/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Aug. 9.)

Under the Volcano—Malcolm Lowry, who wrote the novel, somehow got himself to believe that alcoholic self-destruction would give him access to the states of mind necessary to set words on fire. And his hero, Geoffrey Firmin, the former British Consul in Cuernavaca, is meant to be a genius with the courage to destroy himself so that he can transcend the limits of ordinary men and see things more intensely. Since there's almost no attempt to find equivalents of Firmin's visions or of the excitement of Lowry's incendiary prose, the film puts a terribly heavy burden on Albert Finney, who plays Firmin. Finney can't help making us aware that he's giving the role more than his best shot—that he's pushing too hard. Directed by John Huston, from a script by Guy Gallo, the movie has a deep-toned flossy and "artistic" clarity and a peculiarly literary tone. With Jacqueline Bisset, Anthony Andrews (who gives an arch, acting-by-the-manual performance), James Villiers, Emilio Fernandez, Katy Jurado, and Ignacio Lopez Tarso. The cinematography is by Gabriel Figueroa; the score, by Alex North, ages the material, gives it a pompous emotionalism. (7/9/84) (Cinema I; Aug. 1. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Loews Paramount; starting Aug. 2.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefitting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). Chaplin withdrew the film from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 7-9.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1944)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this plotless, often tedious M-G-M musical revue. It features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Some high spots: Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number "A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn, Jimmy Durante, Lucille Ball, Lucille Bremer, James Melton, Hume Cronyn, Edward Arnold, and William Powell as Ziegfeld up in heaven dreaming this big bash. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Regency; Aug. 9-11.)



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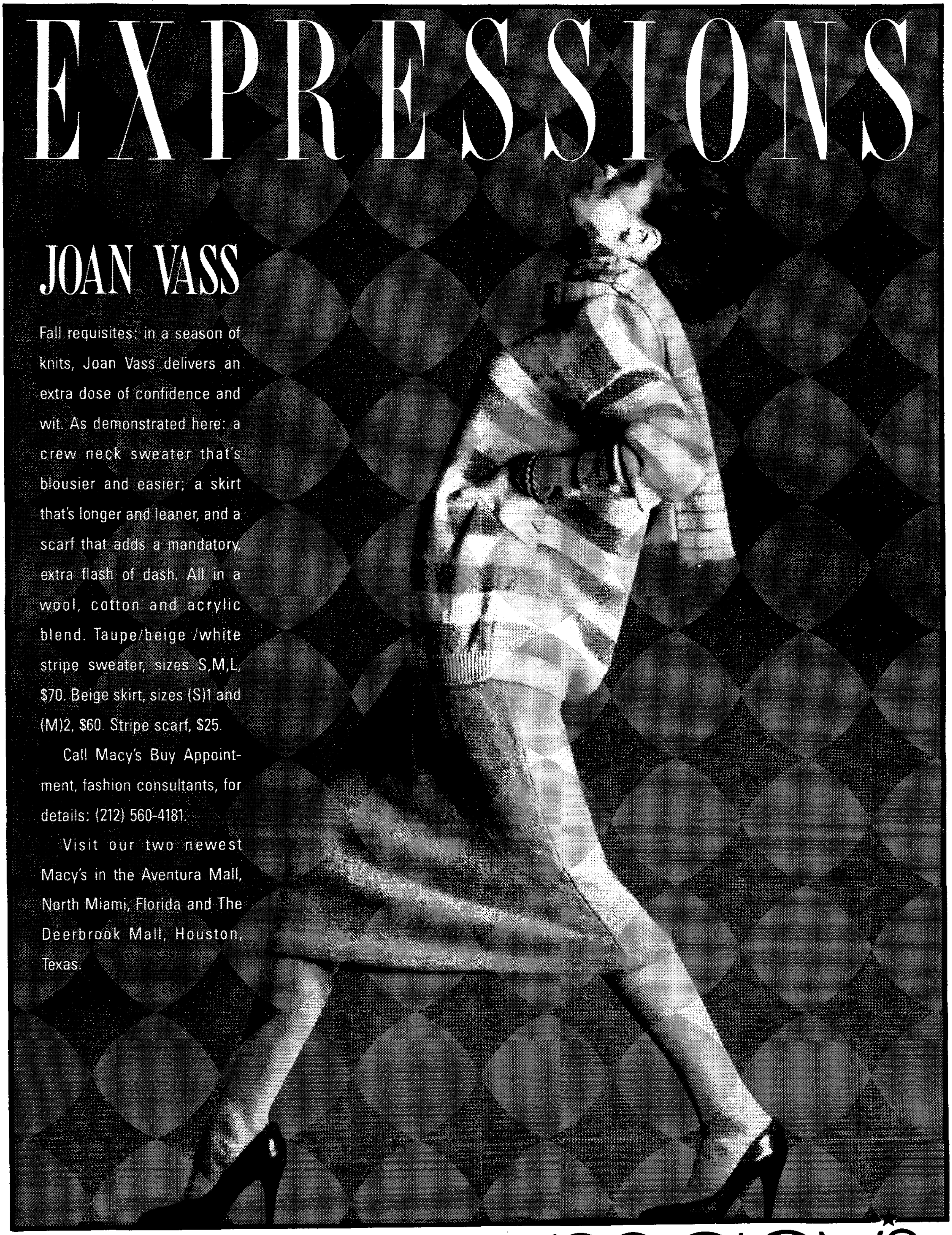

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE morning recently at the N.Y.P.D. Midtown South Precinct, we fleetingly envisaged New York as a bar of Ivory soap, as a mousetrap, and, more enduringly, as an apple. The occasion was a "Big Apple Briefing;" to wit, a pep talk to police officers on the importance of tourists to New York.

Mr. Charles Gillett, the president of the New York Convention & Visitors Bureau, Inc., spoke, largely on the importance of packaging and promoting New York as an "urban destination" and hence the value of the image of New York as "the Big Apple." Mr. Gillett can be somewhat carried away by how this phrase has caught on, and with reason, for it was his organization that plucked the term from the jazz lingo of the twenties and promoted it vigorously to its present global (he claims) usage. The phrase in the jazz world, he said, had been "playing the Big Stem in the Big Apple"—the Big Stem being Broadway. (Another saying that we subsequently picked up from a dictionary of slang was "There are many apples on the tree, but New York is the big apple.") " 'The Big Apple' means 'the big time,' " said Mr. Gillett. He told of giving out apples on street corners, of an apple made by Steuben to give to people who have contributed to the development of tourism in New York, of meeting with delegates at a National Convention and not only giving them bright little apple pins like the one he wore on his lapel but placing a large plastic cooler full of real apples on a table and giving them out. "Everyone loved it," he said.

The officers seemed very young, docile, and mild, and had an air of bland masculinity that is peculiarly American. With so many things attached to their belts—flashlights, walkie-talkies, guns, nightsticks, keys, handcuffs, whistles, notebooks, and mysterious little leather cases of varying shapes and sizes—they attended impassively. The room was dully lit, low-ceilinged, with vending machines along the walls. Behind Mr. Gillett, there was a blue-and-gold banner:

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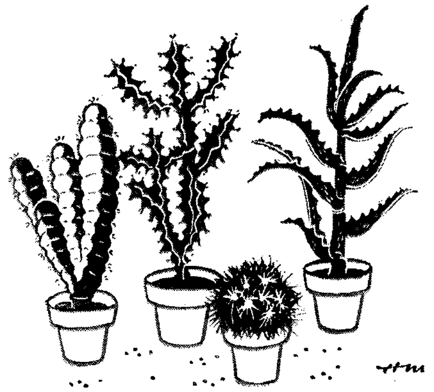
THE BUSIEST IN THE WORLD

"Doesn't everyone want to come to New York?" Mr. Gillett asked. "The answer is no. And the reason is . . . our image. We have the image of a dangerous place. Procter & Gamble has been making Ivory soap for over a hundred years. Why do they bother to promote it, then? Because without a good image sales will fall away. If people have this perception of crime in New York, it doesn't make any difference if there is crime or not." A nightstick fell on the terrazzo floor, a surprisingly bright contralto *ping* in the clatter.

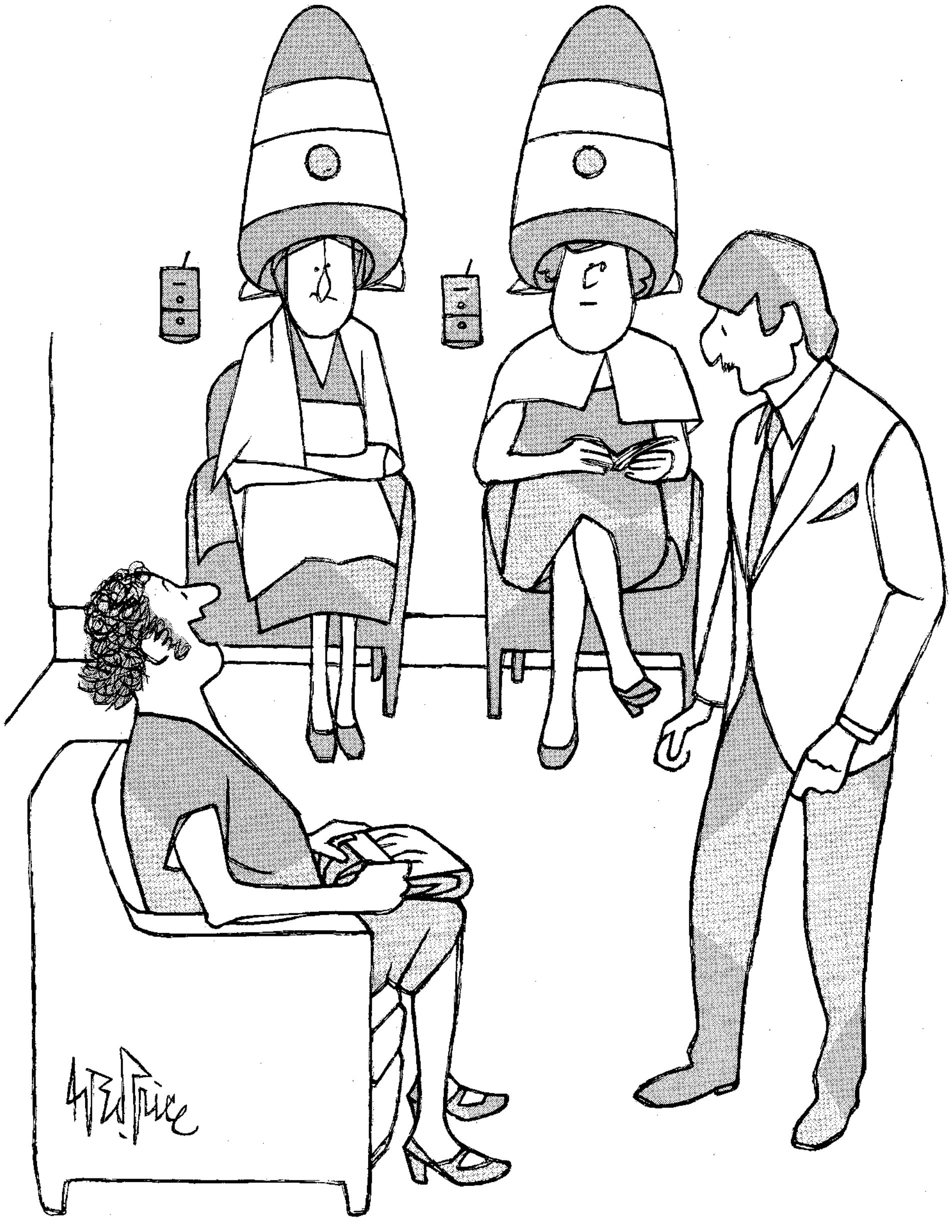
After the briefing, we asked Mr. Gillett if he knew more about the origins and meaning of "the Big Apple," but there wasn't much more to tell, other than that he had heard that there was still a bar in Harlem called the Big Apple from the old days when it was a jazz term, and that there had been a dance called the Big Apple in the thirties. "It means 'the big time,' " he said, a little impatiently, for we seemed to be missing the point. He went on, "Emerson said that if you build a better mousetrap the world will beat a path to your door, and that may have been true then—I wasn't alive then—but it's not true now. No one will come. You have to package and promote the mousetrap. Then they will come." Presently, we were politely hustled out of the building, because, someone said, "they want to bring the prisoners out now."



Shortly after we returned to the office—very shortly—a package with "RUSH" written on it arrived by messenger. It turned out to be from the New York Convention & Visitors Bureau, Inc. (We think a catchy nickname might be helpful here.) It was a poster showing a photograph of downtown Manhattan taken from way out in the harbor, evidently from a low-flying plane. The city in the poster seemed to be floating on the blue water on a tray. Above the city, in the blue sky, much larger than the city, was a ghostly apple—a red Delicious—with a leaf attached to the stem. The apple was almost solid-looking at the top; toward the bottom, it almost vanished. Fleecy clouds wafted into the apple. Above all this, written on the sky, was "NEW YORK THE BIG APPLE;" below, written on the water, was "New York Convention & Visitors Bureau, Inc." We tacked this poster up on the wall and considered it.

Our thoughts were that the phrase "the Big Apple" has lost a lot in its ascent from jazz-world lingo to tourist-industry global hype. The "apple" of the old phrase had something obscure about it, a little halo of darkness, preserved, perhaps, by the offhand way in which it was used. In the transition from the offhand phrase to promoted image, it has become unmysterious, and is now not only uncool—very uncool

—but inane. An apple can be many things; there is the Apple of Discord, and the Apple of Sodom—pretty on the outside but dissolving into smoke and ashes when grasped—and, of course, the apple that tempted Eve. While it would be stretching things to claim that these meanings existed in "the Big Apple" of the old days, there was a little play in the old phrase—an ambiguity, an edge. The apple on the poster, however, like the apple on Mr. Gillett's lapel and the apples in the plastic cooler of which he had spoken, seems to us to be without question the apple polished by the teacher's pet. It is something wholesome. It connotes a clean, virtuous, cheerful country life. It is an image of freshness, health, and innocence. In this, it is about as appropriate a symbol of New York as a bar of Ivory soap would be—although it occurred to us that a bar of soap floating above Manhattan in the poster would have interesting hortatory overtones. (We thought a big mousetrap in the sky would be really interesting.) We got out our American Thesaurus of Slang, to see what possibilities the New York Convention & Visitors Bureau, Inc., had overlooked. The entries for New York City were: "Baghdad-by-the-Bay, Big Apple, the Big Burg, the Big City, the Big Town, the Burg, the City, City of Skyscrapers *or* Towers, Commercial Emporium, Empire City, Father Knickerbocker, Frog and Toe, Gotham, Jitterburg, little old New York, li'l ole Noo Yawk, Mecca of the Telephone Men, Melting Pot, the Metropolis, Metropolis of America, Metropolitan City, Modern Gomorrah, Noo Yawk, the Town, the Village, Yorkville, Babylonian Bedlam." The last entry, in particular, caught our eye, and suddenly we regretted our critical thoughts about Charles Gillett's Big Apple. There is a poignant defiance in these efforts to make New York seem to be something other than it is—a kind of quixotic loyalty, not to mention a wacky faith in the power of illusion. The promotion of New York, we thought, is probably the grand finale in the American romance of selling. We recalled John Lindsay's "Fun City," now relegated to the lingo of black humor. There seemed to us to be an absurd but moving gallantry in these efforts. This was salesmanship elevated to the level of chivalry. This was chivalry tested by the most trying sort of lady imaginable.



"A Gerry!"

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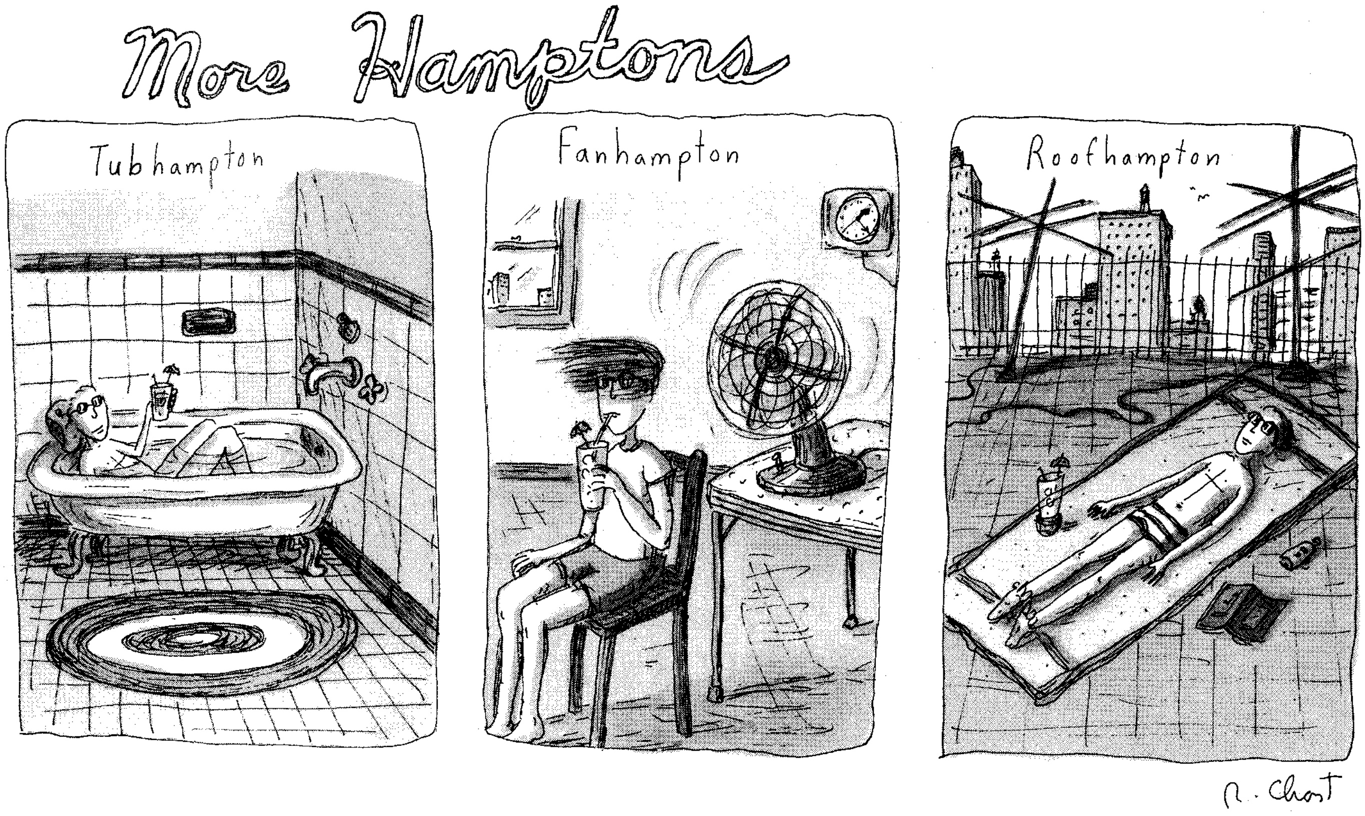
Sweet

Quisp—this picaresque alien symbolizes a particular breakfast cereal, but you'd hardly know it anymore. With a certain set he was once quite popular—maybe not Count Chocula popular, but popular nonetheless. What black hole has he been sucked into? Symbols (including the Big Apple) are a dangerous business; they offer great power to their creators, but misconceived they insure obscurity. Would we remember Melville had he situated all evil in a tuna? Susan Cox and Frank Biancalana have walked up to the edge of this cliff; they have seen Smokey Bear standing serenely there at the summit and looked over and seen Woodsy ("Give a Hoot! Don't Pollute!") Owl in agony at the bottom, and on top of him the lifeless form of McGruff the Crime Dog. They were paid to walk to that precipice and look over—paid by G. D. Searle & Company, of Skokie, Illinois, which produces NutraSweet, the non-sugar sweetener that isn't saccharin. Searle wanted a symbol that could be placed on every package of every product sweetened solely with NutraSweet—on Fit 'n Frosty shakes, on Light & Lean gelatine, on D'Lite root beer, on all of them. "It had to say 'sweet,' and it had to say 'pure,' and it had to say 'ingredient,' " Curvin O'Reilly, the Ogilvy & Mather executive who hired Cox and Biancalana told us. A tough assignment that, even for this duo of independent contractors who specialize in corporate identity. A tough assignment because



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neither had tasted sugar in a decade. "We don't eat meat, either, and at that point we weren't eating dairy," Cox said. "We don't even take aspirin." A tough assignment because of all the excitement it generated. "We'd have a meeting with the agency people, and someone would say, 'What about hearts? Hearts are friendly. Hearts are sweet,' " Biancalana said. "They were talking about things that would have been absolutely saccharine."

But the pair kept at it. In six months' time, the design emerged. You can see it at the market on, say, the boxes of Dia Mel Gel-A-Thin. It is a red-and-white swirl, like a peppermint candy, and it was unveiled at a press event last month at a midtown-hotel swimming pool. Nobody swam; it was a regular press event, except that you had to be careful not to fall in. About the symbol: It says many things. It says "sweet." "Some of the agency people thought sweetness was blue, but when we went to the consumers, sweetness almost always tested red," Biancalana said. It says "pure." "People can recognize the peppermint swirl—it's traditional, nothing too high-tech. And it even looks a little like something being stirred," he said. It says "yin and yang." It says "safe." It says almost as much as Governor Mario Cuomo's speech to the Democratic Convention, but on other topics. "Buy Halfsies cereal," it says. "Buy Diet Squirt." "Buy Shapely Shake."

Pothole

LETTER from a woman friend who summers in the Yorkshire Dales:

"Jump in, love! We're going potholing!"

It was the *hottest* day. Chris Simpson, my neighbor, stuck his head out of a small, dusty-looking red car and brought it to a screeching halt. He was wearing his NASA cap, I observed.

"This is Simon, a mate of mine," he said, slapping the knee of his bearded and bluejeaned passenger by way of introduction. The two men are often part of teams that head underground to explore antique mine workings and prehistoric caverns, which honeycomb the limestone crags round here.

"It's a *very* popular sport," Simon said. "We call it potholing, but on the Continent they call it caving."

We took to the road. In the aboveground world all around us as we headed up the dale, haymaking was in furious fine-weather swing. The air was loud with the *clacketa-clacketing* of cutters and baling machines. Sunreddened faces seemed to float along the tops of gray stone walls as farmers shuttled up and down on tractors in the fields beyond. Emerald the grass that was still to be cut; silver-green the grass laid scythed in symmetric ribbons; pale green-gold the stubble. On either hand, the tinted patchwork went chattering its way upward from the water meadows to the acres at the edges of the moor.

The little red car was crawling along behind a house-high wagonload of bales and being showered with flying wisps. Chris swung out from behind the tailboard with a decisive-sounding *vroom*. He moved his hand from gearshift to tape deck and grinned. "Fancy a blast?" he said.

The Rolling Stones exploded from the stereo, poured out toward the open windows, and there (where our elbows rested on the sills) squared up to the contending force of new-mown-hay smell, rushing in. The black-and-white cow that had been peaceably drinking in the shallows of the nearby river lifted a dripping muzzle to stare at us as we roared by.

Chris called a pit stop, strode over the road to a sleepy-looking corner shop, and returned with a trio of pork pies—the round, hard kind that might double as artillery shells. "Growler, anyone?" he said, handing round the pies.

Off again, with foxgloves bowing respectfully from hedgerows in the wake of our exhaust. Sheep with fat woolly fleeces hung about in thin strips of shade, looking too demoralized to notice us.

"Deep in the ha-ha-arrt of Texas,"

Chris and Simon sang along with the tape.

Flying through the little hamlets; lurching over humpbacked bridges crossing rapid, whiskey-colored streams. Old men in cloth caps leaned on the parapets, watching boyhood splash about in bathing trunks and (arms outstretched like airplane wings, for balance) skip between the stepping stones below. Shifting gears round narrow uphill hairpins, simply hoping for the best. Growlers engaging the digestion and living up to their name. Higher and higher and higher, to where the curlew cried in utter clarity of fell-top air. And our pothole still some distance, down below the farther ridges of the violet hills.

“MAIN beam off.”

“Main beam off.”

“Pilot off.”

“Pilot off.”

Stooped under a stalactite ceiling, we reached our hands to our helmets and switched off our lamps. The day was jettisoned behind us—a faint and fuzzy blue ellipse in an infinity of black. On we probed by lamplight, deep inside the hill. Clambering, scrabbling, crawling, wriggling; linked by lifelines, wisecracks, vaporous balloons of breath. Icy subterranean water squelched up and down in my rubber boots.

“Put your weight against this rock face,” Chris said. “Feel for a ledge with your toe.”

“These formations were here before the Ice Age,” said Simon. “Most of the mud down here is glacial mud.”

Chris squirmed down a cranny.

“Are you *sure* that’s the way?” I asked after his helmet as it disappeared.

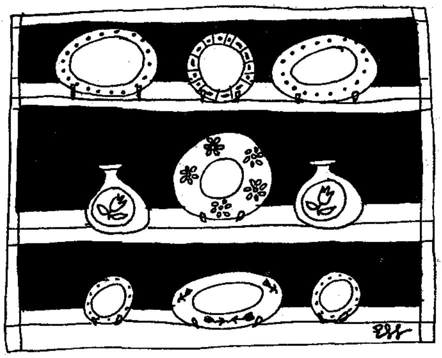
We were blissfully upright then and standing in a cavern like a perfect little Lady Chapel in the Perpendicular style. Our lamp beams, as we tipped back our heads, crisscrossed and played over phantasmagoric stone pillars and gargoyles built up by millennia of drips. A waterfall sang from a gallery, filling and overflowing from basins of hollowed stone. I cupped my hands and drank. A tunnel, a turning, another passage, and our noses were being feathered by a hint of vegetation and fresh air. A final turn. The light. A curtain of warmth. The mouth of the shaft was filled with blue, fringed with essence of green and gold. Here were moss; ferns; laser beams of sun; and a clump of cranesbill standing sentinel on a ledge, as if under orders to sum up in its petals all the purple that the world had ever known. We blinked out of grimy faces, in the breeze that was soft and fragrant with traces of fresh cow dung and wild thyme. An old ram, his black face grizzled between the pair of curling horns, jerked his head up from his grazing as we came scrambling out of the hole in the hill. An unfamiliar creature in his freshly sheared pale coat (more like a goat or an articulated laundry bag), he wheeled away and trotted off on black-stockinged legs to where some massive blocks of weathered limestone, having long ago heaved their shoulders from the nibbled turf, were crouching immemorially, like Henry Moores.

Who Is Logan Evans?

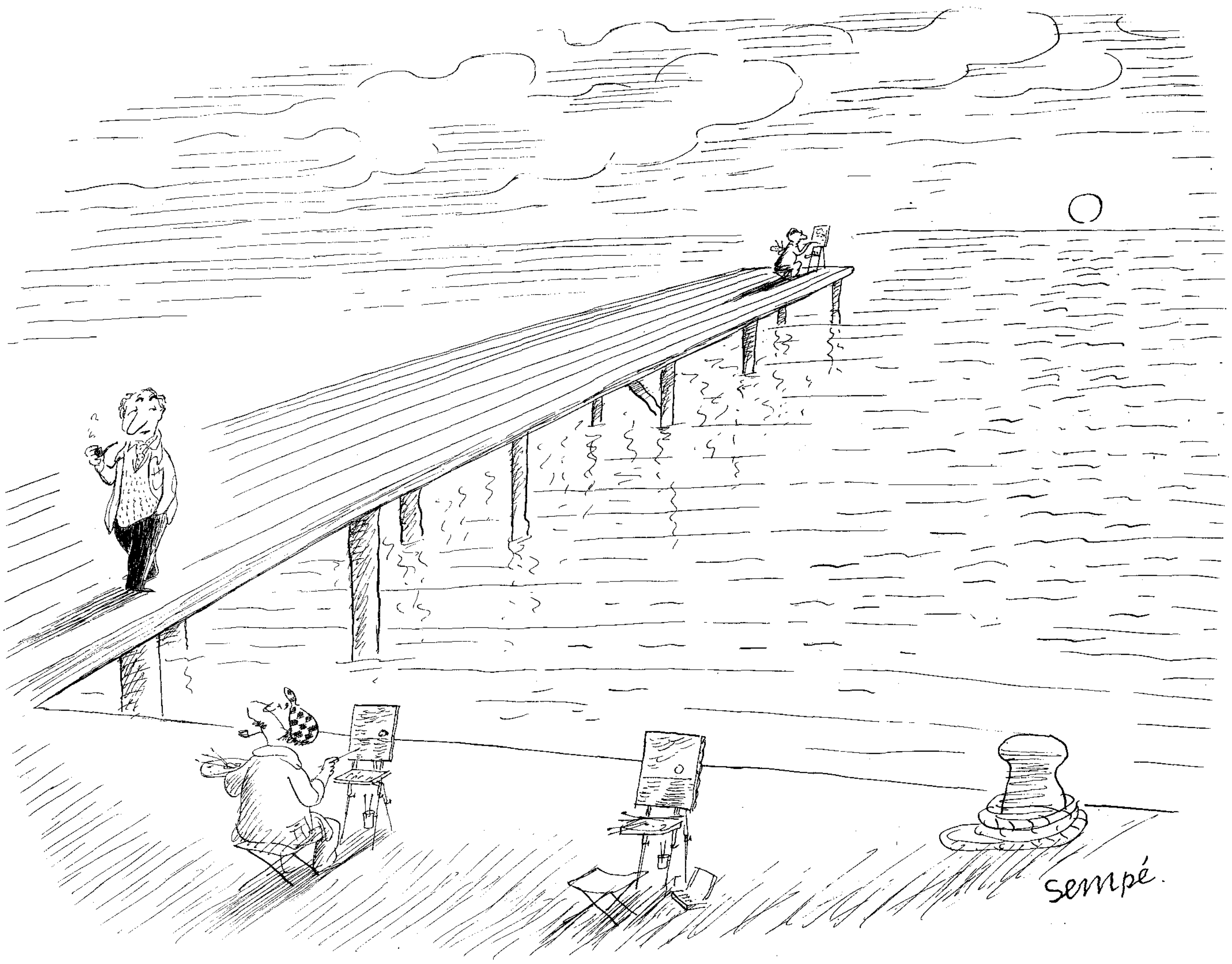
HOW many paintings did Vincent van Gogh sell in his lifetime? What was Fonzie’s favorite magazine? Of what sport is Tiny Tim an avid fan? King Trivia knows. Who is King Trivia? Logan Evans is King Trivia. Who is Logan Evans?

Logan Evans is a twenty-three-year-old man of concepts. One of the concepts involves a television game show dealing with trivia questions. None of the networks have agreed to produce the show, so Logan Evans has taken his concept to the streets. He puts a chair on the sidewalk, climbs atop it, and bellows out questions. Who is the host of “Dance Fever”? What was Mussolini’s occupation prior to becoming a dictator? Small crowds gather and guess. After a few minutes, he passes a red baseball cap; he lives off the quarters he collects while he waits for the president of a network—he doesn’t care which one—to discover him. “I am tired of dealing with the low-level bureaucrats and morons who have proved time and time again that they don’t know the meaning of the word ‘entertainment,’ ” Logan Evans says. “I consider myself to be vastly superior in intellect and talent to anyone currently in the television industry and perhaps the motion-picture industry, but I have no connections.” If he had connections, he is convinced, his game-show concept—one of many concepts in the Logan Evans collection—would prove a smash. “It is revolutionary, because the losers are humiliated and degraded,” he said. “There are three levels of questions—alpha, beta, and gamma. The alpha questions are the easiest, the gammas the hardest, and the betas are in between. If you miss even a single alpha question, you are immediately ejected from the game by two seven-foot-tall men known as the Oblivion Escorts. If you miss two of the beta or gamma varieties, you are consigned to the Zone of Ignorance, where you must wear the Cap of Disgrace. However, given the proper circumstances, you can rise phoenixlike from there to victory.”

Logan Evans asked some more questions, his voice rising above the noise of the buses idling on Fifth Avenue in front of Rockefeller Center. What are the five most common last names in America? Who was Underdog’s girlfriend? “Maybe you’re wondering do I find this is embarrassing,” he said to us. “We are all just accumulations of molecules. When you consider that there is no rationality, there can be no embarrassment. Sometimes I think, Why am I, a Harvard man [he will graduate in the spring if all goes according to plan], doing this? But then I think of all those Harvard men fading into the woodwork, becoming wards of the corporate state, not doing what they want to do.” What Logan Evans wants to do is take over the entertainment industry and fire a lot of the people who currently work in it. “When I create a concept, always present in my mind is the question of whether it will be popular. That is never far from my mind. And if people therefore don’t consider me an artist, fine. But an artist, a real artist, asked me the other day, ‘What is art?’ I turned it right around and asked him the same thing back. He said one word: ‘Entertainment.’ And I believe Picasso said the same thing. Entertainment today demands that we violate all prevailing norms and preconceptions about what the public wants and create a radical departure from the past. The first person who does that at the network level will make more money than anyone in the history of television.”



When Logan Evans gets going, his questions stretch on like this:



"He's closer, but not better."

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"What is the strongest tendon in the body?"

"Achilles tendon," says a voice in the crowd.

"Very good. And who was Achilles' beloved companion?"

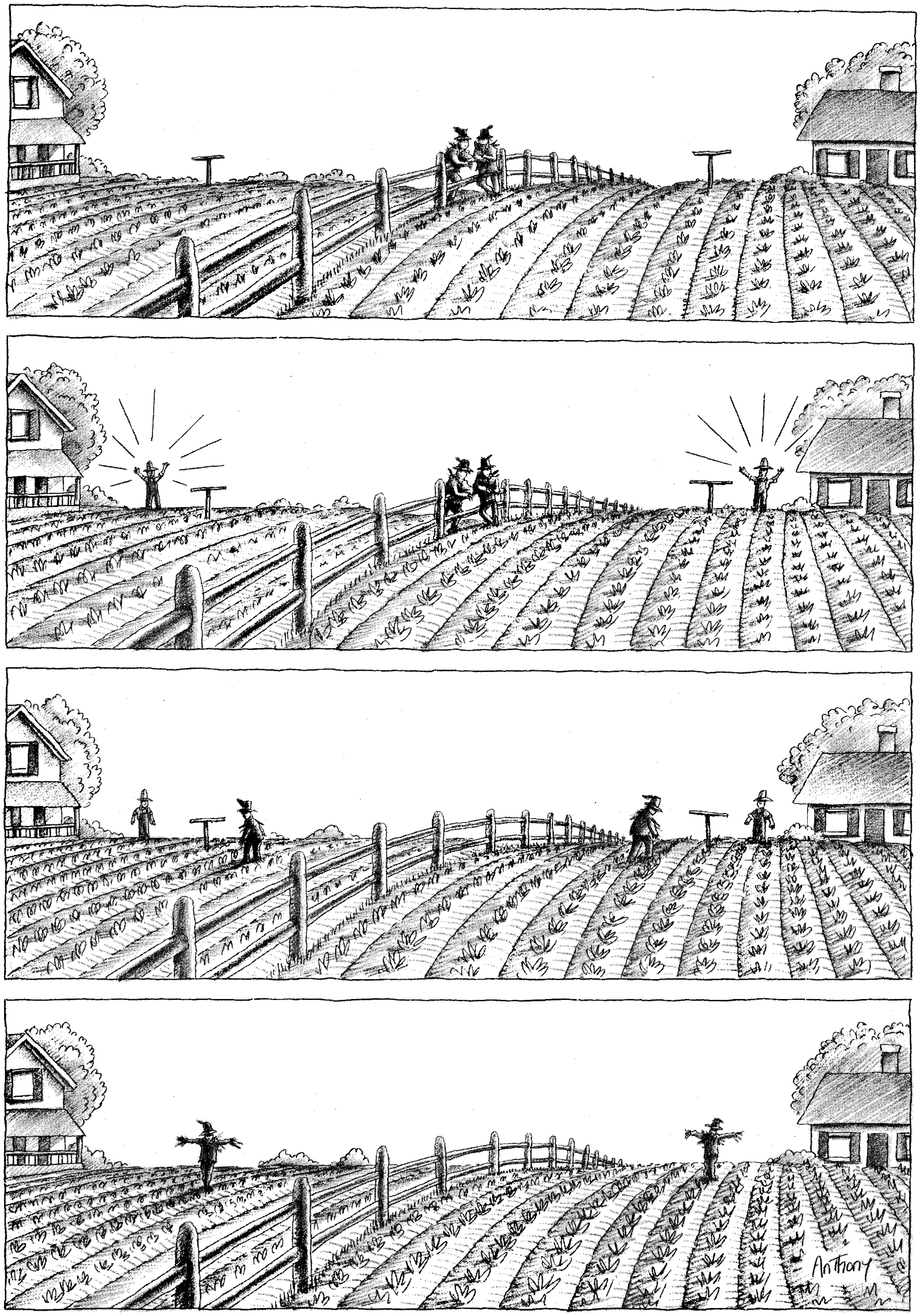
"Hector?" guesses someone.

"Hardly," growls Logan Evans. "It was Patroclus. Hector was Achilles' mortal enemy. But who was Hector's father? Anybody? Priam!"

And when Logan Evans talks, sometimes he goes on like this: "I have a geopolitical theory. It is called 'On the Cosmopolis.' It calls for a gradual unification of the world through a gradual expansion of the United States system. What I'm talking about is not conquest. Far from it! It's the most massive transfer of power in human history. With the exponential growth of technology and the concomitant lack of development on the part of the human psychological orientation, we have reached a point where the existence of nations threatens the survival of humanity. My plan to restructure the world is simple in its outline but complex in its implications. I believe the planet must be united, and I believe the U.S. system would be a useful vehicle. There have been some interesting coincidences along these lines. Recently, a rap single, 'Jam on It,' was released, a theme of which was world unification; one of the lead rappers on the record was Cosmo D. 'Jam on It.' Cosmo D. 'On the Cosmopolis.' Interesting."

One Logan Evans concept is to start a rock band of his own called the Young Republicans. "It would be a pro-U.S. band, and it would stress the imposition of its will upon the audience and the propagation of the geopolitical vision I have created. I would be lead singer, even though I can't sing especially well. They have machines nowadays that can do anything with your voice." Out in front of Rockefeller Center, and in a passable voice, Logan Evans sang the theme to "Speed Racer," a cartoon program of an earlier era. Logan Evans said to us, "I'll say this with a straight face—I consider myself a modern-day Socrates. He was not as factually oriented as I am; he was more oriented to dealing with abstract philosophical ideas. I don't quarrel with that. I'm a man who has never shirked the challenge of trying to achieve a higher understanding. I have never dismissed from my mental equation the variables I found disturbing. My primary objective remains to determine the truth and to act on it. I annoy some people. When I say, 'I am a hero, I am a great man, I have a geopolitical theory, I have TV concepts,' very often people become jealous or hostile. That is because their uncertainty is made manifest by my certainty."

Tiny Tim is an avid fan of ice hockey.


Anthony

RECAPITULATION

IT is the first warm day of the year, perfect weather for a demonstration. As chairwoman of Californians Against Nuclear Power, I organized this fiasco. The plan was to hang around the Pacific Nuclear Energy Plant quietly expressing our disapproval of its operation with pickets and song. Everything was going fine until my boyfriend, Stephen, locked the main gate, preventing plant workers from entering. I've often wondered why he wants to protest in the first place. At eighteen, he is half my age—too young to have a sense of historical grief.

An irate employee slugs a demonstrator, and the fight is on. When the police arrive to load the rioters into their paddy wagons, my best friend, Spring, screams, "Pigs! Pigs!," and soon I'm prying her off some policeman's back. If she's arrested again, I'm sure she'll have to do time. The cop swings his club over his shoulder and cracks her head. I kick him in the back of the knee, and he tumbles forward. Spring stands up and we make a run for it. She is light on her bare feet; her turquoise sari flaps, and all her beads and anti-nuke buttons jangle like a gamelan. We reach my VW van and climb in. Tearing past the plant entrance, we see a cop leading away Stephen, locked in handcuffs.

We stop at a 7-Eleven for a large Coke with extra ice. Spring refuses even a sip—she isn't about to wash anything that toxic through the temple of her soul. I make an ice pack out of an old handkerchief I find in the van and insist that she hold it against her head. Already there is a swollen, purplish lump.

On the road again, I say, "Maybe I should take you to a hospital."

"You mean for this? Naw."

She certainly doesn't act like she's in pain, bobbing up and down to some nauseating rock music blasting from the radio. It's odd to see the streaks of gray in her hair and the crow's-feet around her eyes. She still has that same adolescent euphoria, as if the last sixteen years haven't weighed her down or sobered her. In fact, I feel as though I'm the one who got smashed in the head. There's a pounding behind my eyes that keeps perfect time to the bass drum.

"God, Amelia, wasn't that a neat riot?" Spring slams her fist into her palm. "Pow! Just like the good old days."

"It was a waste of time and you know it. We've lost our credibility."

"Who cares? Seize the moment!" she cries. "Didn't it feel great to kick that pig?"

"Frankly, no." But I understand what she's getting at. Everyone there had a good time one way or another, and it's something to talk about. "That cop will limp home tonight to his family. I hurt him, Spring!"

She rolls her eyes dramatically. "Must you always be so analytical? For once, can't you just *be*?"

"You mean live my life like it's one long acid trip?"

"What's wrong with that? Life is made up of a whole string of 'now's, one right after the other—there's no past or future. This is what acid teaches you. If you can understand that without using the drug, then you've got it made."

"That's just great, but if you start frying some bacon and then go on your lifelong trip, how do you keep your house from burning down?"

Spring just shrugs, running her tongue across the spot where her upper front teeth cross. "I didn't leave any bacon frying."

"Well, I did. I left a whole meal cooking."

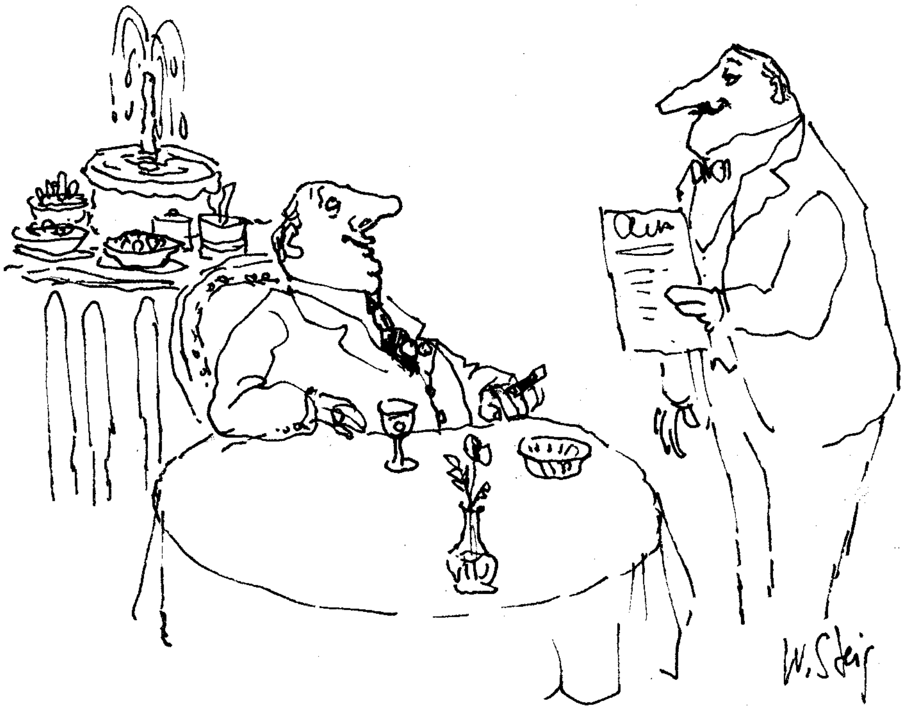
"What?"

"You know—my music." It got swept out from under me while I was concentrating on saving the world. But talking about what might have been to Spring is wasted effort, so I let it drop.

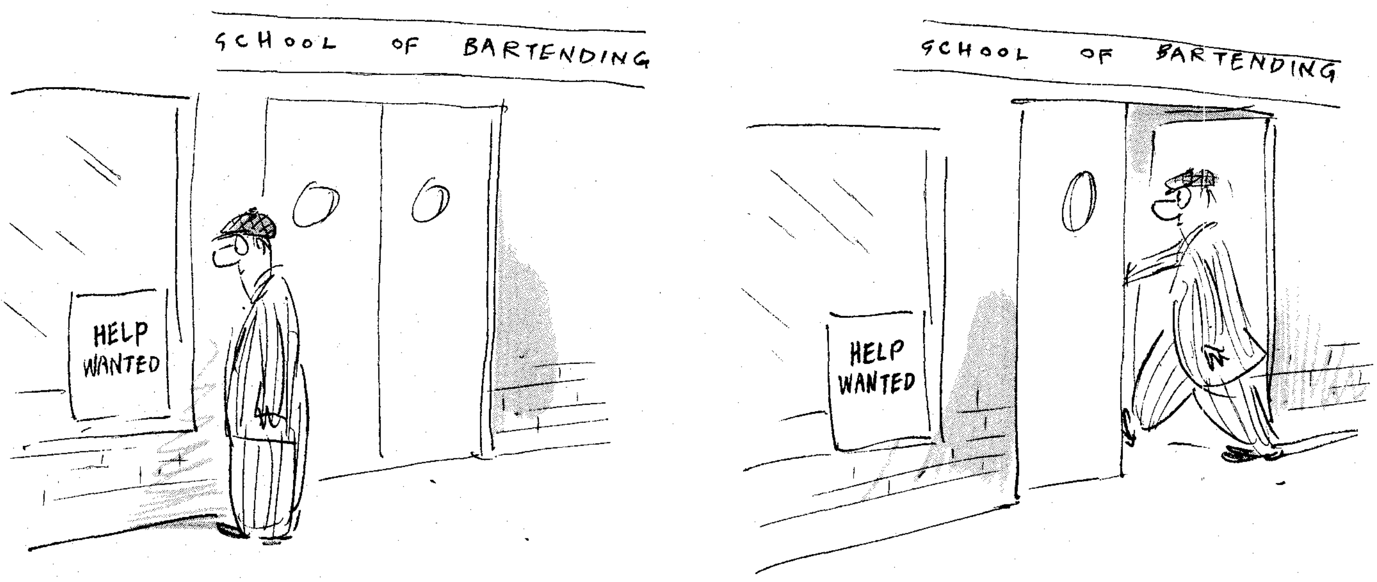
My headache is blinding, and the sun doesn't help. I sigh and rub my brow. Spring sees this and pushes the classical-station button on the radio. The Chopin E-Minor Piano Concerto is just ending. I practiced it so much at one time I could probably still play it—not well, but the notes are there. A sappy Romantic symphony by Elgar follows the Chopin.

"God, that's awful. Try KYA," I suggest. They play oldies and I like sixties pop—some of it, anyway.

Marty Balin, of the Jefferson Airplane, croons "Comin' Back to Me" in his longing, raspy whisper. It reminds me of Rajah, my first real lover, a rock musician of sorts. Back then, he, Spring, and I, along with about ten others, shared a crumbling Victorian house in the Haight-Ashbury, which we painted like a rainbow. When I first heard this song on the radio, Rajah told me it was his rock band playing. That was a lie, of course. Anyway, Rajah never came back to me. He persuaded me to sell the Baldwin grand of my childhood for social causes, then took the money and ran off to India with Spring. He soon dumped her in some remote area of that vast country, and was never heard from again. It was three years before an American tourist, Henrietta Beal, came along and rescued her from near-starvation. They fell in love



"Surprise me."



(Spring always falls in love with anyone willing to take care of her) and returned to Henrietta's home in Palo Alto, a few blocks from mine, and have since lived together. Spring and I were reunited about ten years ago, not in Palo Alto but in Berkeley—on a march past Edward Teller's house. We're inseparable; when two women are wronged by the same man, the bond between them is sealed with Krazy Glue.

The Airplane finish up as Spring touches my shoulder. "You're thinking of Rajah."

"Yeah. It really makes me mad that I still care about him after fifteen years. There are times when I miss him and wonder about him."

"Poor Melly." She pets my thigh as though it were a puppy. "Still in love with Rajah."

"I am not! I remember him, that's all. I never hurt so bad for anybody. That kind of pain sticks with you."

"If you didn't love him, then he couldn't hurt you. What if it had been some stranger who sneaked in and ripped off your rotten old piano? You might still be angry, but you wouldn't be hurt."

The image of a burglar yanking one leg of a six-foot grand toward a third-story window causes me to laugh.

Still serious, Spring says, "I think about Rajah, too. I get the feeling he's crossed over."

"You mean dead?"

"I mean crossed over," she insists. "I feel like he's always with us, watching over us. It was wrong for us to love him the way we did. Some men are above romantic love."

"You mean beneath it."

"Above! Take, for instance, Buddha and Christ and . . . his apostles." Spring crosses her arms and sets her chin, satisfied that she has scored a point.

"Ah, yes, the apostles. I don't suppose all of them were bachelors when they took up with Christ, do you? I bet the wives they left behind were really pleased! And in those days the two-income family was unheard of. Doesn't sound a bit Christian to me."

I love to badger Spring like this, but this time I've gone too far. She looks vexed; her mouth is hanging open, her teeth bared as if she were about to clamp down on a heap of those raw vegetables she likes so much. I jab her in the ribs and laugh again. She moves closer to the door and guards her side with laced fingers. She's not so mad anymore, but still thoughtful.

"You can laugh if you want, but there's no denying it—Rajah was a master," she says.

"Yeah, of deception. He suckered us both."

"No! I mean he had the power."

I was never too impressed with Rajah's hocus-pocus, but I know what Spring means. I distinctly remember how panicked I was when I first heard about the Jonestown tragedy. I was about to conduct a sing-along at the senior center in East Palo Alto when the news came on the radio. I dropped everything, sprinted to Ernie's Liquor, and tore through a *Chronicle* before I'd even paid for it. I was greatly relieved by the pictures of the People's Temple leader. It's not that I actually expected him to be Rajah, it's just that I wouldn't have been all that surprised if he had been. Besides, since Rajah insisted he had no other name, I always suspected that his birth certificate bore something really ordinary, like "Jim Jones."

"Rajah had the power, all right," Spring insists. "He turned me back to men."

"Then back to women—but quick." Spring has been straight at times and gay at others, but never bisexual. Her sexuality is very spiritual to her and always deeply committed.

"Either Rajah turned me or Henrietta did," Spring says.

"It was Rajah."

"This isn't good! You mustn't carry a torch for him."

"Me? Carry a torch? All I said was—"

"Rajah isn't here, so forget him—you'll meet him in another time, on another plane. You ought to give Stephen a chance."

"Stephen! I could wring his neck! He sure made a mess of things today. Why doesn't he stick to something he can handle—like bike-path legislation? Anyway, I'm old enough to be his mother."

"What does age have to do with it? He loves you."

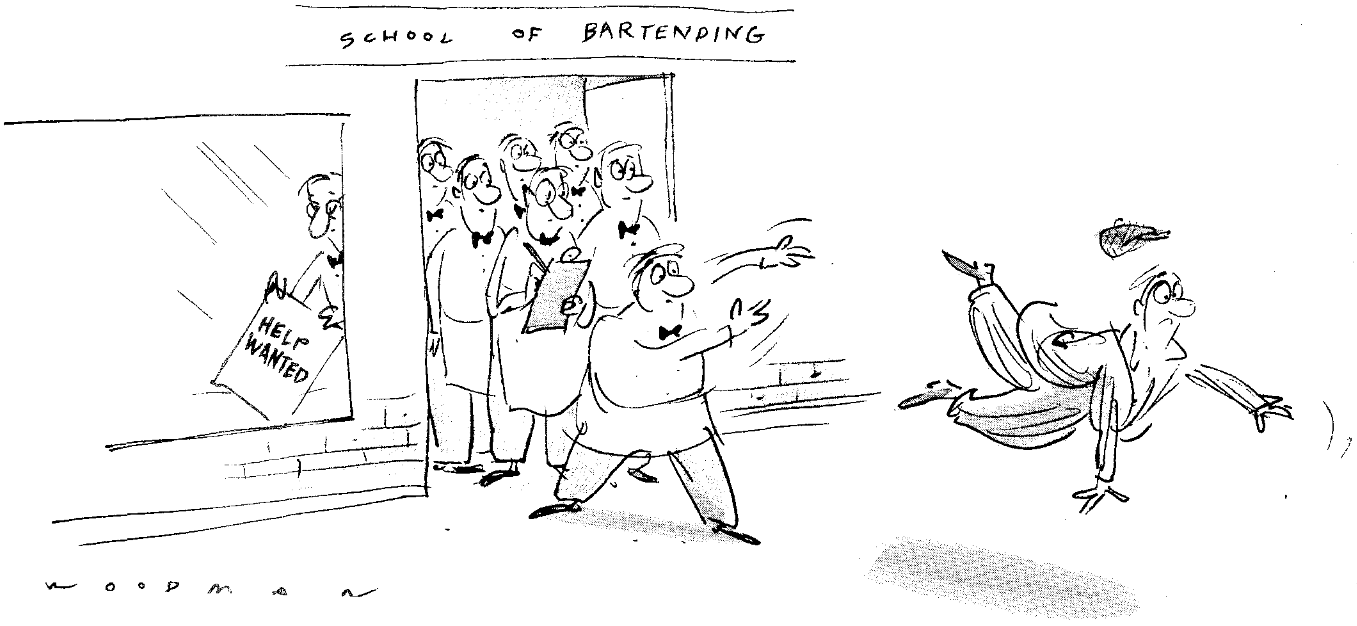
"Utterly devoted." The thought of his round brown eyes makes me wish I'd never slept with him. "There's no way I can get through to that kid—unless I throw his bicycle under a garbage truck. That might get his attention."

I pull up in front of Henrietta's stately house in the older, expensive part of Palo Alto.

Her hand on the door handle, Spring invites me in. "Come on, we can get high."

"Can't. I've got five students this afternoon."

"Then stay for lunch."



I consider this until I see Henrietta stalk out the door, her arms crossed over her plaid flannel shirt. She's in her mid-forties, has a square face, straight black hair, and a mustache. I try to like her, but I know she doesn't like me, and besides she gives me the creeps. She's a mortician.

"Are you sure it's O.K. with Henrietta?" I ask Spring.

"Sure I'm sure, but I'll ask." She rolls down the window and calls out, "Hi, hon. I'm inviting Amelia to lunch, O.K.?"

"If you must."

"I'll pass," I say.

"Oh, don't mind her. She's just a little crabby these days because, with the economy the way it is, so many people prefer cremation. She likes you more since you've been hanging around with Stephen."

"I don't hang around with Stephen, he hangs around with me, and anyway I'm about to dump the little twerp."

"You won't. Please stay. You can miss one little day of teaching."

"I can't. I need the money. You know I'm saving for a grand piano."

"I thought you already had five hundred dollars saved."

To Spring, any amount of dollars between a hundred and a million falls into the general category of A Lot of Money. "I need much more than that. Besides, I'm back to scratch now."

"Why?"

"Who else is going to put up Stephen's bail?"

"You darling! So that's why you've been in such a rotten mood the whole ride home." She kisses me full on the mouth, right in front of Henrietta.

USUALLY my piano students are bad, but today they're dreadful. I barely get through the afternoon to my last one—Doris. She's sixteen, with green eyes and copper hair, and is at present careering through life under the sole guidance of her hormones. I grit my teeth through all the wrong notes and the same mistakes she made last week, until she stops playing, looks at her watch, then sighs.

"Go on, Doris."

"I can't do the next part."

"Of course not. Because even if you did practice your nails are so long that your fingers barely touch the keys."

That triggers some deep emotion within her. She gazes at her nails with loving tenderness. Each one is carefully painted in three different shades—a triangle of fuchsia, a strip of green, a section of purple. Shall I smile with saintly patience, to insure that another forty-five-dollar check will come my way from her parents next month, or tell her what I really feel?

Gently, I nudge her shoulder. "Here, let me show you how it should sound."

"Sure, if you want." She doesn't budge. "But you played it for me last time."

"I want to," I answer, jolting her hip with mine, nearly knocking her onto the floor.

It is the easy little Beethoven Sonata in G, Opus 49, No. 2. Despite the uneven action and tinny sound of my Wurlitzer spinet, I find demonstrating the pieces a good deal more enjoyable than listening to my students butcher them. There are times when I sit beside the piano doing trills on my knee, longing to feel the smooth keys under my fingers. I play now with all the fervor and expression I can muster, hoping to inspire my student, who stares listlessly out the window. I lose my concentration and play several wrong notes. She giggles.

I jump up and thrust her music books at her. "Get out."

"But I have ten more minutes. What will I tell my mother?"

"Tell her you weren't prepared. Tell her I don't have to listen to such garbage."

She rolls her eyes to indicate she is cool, calm, and all-knowing, while I've lost a few bolts along the way.

I grip her forearm. "And another thing. Cut your nails, or don't bother coming back."

Her eyes widen as if I'd slapped her. I shove her out and slam the door. So much for Doris. Seven years of study—four of them with me—down the drain.

I go to the piano and begin the sonata again. It has a plucky, march-like second theme that has always made me feel happy and purposeful, but the development section doesn't go very well, and by the recapitulation I'm just going through the motions. I finish lamely. I rest my head on my folded arms and cry loud and hard.

I once won the Council of American Music Teachers Competition playing this piece. I could play it much better then. I was eight years old.

—JANET NICHOLS

FOUR POEMS FROM MAINE

LOW TIDE AT SCHOODIC

Force, just here, rolls up
pomaded into vast blue curls
fit for the Sun King, then crumples
to a stuff of ruffs and kerchiefs
over ruined doorposts, the rubble
of an overthrow no one remembers
except through cooled
extrapolation—tunnels
underneath the granite,
the simmering moat, the darkened sill
we walk on now,
prowling the planar windowpanes of tide pools
for glimpses of kelp's ribboned whips,
the dead men's fingers.
Boulders
smothered in a fur of barnacles
become a slum, a barrio
of hardened wigwams, each
(notwithstanding a seeming armor
that invites, when added to the fate
of being many, the hobnails
of a murderous indifference)
holding an entity no less
perishably tender than any
neonate delivered, red
and squalling, in the singular.
Spruces,
turreted above the ledge,
lodge in the downdraft
of their precarious stairwells
a warbler who, all nerves tuned to
alarums, but dapper in a yellow domino,
a noose of dark about his throat,
appends his anxious signature—
a wiry wheeze,
a blurred flute note.

THE SPRUCE HAS NO TAPROOT

Cats, as a rule, don't take to travel
any better than the lobed, immobile
lichen whose tenure in the rock's
bleak niches, though it lacks
roots, is all but fanatical.

Likewise the cinquefoil; though nebulous
of flower head and petal
as a yard of dotted swiss,
it keeps, under the froufrou, a profile
low as any fugitive's. The strawberry's

red skeins crisscross the gravel
with such rigor you might suppose
it knew the habitat to be untenable
unless tied down. So do the rootstocks
of the rose its cousin, whose colonies

along the coast rise as they widen
into a mimic mountain.
Depth isn't everything: the spruce
has no taproot, but to hold on
spreads its underpinnings thin—
a gathering in one continuous,
meshing intimacy, the interlace
of unrelated fibres
joining hands like last survivors
who, though not even neighbors

hitherto, know in their predicament
security at best is shallow.
Whoever fancies an uprooted fragment
of the coast of Maine might settle into
a New York apartment—foolish,

unnatural whim!—discovers what
must have possessed the cat
when, rather than go through
one more uprooting, she hid out,
a fugitive fanatic who

instead preferred to starve and stiffen.
Found too late, according to her wish
what's left of her is now in-
extricable from the ground. Every
day for weeks, half a can of Figaro

flavored with liver or tuna fish
waited out there for her. Every night
for weeks, some mobile opportunist
slipped in from the forest
to banquet from her dish.

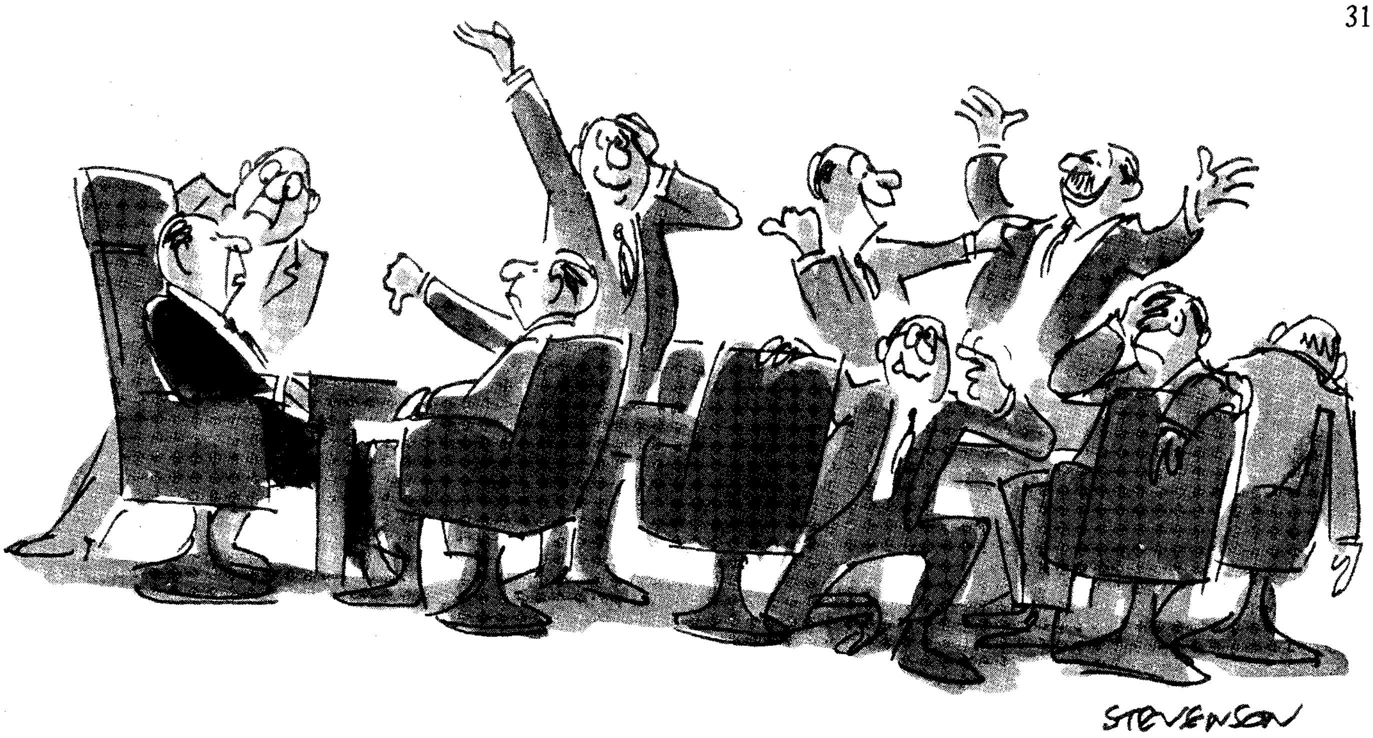
A BAROQUE

sunburst struck through such a dome
as might await a groaning Michelangelo,
finding only alders and barnacles
and herring gulls at their usual squabbles,
sheds on the cove's voluted
silver the aloof skin tones
of a Crivelli angel—a region,
a weather, and a point of view
as yet unsettled, save for the lighthouse
like a Venetian campanile, from
whose nightlong
reflected angelus you might suppose
the coast of Maine had Europe
on the brain or in its bones, as though
it were a kind of sickness.

CLOUDBERRY SUMMER

First ventured into
in mid-July, the bog's sodden hollow
muffled the uproar of the shore
it hunkered in the lee of. Wrung residues
of sphagnum moss, steeped in self-
manufactured acids, stained the habitat's
suffusing waters brown,

to feed the red-
haired, hair-trigger sundews' mazy glint,
the ground-level pseudo-pomegranate
drowning dens of pitcher plants. Sheer dearth,
a poverty of nitrogen, they tell us,
is what turned this vegetation predatory
as the blood-craving



"Am I to understand that my proposal is greeted with some skepticism?"

• •

blackflies and
mosquitoes it has evolved its several
macabre ways of preying on. Bog
laurel and lambkill distill a nectar and a
petty poison of their own. Rancor
is rarely simple, least so in the dank
sector of organic

chemistry. Likewise
its lack, as in these strangely sallow-
tinged, blandly baked-apple-
flavored thimble nubbins, singly borne, no
more than inches from the bog's
sour surface. Could so odd a crop
be edible? Yes,

it could. Called
hayth (but spell it *heath*) berries by
the populace Down East, they're
known and relished as cloudberries farther north.
Here they figure as subarctic strays—
pale-jewelled morsels of seed and sweetness
for some ravenous

small mammal to
wring a minim's undiluted, untainted
pleasure from, the distillation
of a boreal summer's luminous, perfervid,
snow-ringed haven. And a rare thing
pleasure is, too, even for the mammal who
in effect invented

and then lost no
time polluting it, in ways the wretchedest
den-fouling lemming would surely
find astonishing. A thing still rarer (or so
for me it was) than that cloud-
berry summer is what in June, not quite a
summer later,

would prove, on
bemused observation, to be a thriving
cloudberry spring: revisited, the
bog's sunken floor a dapple of such countless,
singly borne, close-to-the-
ground corollas, each of a whiteness
so without a flaw

I thought, for
half a second, *Snow*. But no. Some new
species, then? A moonflake
guelder rose? I stooped to look. A clue
appeared: the stem beneath each
flower bore a paired leaf-clasp, its
halves consisting

of two pale,
wizened infant claws; and as the wavering
appendage of a single barnacle
is multiplied, on observation, to a kind of choir
(What are they doing? Merely
seizing any passing thing that may be
edible), thereby

tending to unhand
one's sense of balance, I swam, immersed
in undersurfaces, the filling tide
pool of surprise. Days later—all those claws
by now mere greenery, the whiteness fallen—
the whole unstable, illusory van of pleasure
had moved on.

—Amy Clampitt

AT FUMICARO

FRANK CASTLE knew everything. He was an art critic; he was a book critic; he wrote on politics and morals; he wrote on everything. He was a journalist, both in print and weekly on the radio; he had "sensibility," but he was proud of being "focussed." He was a Catholic; he read Cardinal Newman and François Mauriac and Étienne Gilson and Simone Weil and Jacques Maritain and Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene. He reread "The Heart of the Matter" a hundred times, weeping (Frank Castle could weep) for poor Scobie. He was a parochial man who kept himself inside a frame. He had few Protestant and no Jewish friends. He said he was interested in happiness, and that was why he liked being Catholic; Catholics made him happy.

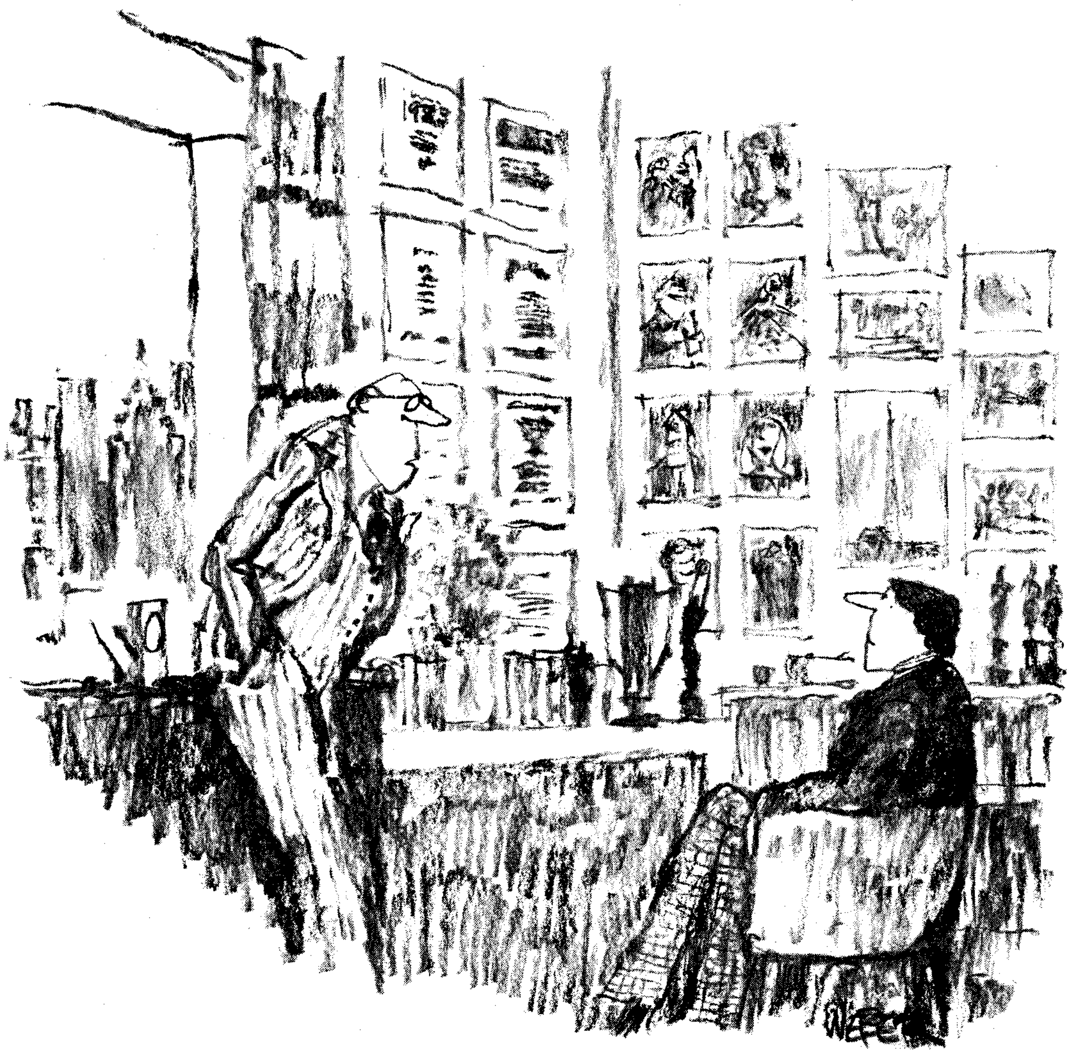
Fumicaro made him happy. To get there he left New York on an Italian liner, the Benito Mussolini. Everything about it was talkative but excessively casual. The schedule itself was casual, and the ship's engines growled in the slip through a whole day before embarkation. Aboard, the passageways were packed with noisy promenaders—munchers of stuffed buns with their entrails dripping out (in all that chaos the dock peddlers had somehow pushed through), quaffers of colored fizzy waters.

At the train station in Milan he found a car, at an exorbitant rate, to take him to Fumicaro. He was already hours late. He was on his way to the Villa Garibaldi, established by a Chicago philanthropist who had set the place up for conferences of a virtuous nature. The Fascists interfered, but not much, and out of a lazy sense of duty; so far, only a convention of lepidopterists had been sent away. One of the lepidopterists had been charged with supplying information, not about butterflies, to gangs of anti-Fascists in their hideouts in the hills around Fumicaro.

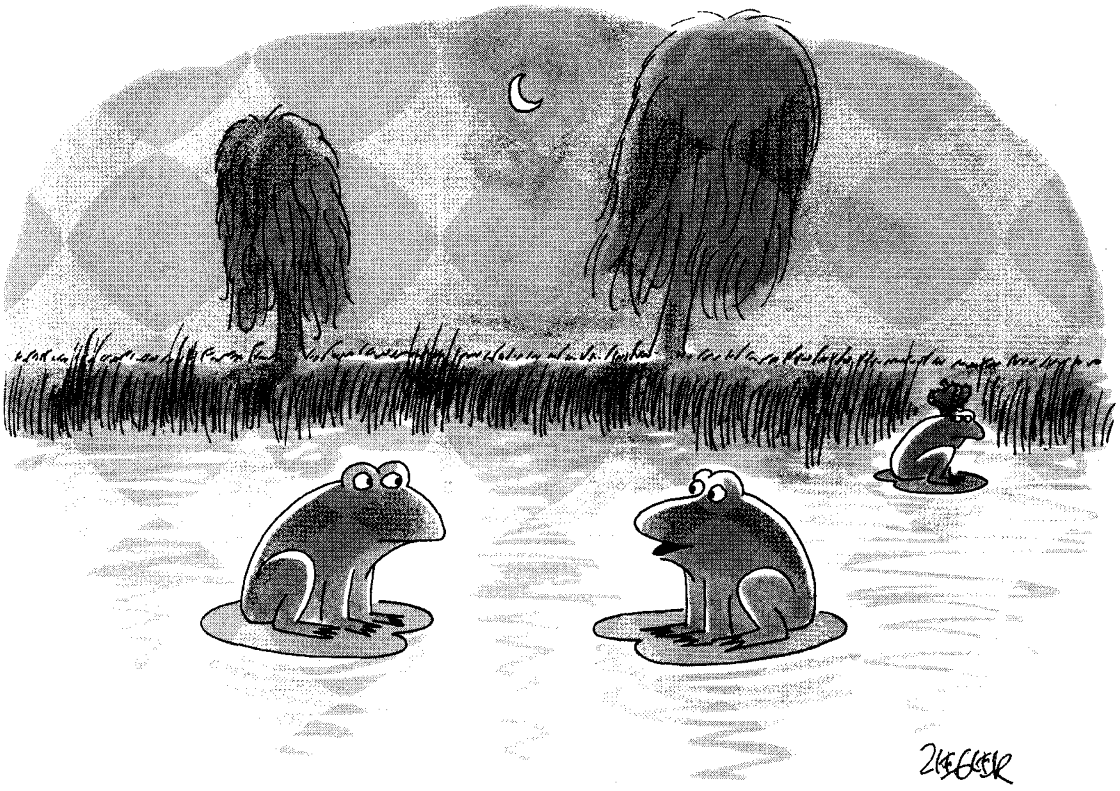
There were wonders all along the road: dun brick houses Frank Castle had thought peculiar only to certain neighborhoods in the Bronx, each with its distinctive four-sided roof and, in the dooryard of each, a fig tree tightly mummified in canvas. It was still November, but not cold, and the banks along the spiralling mountain route were rich with purple flowers. As they ascended, the driver began to hum a little, especially where the curves were most hair-raising, and when a second car came hurtling into sight from the opposite direction in a space that seemed too narrow even for one, Frank Castle believed death was near; and yet they passed safely and climbed higher. The mountain grew more and more decorous, sprouting antique topiary and far flecks of white villas.

In the Villa Garibaldi the three dozen men who were to be his colleagues were already at dinner, under silver chandeliers; there was no time for him to be taken to his room. The rumbling voices put him off a bit, but he was not altogether among strangers. He recognized some magazine acquaintances and three or four priests, one of them a public charmer whom he had interviewed on the radio. After the conference—it was called "The Church and How It is Known," and would run four days—almost everyone was planning to go on to Rome. Frank Castle intended to travel to Florence first (he hoped for a glimpse of the portrait of Thomas Aquinas in the San Marco), and then to Rome, but on the fourth day, entirely unexpectedly, he got married instead.

After dinner there was a sluggish session around the huge conference board



"I'm sorry, Mel, but we're letting all our anchormen go. Our viewers don't want any more news."



"I'm a frog. You're a frog. Hell, we're all frogs. Except, of course, for Prince Charming over there."

in the hall next to the dining room—Frank Castle, who had arrived hungry, now felt overfed—and then Mr. Wellborn, the American director, instructed one of the staff (a quick hollow-faced fellow who had waited on Frank Castle's table) to lead him down to the Little Annex, the cottage where he was to sleep. It was full night now; there was a stone terrace to cross, an iron staircase down, a pebbled path weaving between lofty rows of hedges. Like the driver, the waiter hummed, and Frank Castle looked to his footing. But again there was no danger—only strangeness, and a fragrance so alluring that his nostrils strained after it with appetite. The entrance to the Little Annex was an engaging low archway. The waiter set down Frank Castle's suitcase on the gravel under the arch, handed him a big cold key, and pointed upward to a circular flight of steps. Then he went humming away.

At the top of the stairs Frank Castle saw a green door, but there was no need for the key—the door was open; the lamp was on. Disorder; the bed unmade, though clean sheets were piled on a chair. An empty wardrobe; a desk without a telephone; a bedside cabinet, holding the lit gooseneck; a loud clock and a flashlight; the crash of water in crisis. It was the sound of a toilet flushing again and again. The door to the toilet gaped. He went in and found the chambermaid on her knees before it, retching; in four days she would be his wife.

He was still rather a young man, yet not so young that he was unequal to suddenness. He was thirty-five, and much of his life had flowered out of suddenness. He did not exactly know what to do, but he seized a washcloth, moistened it with cold water at the sink, and pressed it against the forehead of the kneeling woman. She shook it off with an animal sound.

He sat on the rim of the bathtub and watched her. He did not feel especially sympathetic, but he did not feel disgust either. It was as if he were watching a waterfall—a thing belonging to nature. Only the odor was unnatural. Now and then she turned her head and threw him a wild look. *Condemn what thou art, that thou mayest deserve to be what thou art not*, he said to himself; it was St. Augustine. It seemed right to him to think of that just then. The woman went on vomiting. A spurt of colorless acrid liquid rushed from her mouth. Watching serenely, he thought of some grand fountain where dolphins, or else infant cherubim, spew foamy white water from their bottomless throats. He saw her shamelessly: she was a solid little nymph. She was the coarse muse of Italia. He recited to himself, *If to any man the tumult of the flesh were silenced, silenced the phantasies of earth, waters, and air, silenced, too, the poles.*

She reached back with one hand and grasped the braid that lay along her neck. Her nape, bared, was running with sweat, and also with tears that trailed from the side of her mouth and around. It was a short robust neck, like the stem of a mushroom.

"Are you over it?" he said.

She lifted her knees from the floor and sat back on her heels. Now that she had backed away from it, he could see the shape of the toilet bowl. It was, to his eyes, foreign-looking: high, much taller than the American variety, narrow. The porcelain lid, propped upright, was bright as a mirror. The rag she had been scrubbing it with was lost in her skirt.

Now she began to hiccup.

"Is it over?"

She leaned her forehead along the base of the washstand. The light was not good—it had to travel all the way from the lamp on the table in the bedchamber and through the door, dimming as it came; nevertheless her color seemed high. Surely her lips were swollen; they could not have been intended to bulge like that. He believed he understood just how such a face ought to be composed. With her head at rest on the white pillar of the sink, she appeared to him (he said these words to himself slowly and meticulously, so clarified and prolonged was the moment for him) like an angel seen against the alabaster column that upholds the firmament. Her hiccups were loud, frequent; her shoulders jerked, and still the angel did not fall.

She said, "*Le dispiace se mi siedo qui? Sono molto stanca.*"

The pointless syllables—it was his first day in Italy—made him conscious of his stony stare. His own head felt stone: was she a Medusa?—those long serpents of her spew. It occurred to him that, having commenced peacefully enough, he was far less peaceful now. He was, in fact, staring with all his might, like a statue, a stare without definition or attachment, and that was foolish. There was a glass on a shelf over the sink. He stood up and stepped over her feet (the sensation of himself as great stone arch-of-triumph darkening her body) and filled the glass with water from the tap and gave it to her.

She drank as quickly as a child, absorbed. He could hear her throat race and shut on its hinge, and race again. When the glass was empty she said, "*Molto gentile da parte sua. Mi sento così da ieri. È solo un piccolo problema.*" All at once she saw how it was for him: he was a foreigner and could not understand. Recognition put a smoke of anxiety over her eyes. She said loudly, "*Scusi,*" and lapsed into a brevity of English as peculiar as any he had ever heard, surprising in that it was there at all: "No belief!" She jumped up on her thick legs and let her braid hang. "*Ho vomitato!*" she called—a war cry roughened by victorious good humor. The rag separated itself from the folds of her big skirt and slid to the floor, and just then, while he was contemplating the density of her calves and the marvel of their roundness and heaviness, she seemed as he watched to grow lighter and lighter, to escape from the fine aspiring weight that had pulled her up, and she fell like the rag, without a noise.

Her lids had slapped down. He lifted her and carried her—heaved her—onto the bed and felt for her pulse. She was alive. He had never before been close to a fainted person. If he had not seen for himself how in an instant she had shut herself off, like a faucet turned, he would have been certain that the woman he had set down on the naked gray mattress, without sheets, was asleep.

The night window was no better than a blind drawn to: no sight, no breath, no help. Only the sweet grassy smells of the dark mountainside. He ran halfway down the spiral stone staircase and then thought, Suppose, while I am gone, the woman dies. She was only the chambermaid; she was a sound girl, her cheeks vigorous and plump; he knew she would not die. He locked the door and lay down beside her in the lamplight, riding his little finger up and down her temple. It was a marvel and a luxury to be stretched out there with her, unafraid. He assured himself she would wake and not die.

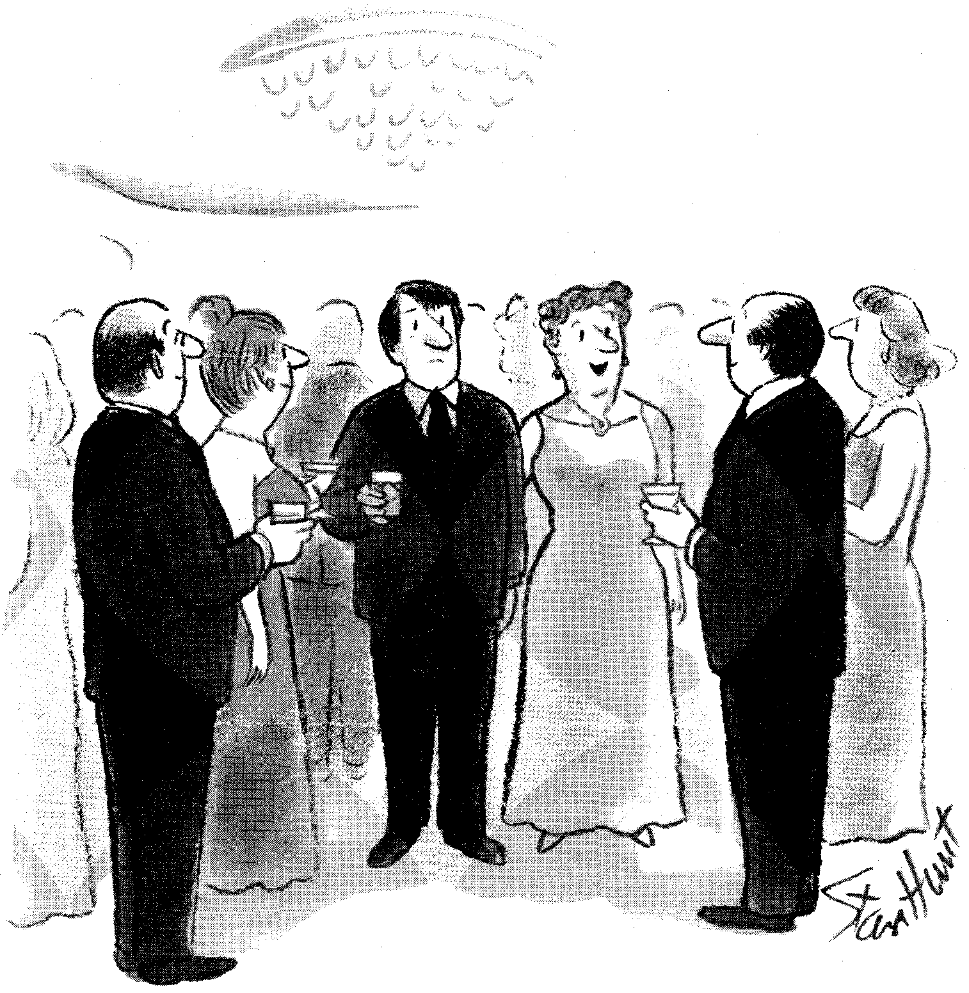
He was in a spiritual condition. He had been chaste for almost six months—demandingly pure, even when alone, even inside his secret mind. His mind was a secret cave, immaculately swept and spare. It was an initiation. He was preparing himself for the first stages of a kind of monasticism. He did not mean that he would go off and become a monk in a monastery: he knew how he was of the world. But he intended to be set apart in his own privacy: to be strong and transcendent, above the body. He did not hope to grow into a saint, yet he wanted to be more than ordinary, even while being counted as "normal." He wanted to possess himself first, so that he could yield himself, of his own accord, to the forces of the spirit.

Now here was his temptation. It seemed right—foreordained—that he would come to Italy to be lured and tempted. The small rapture versus the greater rapture—the rapture in the body and the rapture in God, and he was for the immensity. Who would not choose an ocean, with its heaven-tugged tides, over a single drop? He looked down at the woman's face and saw two wet black drops, each one an opened eye.

"Do you feel sick again? Are you all right?" he said, and took away his little finger.

"No belief! No belief!"

The terrible words, in her exhausted croak, stirred him to the beginning of a fury. What he had done,



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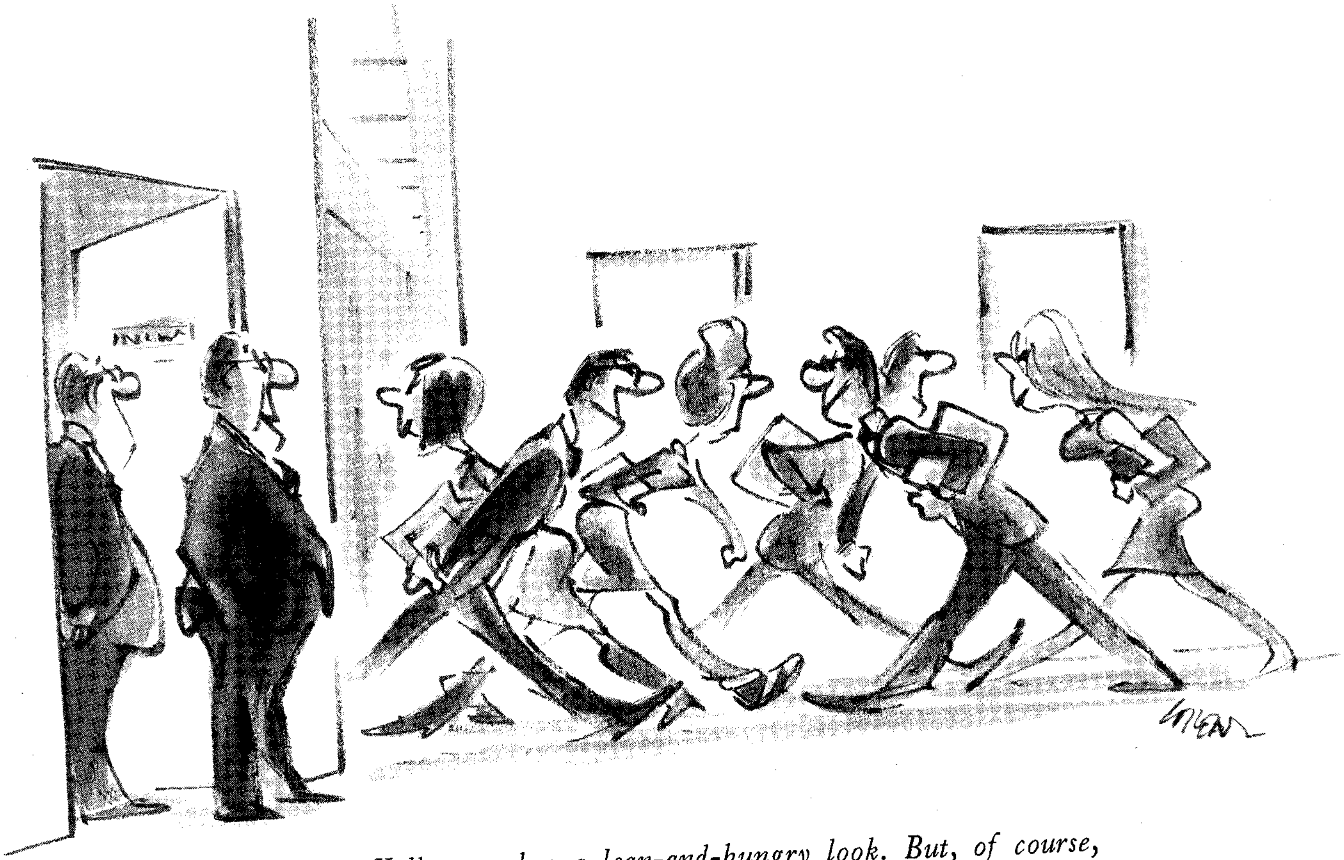


“Young Kellerman has a lean-and-hungry look. But, of course, these days everyone *has a lean-and-hungry look.”*

• •

what he had endured, to be able to come at last to belief! And a chambermaid, a cleaner of toilets, could cry so freely against it!

“No belief! *Ho vomitato*, no belief!”

He knew her meaning: she was abashed, shame punched out her tears, she was sunk in absurdity and riddle. But still it shook him—he turned against her—because every day of his life he had to make this same pilgrimage to belief all over again, starting out each dawn with the hard crow’s call of no belief.

“No belief! No belief!” she croaked at him.

“Stop that.”

She raised herself on her wrist, her arm a bent pole. “Signore, *mi scusi*, I make the room—”

“Stay where you are.”

She gestured at the pile of sheets on the chair, and fell back again.

“Do they know you’re sick? Does Mr. Wellborn know?”

She said laboriously, “I am two day sick.” She touched her stomach and hiccupped. “I am not sick two day like now.”

He could not tell from this whether she meant she was better or worse. “Do you want more water?”

“Signore, *grazie*, no water.”

“Where do you stay?” He did not ask where she lived; he could not imagine that she lived anywhere.

Her look, still wet, trailed to the window. “In the town.”

“That’s all the way down that long road I drove up.”

“*Si*.”

He reflected. “Do you always work so late?”

“Signore, in this morning when I am sick I no make the room, I come back to make finish the room. I make finish over there all the room”—her eyes jumped in the direction of the Villa—“only the Signore’s room I no make.”

He let out his breath: a wind so much from the well of his ribs that it astonished him. “They don’t know where you are.” He was in awe of his own lung. “You can stay here,” he said.

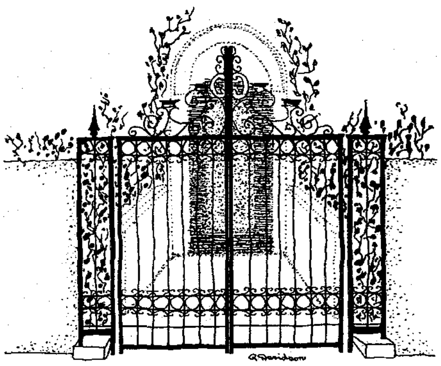
“Oh, Signore, *grazie*, no—”

“Stay,” he said, and elevated his little finger. Slowly, slowly, he dragged it across her forehead. A late breeze, heavy with the lazy fragrance of some alien night-bloomer, had cooled her. He tasted no heat in the tiny salted cavern between her nose and mouth. The open window brought him the smell of water; during the taxi’s climb to the Villa Garibaldi he had scarcely permitted himself a glimpse of old shining Como, but now his nostrils were free and full: he took in the breath of the lake while again letting out his own. He unbuttoned his shirt and wiped every cranny of her face with it, even inside her ears; he wiped her mushroom neck. He had worn this shirt all the way from Leghorn, where the Benito Mussolini had docked, to Milan, and from the train station in Milan to Fumicaro. He had worn it for twenty hours. By now it was dense with the exhalations of Italy, the sweat of Milan.

WHEN he spoke of Milan she pushed away his shirt. Her mother, she told him, lived in Milan. She was a maid at the Hotel Duomo, across from the cathedral. Everyone called her Caterina, though it wasn’t her name. It was the name of the last maid, the one who got married and went away. They were like that in Milan. They treated the maids like that. The Duomo was a tourist hotel; there were many Americans and English; her mother was quick with foreign noises. Her mother's English was very good, very quick; she claimed to have learned it out of a book. An American had given her his bilingual dictionary to keep, as a sort of tip.

In Milan they were not kind. They were so far north they were almost like Germans or Swiss. They cooked like the Swiss, and they had cold hearts like the Germans. Even the priests were cold. They said ordinary words so strangely: they accused Caterina of a mischief called "dialect," but the mischief was theirs, not hers. Caterina had a daughter, whom she had left behind in Calabria. The daughter lived with Caterina's old mother, but when the daughter was thirteen Caterina summoned her north to Milan, to work in the hotel. The daughter's name was Viviana Teresa Accenno, and it was she who now lay disbelieving in Frank Castle's bed in the Little Annex of the Villa Garibaldi. Viviana at thirteen was very small, and looked no more than nine or ten. The manager of the Duomo did not wish to employ her at all, but Caterina importuned, so he put the girl into the kitchen to help the under-chefs. She washed celery and broccoli; she washed the grit out of spinach and lettuce. She reached with the scrub brush under the stove and behind it, crevices where no one else could fit. Her arm then was a little stick for poking. Unlike Caterina, she hardly ever saw any Americans or English. Despite the bilingual dictionary, Viviana did not think that her mother could read anything at all—it was only that Caterina's tongue was so quick. Caterina kept the dictionary at the bottom of her wardrobe; sometimes she picked it up and cradled it, but she never looked into it. Still, her English was very fine, and she tried to teach it to Viviana. Viviana could make herself understood, she could say what she had to, but she could never speak English like Caterina.

Because of her good English Caterina became friends with the tourists. They gave her presents—silk scarves, and boxes made of olivewood, with celluloid crucifixes resting on velveteen inside, all the useless things tourists are attracted to—and in return she took parties out in the evenings; often they gave her money. She led them to out-of-the-way restaurants in neighborhoods they would never have found on their own, and to a clever young cobbler she was acquainted with, who worked in a shoe factory by day but measured privately for shoes at night. He would cut the leather on a Monday and have new shoes ready on a Wednesday—the most up-to-date fashions for the ladies, and for the gentlemen oxfords as sober and sturdy as anyone could wish. His prices were as low as his workmanship was splendid. The tourists all supposed he stole the leather from the factory, but Caterina guaranteed his probity and assured them this could not be. His jacket pockets were heavy with bits of leather of many shapes, and also straps and buckles, and tiny corked flacons of dye.



Caterina had all these ways of pleasing tourists, but she would not allow Viviana to learn any of them. Every Easter she made Viviana go back to spend a whole week with the grandmother in Calabria, and when Viviana returned, Caterina had a new Easter husband. She had always had a separate Milan husband, even when her Calabria husband, Viviana's father, was alive. It was not bigamy, not only because Caterina's Calabria husband had died long ago but also because Caterina had never, strictly speaking, been married in the regular way to the Milan husband. It wasn't that Caterina did not respect the priests; each

BEFORE NIGHTFALL

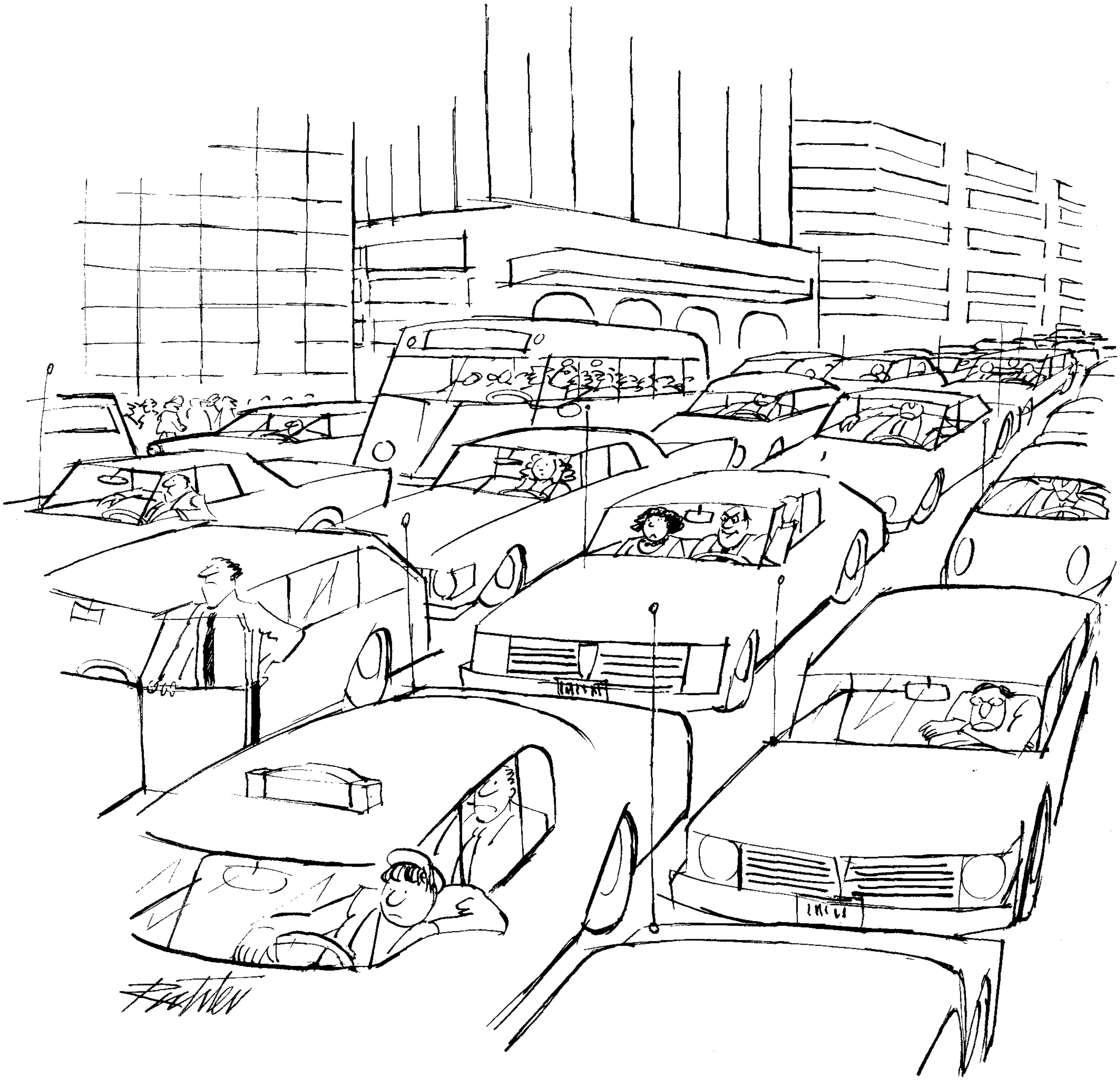
Rain, and before nightfall
the first creek waters will wash past this fence
and into the lower pasture, pooling
where cattle and horse once sunk to their hocks
in another storm, another year, our whole family
and the neighbor's up at the bellowing.
I began then, saving first a tooth cracked from some heifer's jaw,
when I saw how our flashlights and pale, rain-caped faces
panicked them all, some falling to their knees,
some surging past to vanish uncaught, their heads
and hips lunging stiff-jointed from side to side.

I come here often to root under
the scattered rocks and long braids of pressed grass.
Mornings, I've sat in the middle of this ten-yard creek
on a rock dried by heat and tongue, the only water
taken by scum and spider, and found over the years
pieces of drowned crawfish, their bodies gutted, bubble-eyed,
rock-dragged hulls of shredded creek mussel, stray wings
of dragonflies spit from the mouths of fish, washed animal bones,
even a snail's bloody-toothed shell, petrified,
thumb-worn, dropped from some pocket miles upstream.

I have kept them all in a brown jewelry box
I once found in our barn's farthest corner, its key
and lock rusted, unable to turn them safe. Early evening,
and I'm still out here hunting, my boots,
slapping down on the smooth-sheeted clay, pressed silt,
waffle-treaded, huge
among all the other tracks of other travellers,
theirs five-toed, long-heeled, broken-mooned,
the body above them barely weighted.

—Kathryn J. Burt

• •



"Well, here we are in the grand scheme of things."

• •

day she went across the street and over the plaza to the cathedral to kneel in the nave, as broad as a sunless grassless meadow. The floor was made holy by the bones of a saint shut up in a box in front of the altar. All the priests knew her, and tried to persuade her to marry the Easter husband, and she always promised that very soon she would. And they in turn promised her a shortcut: if only she showed good will and an honest faith, she could become a decent wife overnight. But she did not, and Viviana at length understood why: the Easter husband kept changing heads. Sometimes he had one head, sometimes another, sometimes again the first. You could not marry a husband who wore a different head all the time. Except for the heads, the Easter husband was uniformly very thin, from his Adam's apple all the way down to his fancy boots. One Easter he wore the cobbler's head, but Caterina threw him out. She said he was a thief. A silver crucifix she had received as a present from a Scottish minister was missing from the bottom of the wardrobe, though the bilingual dictionary was still there. But the cobbler came back with the news that he had a cousin in Fumicaro, where they were looking for maids for the American villa there; so Caterina decided to send her daughter, who was by now sixteen and putting flesh on her buttocks. For an innocent, Caterina said, the money was safer than in Milan.

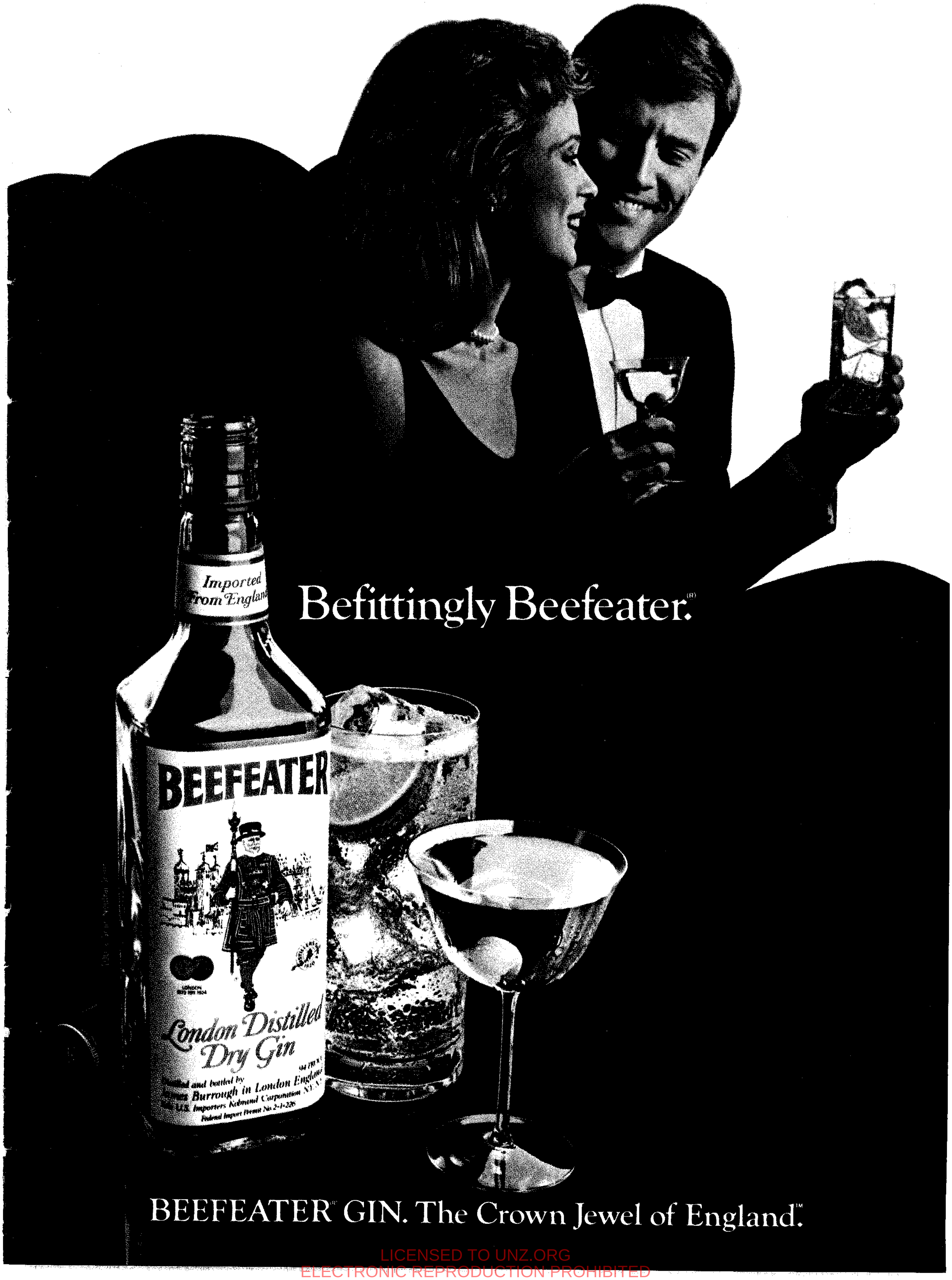
And just then the grandmother died; so Caterina and Viviana and the cobbler all travelled down to Calabria for the funeral. That night, in the grandmother's tiny house, Viviana had a peculiar adventure, though as natural as rain; it only felt peculiar because it had never happened before—she had always trusted that someday it would. The cobbler and Caterina were crum-

"May I assume, then, that we are in agreement on the President's 'Star Wars' proposal?"

pled up together in the grandmother's shabby bed; Caterina was awake, sobbing; she explained how she was a dog at loose in the gutters, she belonged nowhere, she was a woman without a place, first a widow, now an orphan and the mother of an orphan. The highfalutin priests in the cathedral could not understand how it was for a widow of long standing. If a widow of long standing, a woman used to making her own way, becomes a wife, they will not let her make her own way anymore, she will be poorer as a poor man's wife than as a widow. What can priests, those empty pots, those eunuchs, know of the true life of a poor woman? Lamenting, Caterina fell asleep, without intending to; and then the cobbler with his bony shadow slipped out from the grandmother's bed and circled to the corner where Viviana slept, though now she was as wide awake as could be, in her cot near the stove, a cot dressed up during the day in a rosy fringed spread. It had crocheted pillow covers patterned with butterflies that the grandmother had let Viviana hold at night, like dolls. Viviana's lids were tight. She felt the saint's bones had risen from their northern altar and were sliding toward her in the dark. Caterina kept on clamorously breathing through the tunnel of her throat, and Viviana squeezed her shut eyes down on the butterflies. If she pressed them for five minutes at a time, their wings would appear to flutter. She could make their wings stir just by pressing down on them. It seemed she was making the cobbler shudder now as he moved, in just that same way; her will was surely against it, and yet he was shuddering close to the cot. He had his undershirt on, and his bony-faced smile, and he shivered, though it was only September and the cabbage-headed trees in her grandmother's yard were luxuriant in Calabrian warmth.

After this she came to Fumicaro to work as a chambermaid at the Villa Garibaldi; she had not told her mother a thing about where the cobbler had put his legs and his arms, and not only because he had shown her the heavy metal of his belt. The cobbler was not to blame; it was her mother's mourning that was at fault, because if Caterina had not worn herself out with mourning the cobbler would have done his husband business in the regular way, with Caterina; and instead he had to do it with Viviana. All men have to do husband business, even if they are not regular husbands; it is how men are. How you are also, Signore, an American, a tourist.

IT was true. In less than two hours Frank Castle had become the lover of a child. He had carried her into his bed and coaxed her story from her, beginning with his little finger's trip across her forehead. Then he had let his little finger go riding elsewhere, and elsewhere, riding and riding, until her sweat returned, and he began to sweat himself; the black night window was not feeding them enough air. Air! It was like trying to breathe through a straw. He drew the key from the door and steered her, both of them barefoot, down the curling stairs, and walked with her out onto the gravel, through the arch. There was no moon, only a sort of gliding whitish mist low to the ground, and transitory; sometimes it was there, sometimes not. At the foot of the invisible hill, below the long hairy slope of mountainside, Como stretched like a bit of black silk nailed down. A galaxy prickled overhead, though maybe not: lights of villas high up, chips of stars—in such a blackness it was impossible to know the difference. Earth and sky were without dis-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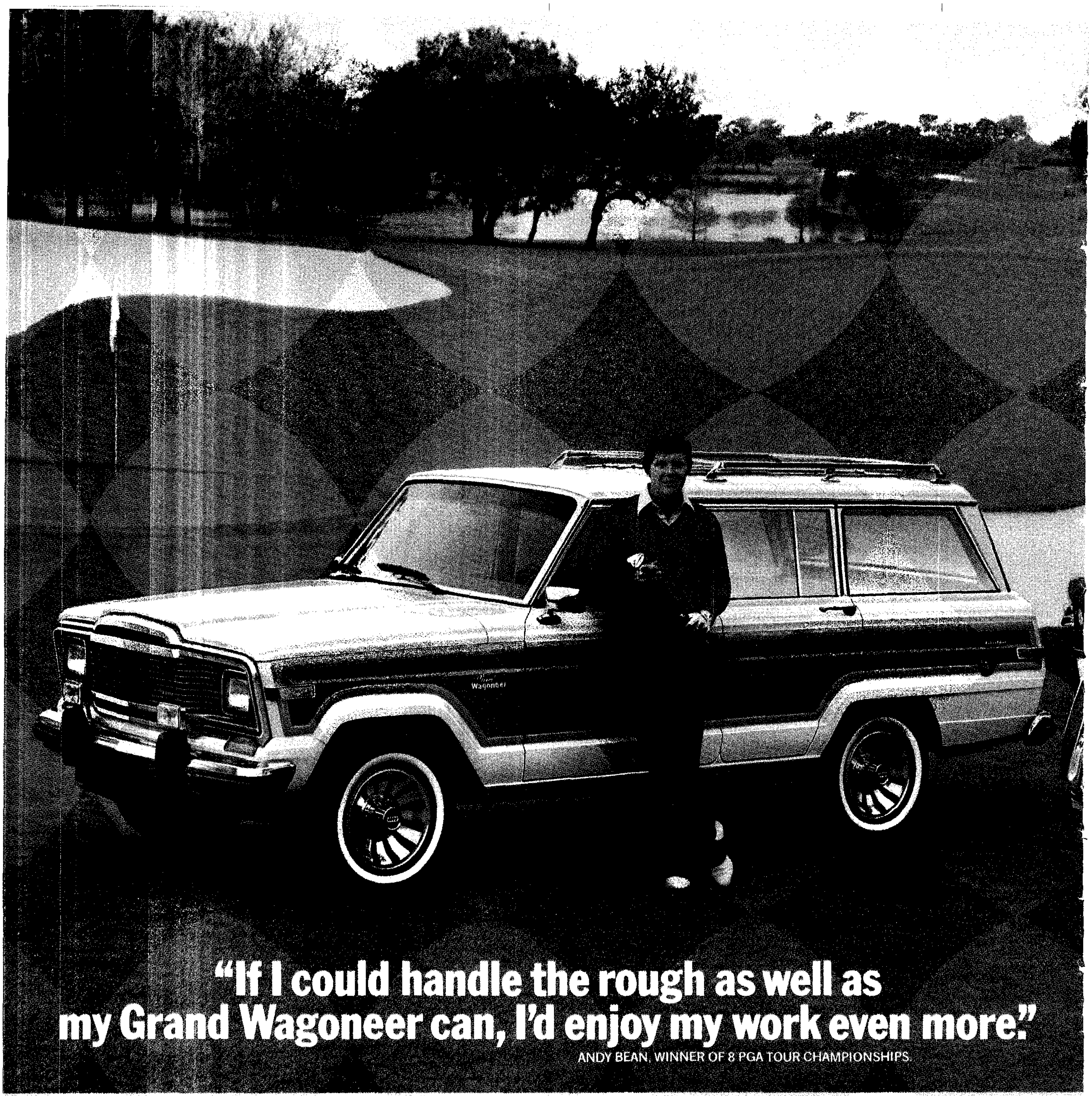
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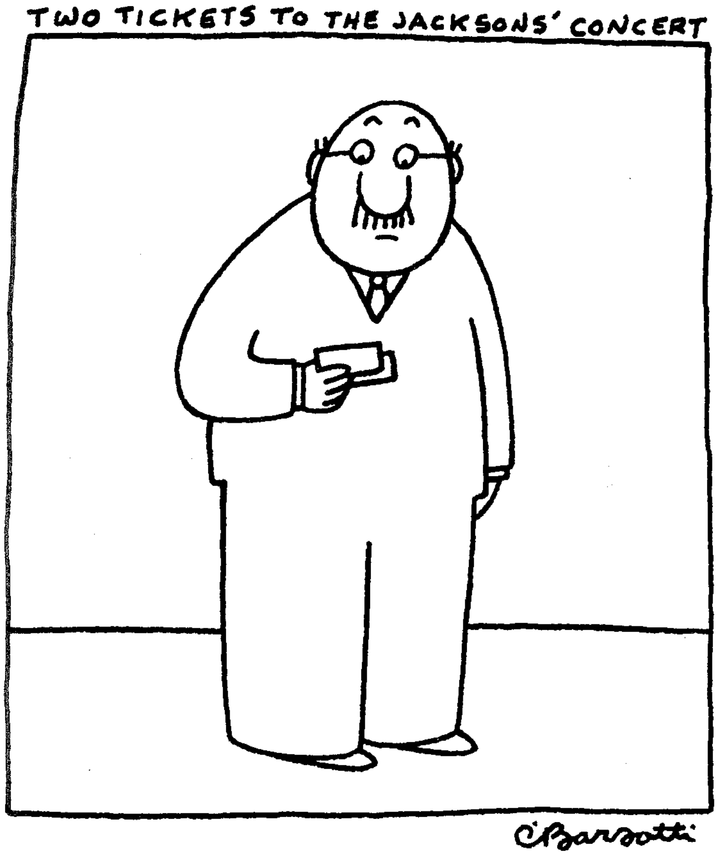
tinction. She pointed far out, to the other side of the lake: nothingness. Yet there, she said, stood the pinkish palace of Il Duce, filled with seventy-five Fascist servants, and a hundred soldiers who never slept.

AFTER breakfast, at the first meeting of the morning, a young priest read a paper. It seemed he had forgotten the point of the conference—public relations—and was speaking devoutly, liturgically. His subject was purity. The flesh, he said, is holy bread, like the shewbread of the Israelites, meant to be consecrated for God. To put it to use for human pleasure alone is defilement. The words inflamed Frank Castle: he had told Viviana to save his room for last and to wait for him there in the afternoon. At four o'clock, after the day's third session, while the others went down the mountain—the members of the conference had been promised a ride across Como in a motor launch—he climbed to the green door of the Little Annex and once again took the child into his bed.

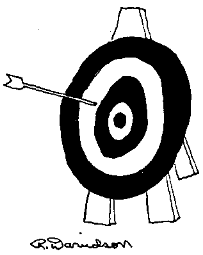
He knew he was inflamed. He felt his reason had been undermined, like a crazy man's. He could not get enough of this woman, this baby. She came to him again after dinner; then he had to attend the night session, until ten; then she was in his bed again. She was perfectly well. He asked her about the nausea. She said it was gone, except very lightly, earlier that day; she was restored. He could not understand why she was yielding to him this way. She did whatever he told her to. She was only afraid of meeting Guido, Mr. Wellborn's assistant, on her way to the Little Annex: Guido was the one who kept track of which rooms were finished, and which remained, and in what order. Her job was to make the beds and change the towels and clean the floors and the tub. Guido said the Little Annex must be done first. It was easy for her to leave the Little Annex for last—it had only two rooms in it, and the other was empty. The person who was to occupy the empty room had not yet arrived. He had sent no letter or telegram. Guido had instructed Viviana to tend to the empty room all the same, in case he should suddenly make his appearance. Mr. Wellborn was still expecting him, whoever it was.


TWO TICKETS TO THE JACKSONS' CONCERT
CBarsotti

On the third day, directly after lunch, it was Frank Castle's turn to speak. He was, after all, he said, only a journalist. His paper would be primarily neither theological nor philosophical—on the contrary, it was no more than a summary of a series of radio interviews he had conducted with new converts. He would attempt, he said, to give a collective portrait of these. If there was one feature they all had in common, it was what Jacques Maritain characterized as "the impression that evil was truly and substantially someone." To put it otherwise, these were men and women who had caught sight of demons. Let us not imagine, Frank Castle said, that—at the start—it is the love of Christ that brings souls into the embrace of Christ. It is fear; sin; evil; true cognizance of the Opposer. The corridor to Christ is at bottom the Devil, just as Judas was the necessary corridor to redemption.

He read for thirty minutes, finished to a mainly barren room, and thought he had been too metaphorical; he should have tried more for the psychological—these were modern men. They all lived, even the priests, along the skin of the world. They had cleared out, he guessed, in order to walk down the mountain into the town in the brightness of midday. There was a hot-chocolate shop, with pastry and picture postcards of Fumicaro: clusters of red tiled roofs, and behind them, like distant ice-cream cones, the Alps—you could have your feet in Italy and your gaze far into Switzerland. Around the corner from the hot-chocolate place, he heard them say, there was a little box of a shop, with a tinkling bell, easily overlooked if you didn't know about it. It was down an alley as narrow as a thread. You could buy leather wallets, and ladies' pocketbooks, also of leather, and shawls and neckties labelled *seta pura*. But the true reason his colleagues were drawn down to the town was to stand at the edge of Como. Glorious disc of lake! It had beckoned them yesterday. It beckoned today. It summoned eternally. The bliss of its flat sun-shot surface; as dazzling as some huge coin. The room had emptied out toward it; he was not offended, not even discontent. He had not come to Fumicaro to show how clever he could be (nearly all these fellows were clever), or how devout; he knew he was not devout enough. And not to discover new renunciations, and not to catch the hooks the others let fly. And not even to be tested. He was beyond these trials. He had fallen not into temptation but into happiness. Happy, happy Fumicaro! He had, he saw, been led to Fumicaro not for the Church—or not directly for the Church, as the conference brochure promised—but for the explicit salvation of one needful soul.

She was again waiting for him. He was drilled through by twin powers: the power of joy, the power of power. She was obedient, she was his own small nun. The roundness of her calves made him think of loaves of round bread, bread like domes. She asked him—it was in a way remarkable—whether his talk had been a success. His "talk." A "success." She was alert, shrewd. It was clear she had a good brain. Already she was catching on. Her mind skipped, it was not static; it was a sort of burr that attached itself to whatever passed. He told her his paper had not been found interesting. His listeners had drifted off to look at Como. Instantly she wanted to take him there—not through the town, with its lures for tourists, but down an old stone road, mostly overgrown, back behind the Villa Garibaldi, to the lake's unfrequented rim. She had learned about it from some of the kitchen staff. He was willing, but not yet. He considered who he was; where he was. A man on fire. He asked her once more if she was well. Only a little in the morning not, she said. He was not surprised; he was prepared for it. She had missed, she said, three bleedings. She believed she might be carrying the cobbler's seed, though she had washed herself and washed herself. She had cleaned out her insides until she was as dry as a saint.



She lay with her head against his neck. Her profile was very sharp. He had seen her head a hundred times before, in museums: the painted walls of Roman villas. The oversized eyes with their black oval shine, like a pair of olives, the nose broad but so splendidly symmetrical, the top lip with its two delectably lifted points. Nevertheless she was mysteriously not handsome. It was because of her caste. She was a peasant's child. Her skin was a marvel—as if a perpetual brownish shadow had dropped close against it, partly translucent. A dark lens stretched over her cheeks, through which he saw, minutely, the clarity of her youth. He thought she was too obedient; she had no pride. Meekness separated her from beauty. She urged her mouth on his neck and counted: *Settembre*, *Ottobre*, *Novembre*, all without the bleeding.

He began to explain the beginning of his plan: in a week or two she would see New York.

"New York! No belief!" She laughed—and there was her gold tooth!—and he laughed too, because of his idiocy, his recklessness; he laughed because he had really lost his reason now and was giving himself over to holy belief. She had been disclosed to him, and on her knees; it followed that he had been sent. Her laughter was all youth and clarity and relief—what she had escaped! Deliverance. His was clownishness: he was a shaman. And recognition: he was a madman, driven like a madman or an idiot.

"You're all right," he said. "You'll be all right."

She went on laughing. "No belief! No belief! *Dio, Dio!*" She laughed out the comedy of her entanglements: a girl like herself, who has no husband, and goes three bleedings without bleeding, will be, she said, "finish"—she had seized the idiom out of the air. There was no place for her but the ditch. There would never be a regular husband for her—not in Fumicaro, not in Milan, not at home in Calabria, not anywhere on any piece of God's earth inhabited by the human family. No one would touch her. They would throw her into the ditch. She was in hell. Finish. God had commanded the American signore to pull her out from the furnace of hell.

He explained again, slowly (he was explaining it to himself), in a slow voice, with the plainest words he could muster, that he would marry her and take her home with him to America. To New York.

"New York!" She *did* believe him; she believed him on the instant. Her trust was electric. The beating of her belief entered his rib cage, thrashing and plunging its beak into his spine. He could not help himself: he was his own prisoner, he was inside his own ribs, pecking there. "New York!" she said. For this she had prayed to the Holy Bambino. Oh, not for New York, she had never prayed for America, who could dream it!

No belief: he would chain himself to a rock and be flung into the sea, in order to drown unbelief.

Therefore he would marry Viviana Teresa Accenno. It was his obeisance. It was what had brought him to Italy; it was what had brought him to the Little Annex of the Villa Garibaldi. There were scores of poor young women all over Italy—perhaps in Fumicaro itself—in her position. He could not marry them all. Her tragedy was a commonplace. She was a noisy aria in an eternal opera. It did not matter. This girl was the one he had been led to. Now the power travelled from him to her; he felt the pounding of her gratitude, how it fed her, how it punished him, how she widened herself for him, how stalwart she was, how nervy! He was in her grip, she was his slave; she had the vitality of her surrender. For a few moments it made her his master.

HE did not return to the salons and chandeliers of the Villa Garibaldi that day—not for the pre-dinner session or for the after-dinner session; and not for dinner either. From then on everything went like quicksilver. Viviana ran to find Guido, to report that she was short of floor wax; he gave her the key to the supplies closet, which was also the wine cellar. Easeful Fumicaro! where such juxtapositions reigned. She plucked a flask of each: wax and wine. Mr. Wellborn blinked at such pilfering; it kept the staff content. It was only Guido who was harsh. Still, it was nothing at all for her to slip into the kitchen and spirit away a fat fresh bread and a round brick of cheese. They trod on ivy that covered the path under the windows of the grand high room that held the meadow-long conference board. Frank Castle could hear the cadenced soughing of the afternoon speaker. The sun was low but steady. She took him past enormous bricked-up arches, as tall as city apartment buildings. In the kitchen, where they were so gullible, they called it the Roman aqueduct, but nobody sensible supposed that Romans had once lived here. It was *stupido*, a tale for children. They say about the Romans that they did not have God; the priests would not let them linger in holy Italy if they did not know Jesus, so they must have lived elsewhere. She did not doubt that they had once existed, the Romans, but elsewhere. In Germany, maybe in Switzerland. Only never in Italy. The Pope of those days would never have allowed infidels to stay in such a place as Fumicaro. Maybe in Naples! Far down, under their feet, they could descry a tiny needle: it was the bell tower of the ancient church in Fumicaro. Frank Castle had already inquired about this needle. It had been put there in the twelfth century. Wild irises obscured the stone road; it wound down and down, and was so spare and uneven that they had to go single file. They met no one. It was all theirs. He had a sense of wingedness: how quickly they came to the lip of Como. The lake was all gold. A sunball was submerged in it as still as the yolk of an egg, and the red egg on the horizon also did not move. They encamped in a wilderness—thorny bushes and a jumble of long-necked, thick-speared grasses.

The wine was the color of light,

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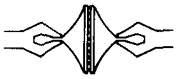
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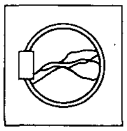
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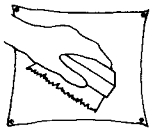
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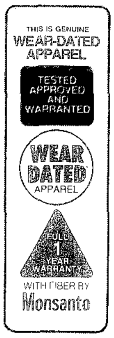

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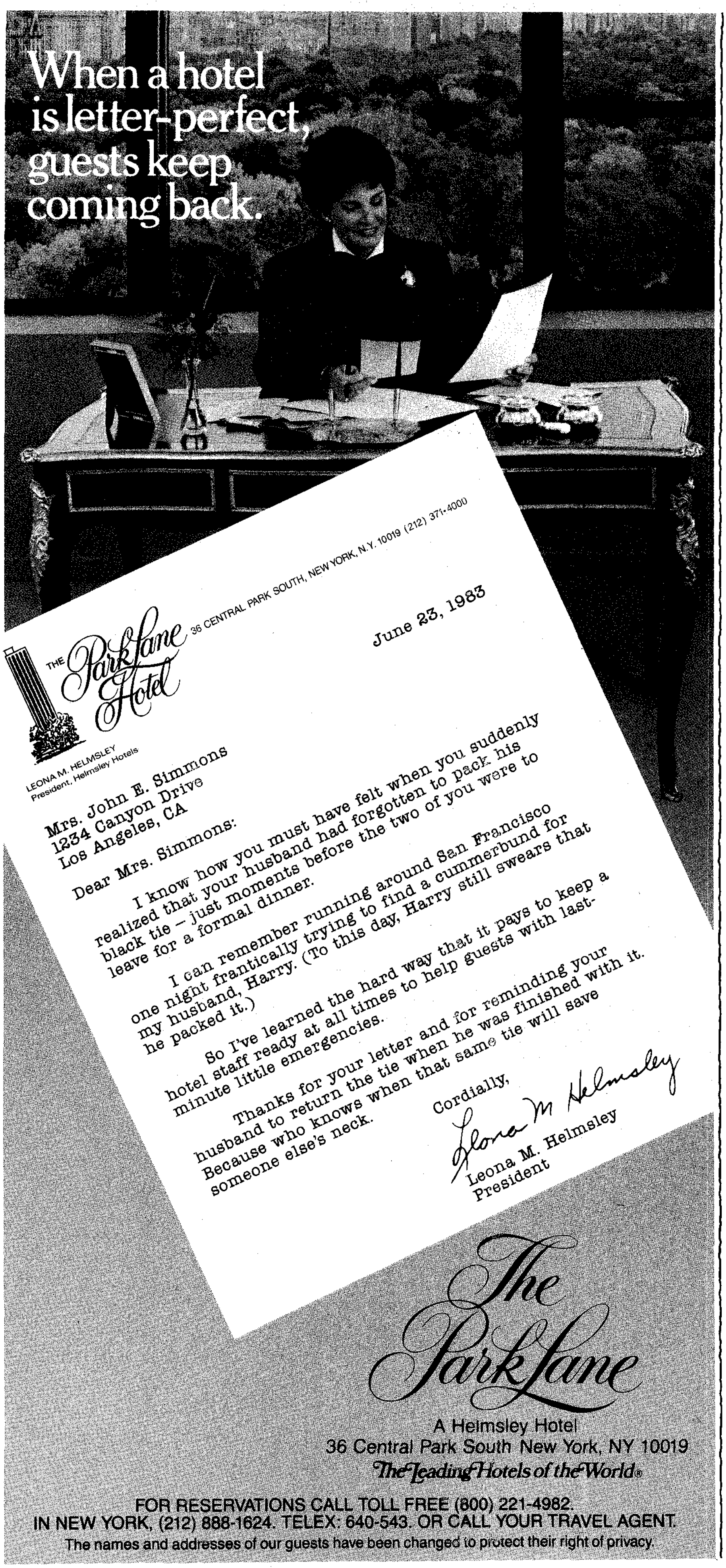
immaculately clear, and warm, and wonderfully sour. He had never before rejoiced in such a depth of sourness—after you swallowed some and contemplated it, you entered the second chamber of the sourness, and here it was suddenly applelike. Their mouths burst into orchards. They were not hungry; they never broke off even a crumb of the bread and cheese; of these they would make a midnight supper, and in the early morning he would pay something to the milk driver, who would carry them as far as he could. The rest of the trip they would go by bus, like ordinary people. Oh, they were not ordinary! And in Milan Viviana would tell Caterina everything—everything except about where the cobbler had put his legs and his arms; she would not mention the cobbler at all—and Caterina would lead them across the plaza into the cathedral, and the priests would marry them in the shortcut way they had always promised for Caterina and her Easter husband.

It was nearly night. Como had eaten the red egg; it was gone. Streaks of white and pink trailed over water and sky. There was still enough light for each to see the other's face. They passed the bottle of wine between them, back and forth, from hand to hand, stumbling upward, now and then wandering wide of the path—the stones were sometimes buried. A small abandoned shrine blocked the way. The head was eroded, the nose chipped. "This must be a Roman road," he told her. "The Romans built it."

"No belief!" It was becoming their life's motto.

The air felt miraculously dense, odorous with lake and bush. It could almost be sucked in, it was so liquidly thick. They spiralled higher, driving back the whiplike growth that snapped at their eyes. She could not stop laughing, and that made him start again. He knew he was besotted.

Directly in front of them the grasses appeared to part. Noises: rustle and flutter and an odd abrasive sound—there was no mistake, the bushes were moving. The noises ran ahead with every step they took; the disturbance in the bushes and the growling scrape were always just ahead. He thought of the malcontents who were said to have their hiding places in the mountains—thugs; he thought of small mountain beasts that might scramble about in such a space—a fox? He was perfectly ignorant of the usual habitat of foxes.



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President, Helmsley Hotels

June 23, 1983

Mrs. John E. Simmons
1234 Canyon Drive
Los Angeles, CA

Dear Mrs. Simmons:

I know how you must have felt when you suddenly realized that your husband had forgotten to pack his black tie – just moments before the two of you were to leave for a formal dinner.

I can remember running around San Francisco one night frantically trying to find a cummerbund for my husband, Harry. (To this day, Harry still swears that he packed it.)

So I've learned the hard way that it pays to keep a hotel staff ready at all times to help guests with last-minute little emergencies.

Thanks for your letter and for reminding your husband to return the tie when he was finished with it. Because who knows when that same tie will save someone else's neck.

Cordially,

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The names and addresses of our guests have been changed to protect their right of privacy.

Then—in what was left of the dusk—he caught sight of a silhouette considerably bigger and less animate than a fox. It was a squarish thing kicking against the vegetation and scudding on the stones. It looked to be attached to a pallid human shape, broad but without glimmer, also in silhouette.

"Hello?" said an elderly American voice. "Anybody back there speak English?"

"Hello," Frank Castle called.

The square thing was a suitcase.

"Damn cab let me off at the bottom. Said he wouldn't go up the hill in the dark. Didn't trust his brakes. Damn lazy thieving excuse—I paid him door to door. This can't be the regular way up anyhow."

"Are you headed for the Villa Garibaldi?"

"Three days late to boot. You mixed up in it? Oh, it just stirs my blood when they name a bed to sleep in after a national hero."

"I'm mixed up in it. I came on the Benito Mussolini," Frank Castle said.

"Speaking of never getting a night's sleep. So did I. Didn't see you aboard. Didn't see anyone. Stuck to the bar. Not that I can see you now, getting pitch black. Don't know where the hell I am. Dragging this damn thing. Is that a kid with you? I'll pay him to lug my bag."

Frank Castle introduced himself, there on the angle of the mountainside, on the Roman road, in the tunnelling night. He did not introduce Viviana. All his life it would be just like that. She crept back off the bit of path into the thornbushes.

"Percy Nightingale," the man said. "Thank you kindly, but never mind, if the kid won't take it, I'll carry it myself. Damn lazy types. How come you're on the loose, they haven't corralled you for the speeches?"

"You've missed mine."

"Well, I don't like to get to these things too early. I can sum up all the better if I don't sit through too many speeches—I do a summing-up column for the *All-Parish Wick*. Kindles Brooklyn and Staten Island. What've I missed besides you?"

"Three days of inspiration."

"Got my inspiration in Milan, if you want the truth. Found a little inn with a bar and had myself a bender. Listen, you've got to see the 'Last Supper'—it's just about over. Peeling. They stick the paint back down somehow, but I give it no more'n fifty years. And for God's sake don't skip the unfinished 'Pietà'—arms and legs in such a tangle you wouldn't believe. Extra legs stuck in. My God, what now?" They had come flat out against a wall.

Viviana jumped into the middle of the stone road and zigzagged leftward. An apparition of battlements: high box hedges. Without any warning they had emerged right under the iron staircase abutting the kitchen of the Villa Garibaldi.

Climbing, the man with the suitcase said, "The name's familiar. Haven't I heard you on the radio, WJZ, those interviews with convicts?"

"Converts."

"I know what I said."

Viviana had evaporated.

"Are you the one Mr. Wellborn's expecting?"

"Mister who?"

"Wellborn," Frank Castle said. "The director. You'd better go to his office first. I think we're going to be neighbors."

"Love thy neighbor as thyself. He doesn't sound like a Wop."

"He's a Presbyterian from New Jersey."

"Myself, I'm a specialist. Not that I ever got my degree. I specialize in Wops and Presbyterians. Ad hoc and à la carte. We all have to make a living."

In his cups, Frank Castle thought. Then he remembered that he was drunk himself. He dug into his pocket and said with patient annoyance, "You know you can still catch the night session if you want. Here, take my program. It lists the whole conference. They were handing these out after Mass on the first day."

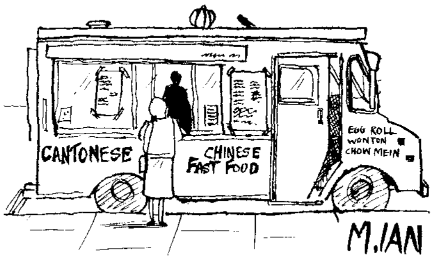
Percy Nightingale said, "After Mass? Liturgy giving birth to jargon. The sublime giving birth to what you'd damn well better be late arriving at."

But it was too dark to read.

IN the Little Annex, behind the green door, Frank Castle began to pack. The wine had worn off. He wondered whether his stupefying idea—his idiocy—would wear off. He tested his will: was it still firm? He had no will. He had no purpose. He did not know what he was thinking. He was not thinking of a wedding. He felt infinitely bewildered. He stood staring at his shirts. Had Viviana run down the mountain again, into Fumicaro, to fetch her things from her room? They had not planned that part. Somehow he took it for granted that she had no possessions, or that her possessions did not matter, or were invisible. He saw that he had committed the sin of heroism, which always presumes that everyone else is unreal, especially the object of rescue. She was the instrument of his carnality, the occasion of his fall; no more than that, though that was too much. He had pushed too far. A stranger, a peasant's child. He was no more capable of her salvation than of his own.

The doorknob turned. He hardly understood what he would say to her. After all she was a sort of prostitute, the daughter of a sort of prostitute. He did not know exactly what these women were—the epiphenomena, he supposed, of the gradual movement, all over the world, of the agricultural classes to the city. He was getting his reason back again. She, on her side, was entirely reasonable. An entrapment. Such women are always looking for free tickets to the New World. She had planted herself in his room—just his luck—to pretend sickness. All right, she hadn't pretended; he could see it wasn't pretense. All the more blatant. A scheme; a pit; a noose. With her bit of English she had examined the conference lists and found her eligible prey: an unmarried man. The whole roster were married men—it was only the priests and himself. So she had done her little research. A sensible girl who goes after what she wants. He was willing to give her some money, though God was his witness he didn't have so much that he could take on an extended program of philanthropy—his magazine, the *Sacral Review*, was making good his expenses. All the same he had to pinch. It was plain to him that she had never expected him to redeem the impulse of his dementia. It was his relief—the relief he felt in coming to his senses—that she had all along meant to exploit. Relief and the return of sanity were what he had to pay for. Mild enough blackmail. He wrenched his head round.

There stood Nightingale, anxiously jubilating and terrifically white. He had, so far, been no more than an old man's voice in the night, and to the



extent that a voice represents a soul, he had falsified, he had misrepresented utterly. He was no older than Frank Castle, and it was not only that he was alarmingly indistinct—his ears were blanched; his mouth was a pinkish line; his eyes, blue overrinsed to a transparency, were humps in a face as flat as zinc. He was almost blotted out. His look was a surprise: white down to his shoes, and immensely diffident. His shirt was white, his thighs were white, his shoes the same, and even shyer; he was self-effacing. He had already taken off his pants—he was without dazzle or glare. Washed out to a Celtic pallor. Frank Castle was unsure, with all this contradiction between words and appearance, where to put his confidence.

"You're right. Neighbors," Nightingale said. "You can have your program back, I've got the glory of my own now. It's a wonder *any*one shows up for these things. It puts the priests to sleep, not that you can tell the difference when they're awake. I don't mind myself forgoing the pleasure"—he shook open the little pamphlet—"of, get this, *Approaches to Bigotry. The Church and the Community, North, East, South, West. The Dioceses of Savannah, Georgia, and Denver, Colorado, Compared. Parish or Perish.* My God, I wish I could go to bed."

"No one's forcing you to attend," Frank Castle said.

"You bet they're not. If I sum up better by turning up late, I sum up best if I don't turn up at all. Listen, I like a weight on me when I sleep. No matter what the climate or the weather, put me in the tropics, I've got to have plenty of blankets on me. I told them so in the office—they're sending the chambermaid. Not that she isn't taking her own sweet time. No wonder, godforsaken place they've stuck us in, way down here. The rest get to sleep like princes in the palace. I know about me, I always get the short straw, but what's your crime, you're not up at the big house? Hey, you packing?"

Was he really packing? There were his shirts in a mound, folded and waiting to be folded, and his camera; there was his open suitcase.

"Not that I blame you, running off. Three days of it should do anyone." Nightingale tossed the pamphlet on the bed. "You've paid your dues. Especially if you got to stick in your two cents with the speechifying—what on?"

Footsteps on the circling stairs. Heavy goat hops. Viviana, obscured by blankets. She did not so much as glance in.

"Interviews with convicts," Frank Castle said.

Nightingale guffawed—the pouncing syllables of a hawk, the thread of the lips drawn covertly in. A hider. Recklessness at war with panic. Mistrusting the one, Frank Castle believed in the other. Panic. "What's your fix on these fellows? Cradle Catholics in my family since Adam, if not before, but I got my catechism from Father Leopold Robin."

"Never heard of him."

"Wouldn't expect you to. *Né* Rabinowitz."

Frank Castle felt himself heat up. The faintest rise of vertigo. It was stupid to give in to peculiar sensations just because Viviana hadn't looked in the door. He said, "Would you mind asking the chambermaid"—the word tugged at his tongue, as if it had fallen into something glutinous—"to stop by when she's finished? They haven't changed my towels—"

"A whole speech on seeing the light? That's what you did? Too pious for me."

"Scientific. I put in the statistics. Enough to please even a specialist. How many converts per parish, what kinds of converts, from what kinds of backgrounds."

But he was listening to the small sounds in the next room.

Nightingale said, "Clare Boothe Luce. There's your trophy."

"We get all sorts these days. Because of the ascent of the Devil. Everyone's scared of the Devil. The rich and the poor. The soft and the arrogant—"

"And who's the Devil? You one of these fellows think Adolf's the new Satan? At least he holds off against the Commies."

"I'm willing to think you're the Devil," Frank Castle said.

"You're a touchy one."

"Well, the Devil's in all of us."

"Touchy and pious—I told you pious. You wouldn't think it would take a year to drop two blankets on a bed! All right, I'll send you that girl." He took two steps into the corridor and turned back. "This Father Robin wore the biggest crucifix you ever saw. Maybe it only looked that big—I was just a kid. But that's how it is with those convicts—they're self-condemned, so they take their punishment more seriously than anybody. It gives me the willies when they come in hotter'n Hades. They act like a bunch of goddam Holy Rollers with lights in their sockets. Show me a convert, I'll show you a fellow out to get even with someone. They're killers."

"Killers?"

"They kill the old self for the sake of the new self. Conversion," Nightingale said, "is revenge."

"You're forgetting Christ."

"Oh Jesus God. I never forget Christ. Why else would I end up in this goddam shack in this godforsaken country? Maybe the Fascists'll make something out of these Wops yet. Put some spine in 'em. You want that girl? I'll get you that girl."

Left to himself, Frank Castle dropped his head into his hands. With his eyes shut, staring into the flesh of his lids, he could see a whirligig of gold flecks. He had met a man and instantly despised him. It seemed to him that everyone here, not counting the handful of priests, was a sham—mountebanks all. And, for that matter, the priests as well. Public-relations types. Journalists, editors. In an older time these people would have swarmed around the marketplace selling indulgences and hawking pigs' hair.

The chambermaid came in. She was a fleshless uncomprehending spindly woman of about forty, perspiring at the neck, with ankles like balloons. There was a purple mark in the middle of her left cheek. "Signore?" she said.

He went into the toilet and brought out a pair of fresh bath towels. "I won't need these. I'm leaving. You might as well do whatever you want with them." She shook her head and backed away. He had already taken it in that she would not be able to follow a word. And anyhow his charade made no sense. Still, she accepted the towels with a maddening docility; she was no different from Viviana. Any explanation, or no explanation, was all the same to these creatures. He said, "Where's the other maid who always comes?"

The woman stared.

"Viviana," he said.

"Ah! *L'altra cameriera.*"

"Where is she?"

With the towels stuck firmly under one armpit, she lifted her shoulders and held out her palms; then shut the door smartly behind her. A desolation entered him. He decided to attend the night session.

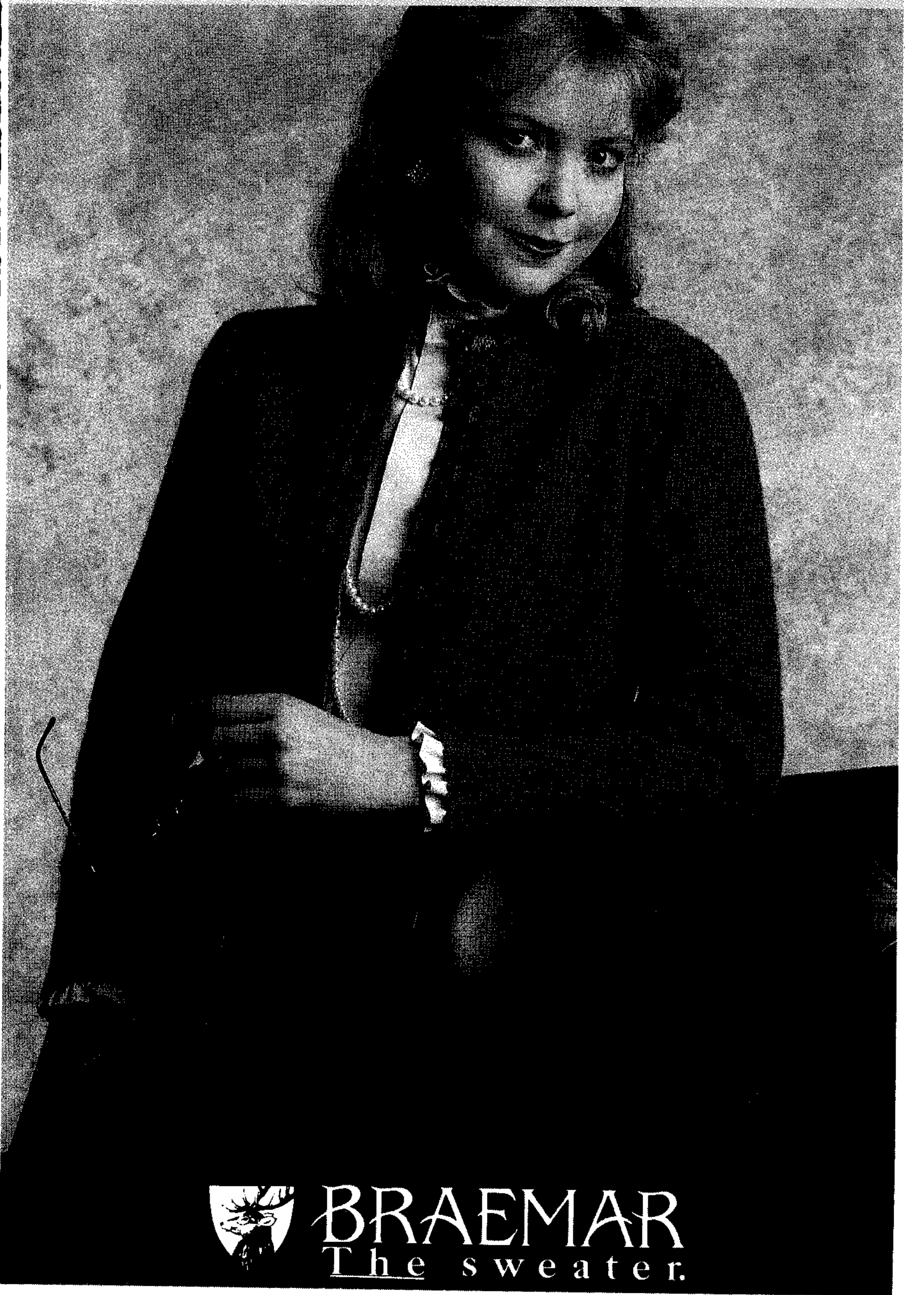
The meadow-long conference board

had grown slovenly. Notebooks, squashed paper balls, pencils without points, empty pitchers and dirty cups, an exhausted coffee urn, languid eyeglasses lying with their earpieces askew, here and there a leg thrown up on the table: formality had vanished, decay was crawling through. The meeting was well under way; the speaker was annunciating Pascal. It was very like a chant—he had sharp tidy hand gestures, a grocer slicing cheese. " 'Not only do we understand God only through Jesus Christ, but we understand ourselves only through Jesus Christ. We understand life and death only through Jesus Christ. Outside Jesus Christ we do not know what life is, nor death, nor God, nor ourselves.' These words do not compromise; they do not try to get along with those who are indifferent to them, or with those who would laugh at them. They are neither polite nor gentle. They take their stand, and their stand is eternal and absolute. Today the obligation of Catholic public relations is not simply to defend the Church, though there is plenty of that to be done as well. In America especially we live with certain shadows, yet here in the mountains and valleys of Fumicaro, in glorious Italy, the Church is a serene mother, and it is of course easy to forget that she is troubled elsewhere. Elsewhere she is defamed as the refuge of superstition. She is accused of unseemly political advantages. She is assaulted as a vessel of archaism and as an enemy of the scientific intelligence. She is pointed to as an institution whose whole raison d'être is the advance of clerical power. Alas, the Church in her true soul, wearing her Heavenly garments, is not sufficiently understood or known.

"All this public distortion is real enough, but our obligation is even more fundamental than finding the right lens of clarification to set over the falsifying portrait. The need to defend the Church against the debasement of the ignorant or the bigoted is, how shall we call it, a mere ripple in the sacred river. Our task as opinion-makers—and we should feel no shame over this phrase, with all its American candor, for are we not Americans at an American colloquy, though we sit here charmed by the antiquity of our surroundings?—our task, then, is to show the timelessness of our condition, the applicability of our objectifying vision even to flux, even to the immediate instant. We are to come with our high banner inscribed Eternity, and

Eunice simply had to borrow Mummy's Braemar sweater for her interview.

At Daddy's bank.



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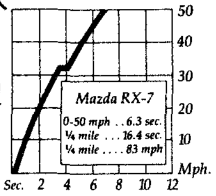

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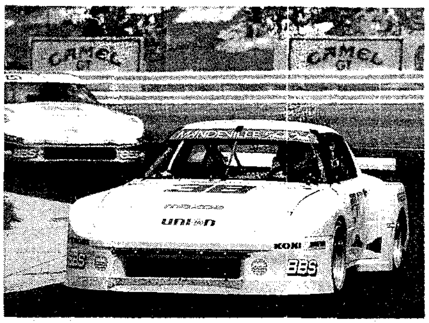

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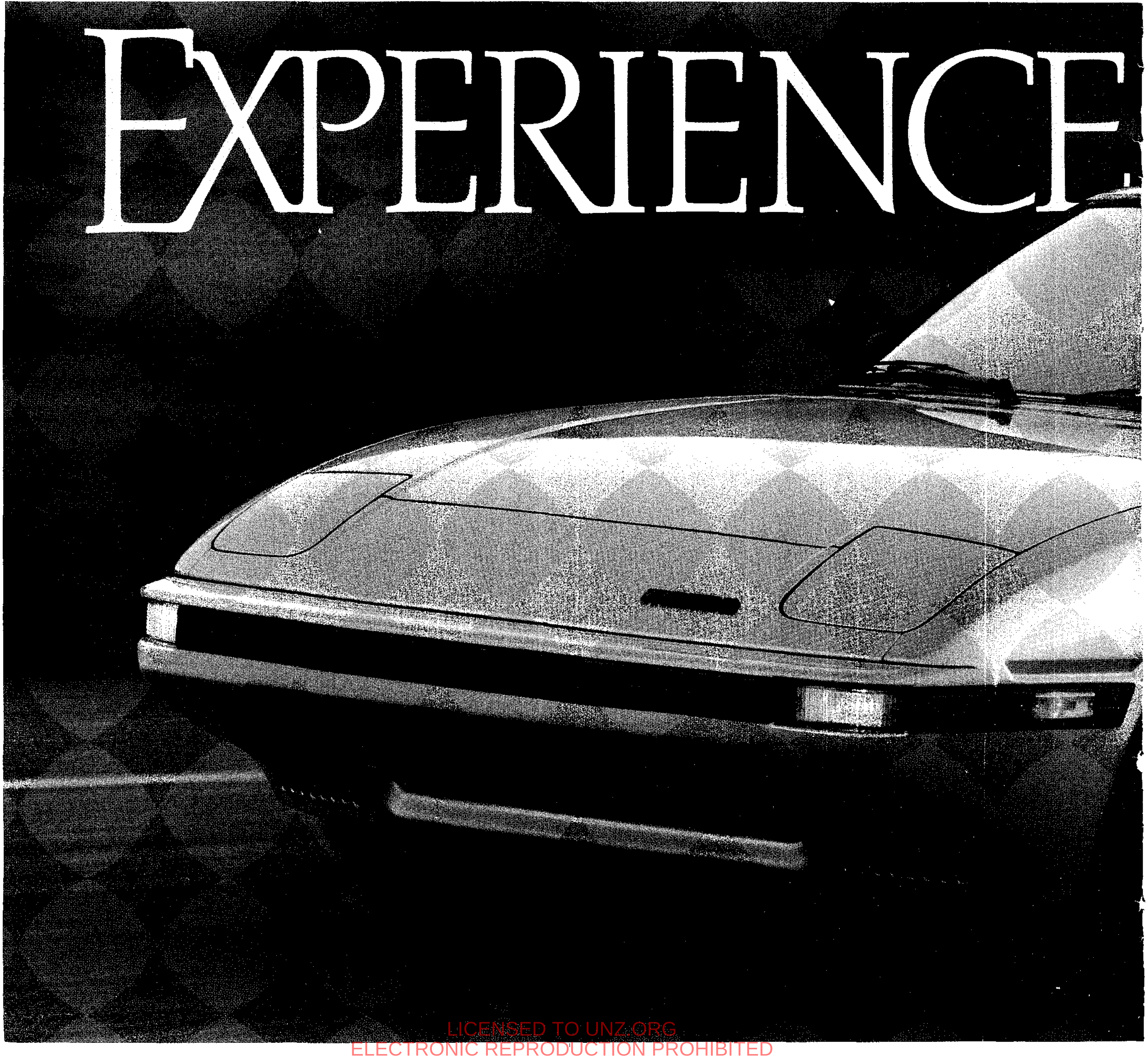
Datsun 280ZX	*83.0%*
Porsche 924	*67.7%*



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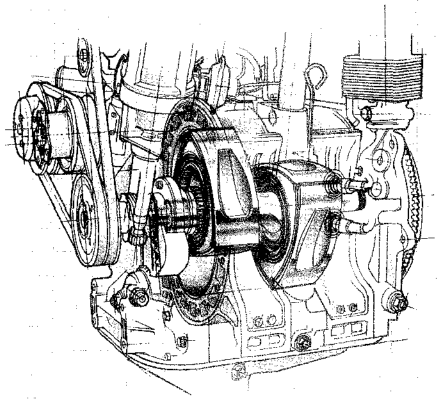

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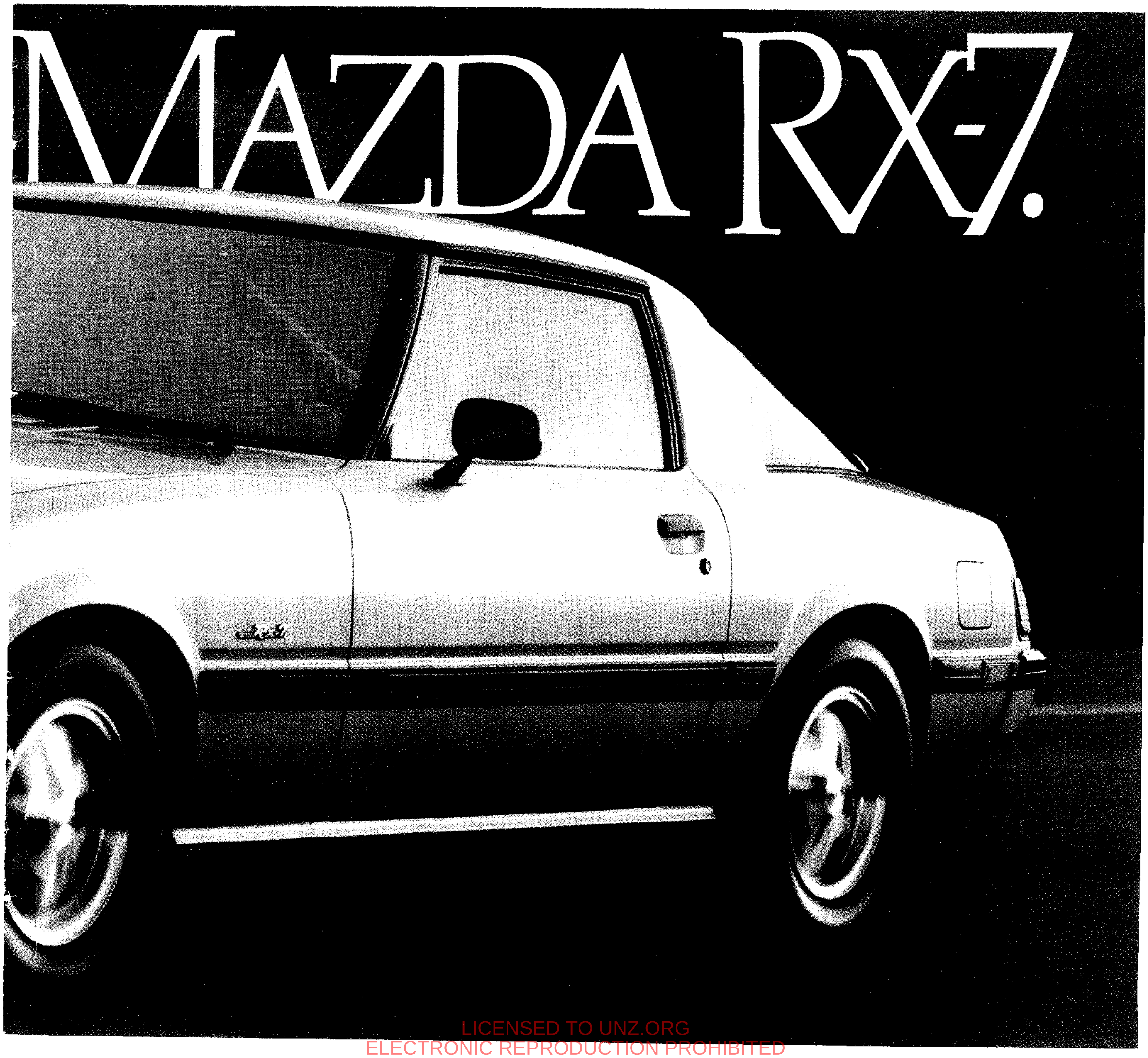
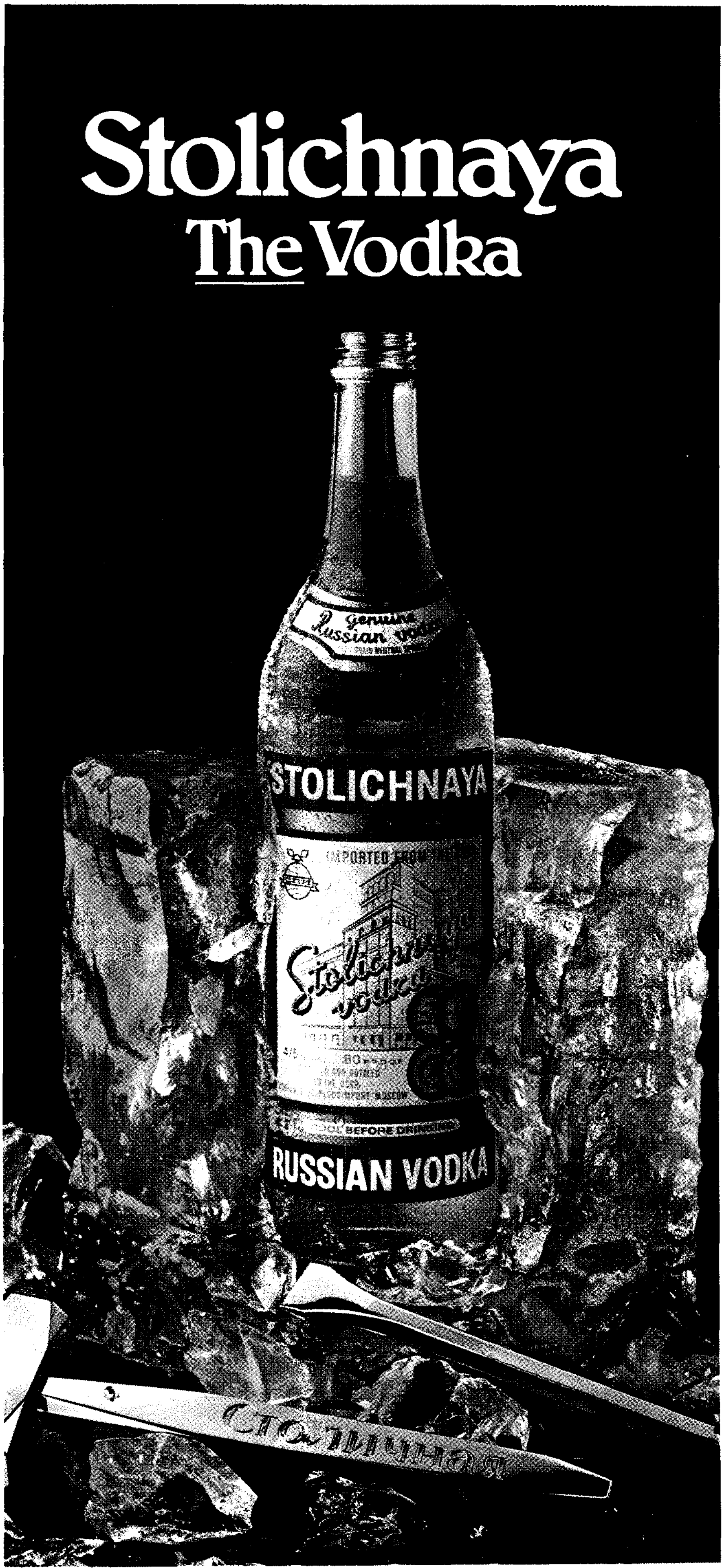


demonstrate its pertinence in the short run; indeed, in the shortest run of all, the single life, the single moment. We must let flower the absolute in the concrete, in the actual rise and fall of existence. Our aim is transmutation, the sanctification of the profane."

It was impossible to listen; Nightingale was right. Frank Castle sank down into some interior chamber of mind. He was secretive; he knew this about himself. It was not that he had habits of concealment, or that, as people say, he kept his own counsel. It was instead something akin to sensation, an ache or a bump. Self-recognition. Every now and then he felt the jolt of who he was and what he had done. He was a man who had invented his own designations. He was undetermined. He was who he said he was. No one, nothing, least of all chance, had put him in his place. Like Augustine, he interpreted himself, and hotly. Oh, hotly. Whereas this glacial propagandist, reciting his noble text, bleating out "absolute" and "concrete" and "transmutation," had fallen into his slot like a messenger from fate. Once fallen, fixed. Rooted. A stalactite.

Far behind the speaker, just past the lofty brass-framed doorway—a distance of several pastures, a whole countryside—a plump little figure glimmered. Viviana! There she was; there she stood. You would need a telescope to bring her close. Even with his unaccoutred eye, Frank Castle noticed how nicely she was dressed: if he had forgotten that she might have possessions, here was something pleasant—though it was only a blouse and skirt. She was clutching an object, he could not make out what. The blouse had a bright blue ribbon at the neck, and long sleeves. It might have been the ribbon, or the downward flow of the sleeves, or even the skirt, red as paint, which hung lower than he was used to—there was a sudden propriety in her. The wonderful calves were hidden: those hot domes he had only that afternoon drawn wide apart. Her thighs, too, were as hot and heavy as corn bread. Across such a space her head, remote and even precarious, was weighted down, like the laden head of a sunflower. She was absorbed by the marble floor tiles of the Villa Garibaldi. She would not come near. She eclipsed herself. She was a bit of shifting reflection.

He wondered if he should wait the speaker out. Instead he got up—every step a crash—and circled the table's dishevelled infinity. No one else



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moved. He was a scandal. Under the chandelier the speaker stuck to his paper. Frank Castle had done the same the day before, when they had all walked out on him for a ride across Como. Now here he was deserting, the only one to escape. It was almost ten o'clock at night; the whole crew of them had been up since eight. One had made a nest of his rounded arms and was carefully, sweetly, cradling his face down into it. Another was propped back with his mouth open, brazenly asleep, something between a wheeze and a snuffle puffing intermittently out.

In the hall outside he said, "You've changed your clothes."

"We go Milano!"

She was in earnest then. Her steady look, diverted downward, was patient, docile. He did not know what to make of her; but her voice was too high. He set an admonitory finger over his own mouth. "Where did you disappear to?"

"I go, I put"—he watched her labor after the words; excitement throttled her—"*fiore. Il santo!* To make *un buon viaggio*."

He was clear enough about what a *santo* was. "A saint? Is there a saint here?"

"You see before, in the road. You see him," she insisted. She held up a metal cylinder. It was the flashlight from his bedside cabinet in the Little Annex. "Signore, come."

"Do you have things? You're taking things?"

"*La mia borsa*, *una piccola valigia*. I put in the Signore's room."

They could not stand there whispering. He followed where she led. She took him down the mountainside again, along the same half-buried road, to a weedy stone stump. It was the smothered little shrine he had noticed earlier. It grew right up out of the middle of the path. The head, with its rotted nose, was no more than a smudge. Over it, as tall as his hipbone, a kind of stone umbrella, a shelter like an upside-down U, or a fragment of vertical bathtub, seemed to be turning into a mound of wild ivy. Spiking out of this dense net was the iris Viviana had stuck there.

"San Francesco!" she said; the kitchen staff had told her. Such hidden old saints were all over the hills of Fumicaro.

"No," Frank Castle said.

"*Molti santi.* You no belief? Look, Signore. San Francesco."

She gave him the flashlight. In its white pool everything had a vivid glaze, like a puppet stage. He peered at the smudge. Goddess or god? Emperor's head, mounted like a milestone to mark out sovereignty? The chin was rubbed away. The torso had crumbled. It hardly looked holy. Depending on the weather, it might have been as old as a hundred years, or a thousand; two thousand. Only an archeologist could say. But he did not miss how the flashlight conjured up effulgence. A halo blazed. Viviana was on her knees in the scrub; she tugged him down. With his face in leaves he saw the eroded fragment of the base, and, half sunken, an obscure tracing, a single intact word: "DELEGI." I chose; I singled out. Who chose, what or who was singled out? Antiquity alone did not enchant him: the disintegrating image of some local Roman politico or evanescent godlet. The mighty descend to powder and leave chalk on the fingertips.

Her eyes were shut; she was now as she had been in her small faint, perfectly ordered; but her voice was crowded with intense little mutterings. She was at prayer.

"Viviana. This isn't a saint."

She stretched forward and kissed the worn-away mouth.

"You don't know *what* it is. It's an old pagan thing."

"San Francesco," she said.

"No."

She turned on him a smile almost wild. The thing in the road was holy to her. It had a power; she was in thrall to sticks and stones. "*Il santo*, he pray for us." In the halo of the flashlight her cheeks looked oiled and sleek and ripe for biting. She crushed her face down into the leaves beside his own—it was as if she read him and would consent to be bitten—and said again, "Francesco."

He had always presumed that sooner or later he would marry. He had spiritual ambition; yet he wanted to join himself to the great protoplasmic heave of human continuity. He meant to be fruitful: to couple, to procreate. He could not be continent; he could not sustain purity; he was not chaste. He had a terrible impulsiveness; his fall with Viviana was proof enough. He loved the priests, with their parched lip-corners and glossy eyes, their enigmatic loins burning for God. But he could not become like them; he was too fitful. He had no humility. Sometimes he thought he loved Augustine more than God. *Imitatio Dei:* he had come to Christ because he was secretive, because Jesus lived, though hiddenly. Hence the glory of the thousand statues that sought to make manifest the reticent Christ. Sculptors, like priests, are least of all secretive.

Often it had seemed to Frank Castle that, marriage being so open a cell, there was no one for him to marry. Wives were famous for needing explanations. He could not imagine not being married to a bookish sort—an "intellectual"—but also he feared this more than anything. He feared a wife who could talk and ask questions and analyze and inquire after his history. Sometimes he fancied himself married to a rubber doll about his own size. She would serve him. They would have a rubber child.

A coldness breathed from the ground. Already hoarfrost was beginning to gather—a blurry veil over the broken head in the upended tub.

He said, "Get up."

"Francesco."

"Viviana, let's go." But he hung back himself. She was a child of simple intuitions, a kind of primitive. He felt how primitive she was. She was not a rubber doll, but she would keep clear of the precincts of his mind. This gladdened him. He wondered how such a deficiency could make him so glad.

She said for the third time, "Francesco." He understood finally that she was speaking his name.

They spent the night in his room in the Little Annex. At six the milk driver would be grinding down from the kitchen lot past the arch of the Little Annex. They waited under a brightening sunrise. The mist was fuming free of the mountainside; they could see all the way down to Como. Quietly loitering side by side with the peasant's child, again Frank Castle felt himself slowly churning into chaos: half an hour ago she had stretched to kiss his mouth exactly as she had stretched to kiss the mouth of the pagan thing fallen into the ground. He was mesmerized by the strangeness he had chosen for himself: a whole life of it. She was holding his hand like an innocent; her fingers were plaited into his. And then, out of the blue, as if struck by a whirlwind, they were not. She tore herself from him; his fingers were ripped raw; it

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seemed like a seizure of his own skin; he lost her. She had hurled herself nearly out of sight. Frank Castle watched her run—she looked flung. She ran into the road and down the road and across, behind the high hedges, away from the bricked-up vaults of the Roman aqueduct.

Percy Nightingale was descending from those vaults. Under his open overcoat a pair of bare bluish-white knees paraded.

"Greetings," he called, "from a practiced insomniac. I've been examining the local dawn. They do their dawns very nicely in these parts, I'll give 'em *that*. What detritus we travellers gather as we move among the realms—here you are with two bags, and last night I'm sure I saw you with only one. You don't happen to have any extra booze in one of those?" He stamped vaguely round in an uneven try at a circle. "Who was that rabbit who fled into the bushes?"

"I think you scared it off," Frank Castle said.

"The very sight of me? It's true I'm not dressed for the day. I intend to pull on my pants in time for breakfast. You seem to be waiting for a train."

"For the milk driver."

"Aha. A slow getaway. You'd go quicker with the booze driver. I'd come along for kicks with the booze driver."

"The fact of the matter," Frank Castle said in his flattest voice, "is that you've caught me eloping with the chambermaid."

"What a nice idea. Satan, get thee behind me and give me a push. Long and happy years to you both. The scrawny hag with the pachyderm feet and the birthmark? She made up my bed very snugly—I'd say she's one of the Roman evidences they've got around here." He pointed his long chin upward toward the aqueduct. "Since you didn't invite me to the exhumation, I won't expect to be invited to the wedding. Believe it or not, here's your truck."

Frank Castle picked up Viviana's bag and his own and walked out into the middle of the road, fluttering his green American bills; the driver halted.

"See you in the funny papers," Nightingale yelled.

He sat in the seat next to the driver's and turned his face to the window. The road snaked left and then left again: any moment now a red-skirted girl would scuttle out from behind a dip in the foliage. He tried to tell this to the driver, but the man only chirped narrowly through his country teeth. The empty steel milk cans on the platform in the back of the truck jiggled and rattled; sometimes their flanks collided—a robust clang like cymbals. It struck him then that the abyss in his belly was his in particular: it wasn't fright at being discovered and judged that had made her bolt but practical inhibition—she was canny enough, she wasn't about to run off with a crazed person. Lust! He had come to his senses yesterday, though only temporarily; she had come to hers today, and in the nick of time. After which it occurred to him that he had better look in his wallet. Duped. She had robbed him and escaped. He dived into his pocket.

Instantly the driver's open palm was under his nose.

"I paid you. *Basta*, I gave you *basta*."

The truck wobbled perilously around a curve, but the hand stayed.

"Good God! Keep hold of the wheel, can't you? We'll go off the road!"

He shook out a flood of green bills onto the seat. Now he could not know how much she had robbed him of. He did not doubt she was a thief. She had stolen cheese from the kitchen and wine from a locked closet. He thought of his camera. It would not surprise him if she had bundled it off in a towel or a pillowcase in the night. Thievery had been her motive from the beginning. Everything else was ruse, snare, distraction, flimflam; she was a sort of gypsy, with a hundred tricks. He would never see her again. He was relieved. The freakishness of the last three days stung him; he grieved. Never again this surrender to the inchoate; never again the abyss. A joke! He had almost eloped with the chambermaid. Damn Nightingale!

They rattled—sounding now like a squad of carillons—into Fumicaro. Here was the promenade; here was the hot-chocolate shop; here was the church with its bell tower; here was morning-dazzled Como—high and pure the light that rose from it. "Autobus," he commanded the driver. He had spilled enough green gold to command. The country teeth showed the bliss of the newly rich. He was let out at an odd little turn of gossipy street, which looked as if it had never in all its existence heard tell of a bus; and here—"No belief!"—was Viviana, panting hard. She could not catch her breath, because of the spy. A spy had never figured in their fears, God knows! A confusion and a danger. The spy would be sure to inform Guido, and Guido would be sure to inform Mr. Wellborn, or, worse yet, the cobbler's cousin, who, as it happened, was Guido's cousin, too, only from the other side of the family. And then they would not let her go. No, they would not! They would keep her until her trouble became visible and ruinous, and then they would throw her into the ditch. The spy was an untrustworthy man. He was the man they had met on the hill, who took her for a boy. He was the man in the empty room of the Little Annex. The other *cameriera* had told her that on top of all the extra blankets she had brought him he had put all the towels there were, and then, oh! he pulled down the curtains and piled them on top of the towels. And he stood before the other *cameriera* shamelessly, without his *pantaloni!* And so what could she do? She flew down the secret stone path, she flew right past San Francesco without stopping, to get to the autobus piazza before the milk driver.

Droplets of sweat erupted in a phalanx on her upper lip. She gave him the sour blink of an old woman; he glimpsed the Calabrian grandmother, weathered by the world's suspiciousness. "You think I no come?"

He would not tell that he thought she had stolen.

"No belief!" Out tumbled her hot laugh, redolent of his bed in the Little Annex. "When *questo bambino* finish"—she pressed the cushion of her belly—"you make new *bambino*, O.K.?"

IN Milan that evening (his fourth in Italy), in a cramped cold chapel in the cathedral, within sight of the relic, they were married by a priest who was one of Caterina's special friends.

Caterina herself surprised him: she was dressed like a businesswoman. She wore a black felt hat with a substantial brim; she was substantial everywhere. Her head was set alertly on a neck that kept turning, as if wired to a generator; there was nothing she did not take in with her big powerful shining eyes. He felt that she took *him* in, all in a gulp. Her arm shot out to smack Viviana, because Viviana, though she had intended to continue not to tell about the cobbler, on her wedding day could not dissemble. The arm drew back. Caterina would not smack Vi-

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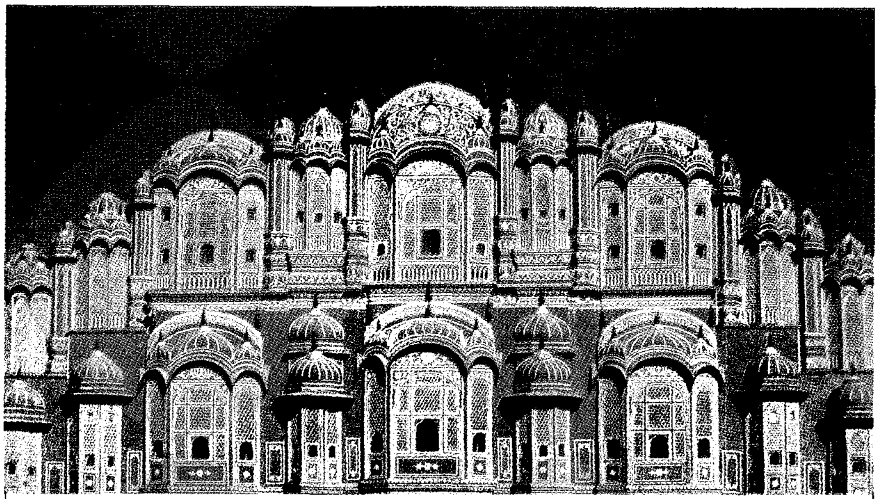

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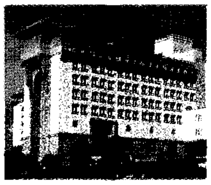

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viana in front of a tourist, an American, on her wedding day. She was respectful. Still, it was a slander—the cobbler did *not* go putting seeds into the wombs of innocent girls. Twisting her neck, Caterina considered the American.

"Three days? You are friend of my Viviana three days, Signore?" She tapped her temple, and then made circles in the air with her forefinger. "For what you want to marry my Viviana if you no put the seed?"

He knew what a scoundrel he seemed. The question was terrifying; but it was not meant for him. They went at it, the mother and the daughter, weeping and shrieking, in incomprehensible cascades: it was an opera, extravagant with drama, in a language he could not fathom. All this took place in Caterina's room in the Hotel Duomo, around the corner from a linen closet as capaciously fitted with shelves as a library; he sat in a chair face to face with the wardrobe in which the bilingual dictionary was secreted. The door was at his right hand—easy enough to grab the knob and walk away. For nearly an hour he sat. The two barking mouths went on barking. The hands clenched, grasped, pushed. He felt detached, distant; then, to his amazement, at a moment of crescendo, when the clamor was at its angriest, the two women fell into each other's embrace. Implausible as it was, preposterous as it was, Caterina was sending Viviana to America. *Un colpo di fulmine! Un fulmine a ciel sereno!*

Just before the little ceremony, the priest asked Frank Castle how he would feel about a baby that was—as he claimed—not his. Frank Castle could not think what to say. The priest was old and exhausted. He spoke of sin as of an elderly dog who is too sick to be companionable—yet you are used to him, you can't do without him, you can't bring yourself to get rid of him. The wedding ring was Caterina's.

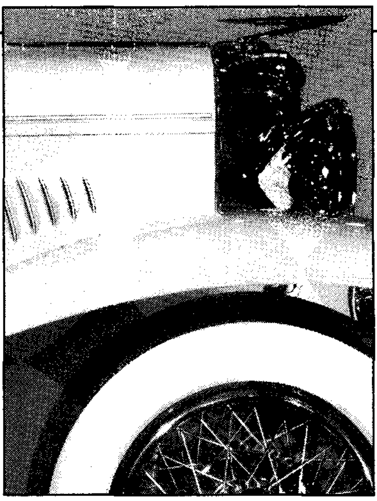
Frank Castle exchanged his return ticket for two others on the Stella Italiana, sailing for New York in ten days. It was all accident and good luck: someone had cancelled. There were two available places. That left time for the marriage to be accorded a civil status: the priest explained to Caterina that though in the eyes of God Viviana was now safe, they had to fetch a paper from the government and get it stamped. This was the law.

There was time for Milan. It was

very queer: Viviana had been brought to this northern treasure-city as a girl of thirteen and still did not know where the "Last Supper" was. Caterina knew; she even knew who had made it. "Leonardo da Vinci," she recited proudly. But she had never seen it. She took Viviana away to shop for a trousseau; they bought everything new but shoes, because Viviana was stubborn. She refused to go to the cobbler. "*Ostinata!*" Caterina said, but a certain awe had begun to creep into her fury. Viviana had found an American husband who talked on the radio in New York! Il Duce talked on the radio, too, and they could hear him as far away as America. Viviana a bride! Married, and to a tourist! These were miracles. Someone, Caterina said, had kissed a saint.

The "Last Supper" was deteriorating. It had to be looked at from behind a velvet rope. Viviana said it was a pity the camera hadn't yet been invented when Our Lord walked the earth—a camera would get a *much* better picture of Our Lord than the one in the flaking scene on the wall. Frank Castle taught her how to use his camera, and she snapped him everywhere; they snapped each other. They had settled into Caterina's room, but they had to come and go with caution, so that the manager would not know. It cost them nothing to stay in Caterina's room. Caterina did not say where she went to sleep; she said she had many friends who would share. When Viviana asked her who they were, Caterina laughed. "The priests!" she said. All over the Duomo, Frank Castle was treated with homage, as a person of commercial value. He was an American with an Italian wife. In the morning they had coffee in the dining room. The waiter gave his little bow. Viviana was embarrassed. At the Villa Garibaldi she had deferred to the waiters; no one was so low as the *cameriera*. It made her uncomfortable to be served. Frank Castle told her she was no longer a *cameriera;* soon she would be an American. Unforgiving, she confided that Caterina had gone to stay with the cobbler.

He took her—it was still Nightingale's itinerary—to see the unfinished "Pietà" in a castle with bartizans and old worn bricks; schoolchildren ran in and out of the broad grassy trench that had once been the moat, but Viviana was unmoved. It was true that she admired the lustre of Our Lady's perfect foot, as polished as the marble flagging of the Villa Garibaldi; the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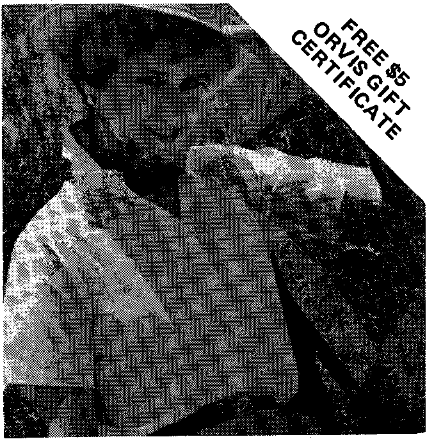

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rest was mainly rough rock. She thought it ridiculous to keep a thing like that on display. Our Lord didn't have a face. The Virgin didn't have a face. They looked like two ghouls. And this they called religion! What sense was it that the *muratore* who made it was famous—his sprawling Jesus was no more beautiful or *sacro* than a whitewashed wall falling down. And without a face! She let Frank Castle take her picture in her new bird-speckled dress in front of all that rubble, and meanwhile she described the statue of Our Lady that had stood on a shelf in her own plain room at Fumicaro. The Madonna's features were perfect in every detail—there were even wonderfully tiny eyelashes glued on, made of actual human hair. And all in the nicest brightest colors, the eyes a sweet blue, the cheeks rosy. The Holy Bambino was just as exact. He had a tiny belly button with a blue rhinestone in it, to match Our Lady's blue robe, and under his gauzy diaper he even had a lacquered penis that showed through, the color of a human finger, though much tinier. He had tiny celluloid fingernails! A statue like that, Viviana said, is *molto sacro*—she had kneeled before it a thousand times. She had cried penitential floods because of the bleeding that did not come. She had pleaded with Our Lady for intercession with the Holy Bambino, and the Holy Bambino had heard her prayer. She had begged the Holy Bambino, if He could not make the bleeding come, to send a husband, and He had sent a husband.

They walked through rooms of paintings: voluptuous Titians; but Frank Castle was startled only by the solidity of Viviana. Ardor glowed in her. He had arrived in Italy with two little guidebooks, one for Florence and one for Rome, but he had nothing for Milan. Viviana herself was unmapped. Everything was a surprise. He could not tell what lay around the corner. He marvelled at what he had done. On Monday, at Fumicaro, Augustine and philosophy; on Thursday, the chattering of a brown-eyed bird-speckled simple-minded girl. His wife. His little peasant wife, a waif with a baby inside her! All his life he would feel shame over her. To whom could he show her without humiliation?

Her ignorance moved and elevated him. He thought of St. Francis rejoicing in the blows and ridicule of a surly innkeeper: *Willingly and for the love of Christ let me endure pains and in-*

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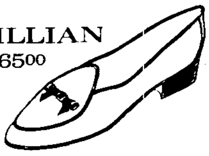

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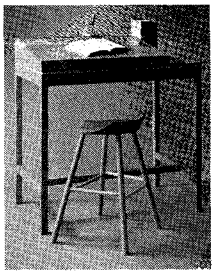

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sults and shame and want, inasmuch as in all other gifts of God we may not glory, since they are not ours but God's. Frank Castle understood he would always be mocked because of this girl; he went on snapping his camera at her. How robust she was, how gleaming, how happy! She was more hospitable to God than anyone who hoped to find God in books. She gave God a home everywhere—in old Roman tubs, in painted wooden dolls: it did not matter. Sticks and stones. He saw that no one had taught her to clean under her fingernails. He puzzled over it: she was the daughter of a trader in conveniences, she was herself a kind of commodity; she believed herself fated, a vessel for anyone's use. He had married shame. Married! It was what he had done. But he felt no remorse; none. He was exhilarated—to have had the courage for such a humbling!

In front of them, hanging from a crossbar, was a corpse made of oak. It was the size of a real man, and had the head of a real man. It wore a wreath made of real brambles, and there were real holes in its body, with real nails beaten into them.

Viviana dropped to the floor and clasped her hands.

"Viviana, people don't pray here."

Her mouth went on murmuring.

"You don't *do* that in a place like this."

"*Una chiesa*," she said.

"People don't pray in museums." Then it came to him that she did not know what a museum was. He explained that the pictures and statues were works of art. And he was married to her! "There aren't any priests," he said.

She shot him a look partly comical and partly shocked. Even priests have to eat, she protested. The priests were away, having their dinner. Here it was almost exactly like the *chiesa* at Fumicaro, only more crowded. At the other *chiesa*, where they kept the picture of the "Last Supper," there were also no priests to be seen, and did that prove it wasn't a *chiesa*? Caterina had always told her how ignorant tourists were. Now she would have to put in an extra prayer for him, so that he could feel more sympathy for the human hunger of priests.

She dipped her head. Frank Castle circled all around the medieval man of wood. Red paint, dry for seven centuries, spilled from the nail holes. Even the back of the figure had its precision: the draw of muscles stretching in fa-

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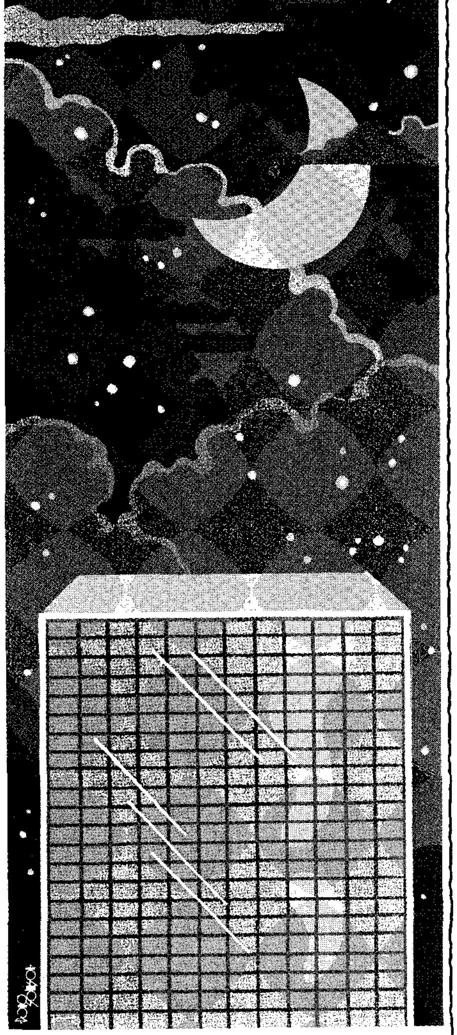

tigue. The carver had not stinted anywhere. Yet the face was without a grain of pious inspiration. It was as if the carver had cared only for the carving itself, and not for its symbol. The man on the crossbar was having his live body imitated, and that was all. He was a copy of the carver's neighbor perhaps, or else a cousin. When the carving was finished, the neighbor or cousin stepped down, and together he and the carver hammered in the nails.

The nails. Were they for pity? They made him feel cruel. He reflected on their cruelty—a religion with a human corpse at the center, what could that mean? The carver and his model, beating and beating on the nails.

In the streets there were all at once flags, and everywhere big cloth posters of Il Duce flapping on the sides of buildings. Il Duce had a frog's mouth and enormous round Roman eyes. Was it a celebration? He could learn nothing from Viviana. Some of the streets were miraculously enclosed under a glass dome. People walked and shopped in a greenish undersea twilight. Masses of little tables freckled the indoor sidewalks. Mobs went strolling, all afternoon and all night, with an exuberance that stunned him. All of Milan was calling out under glass. They passed windows packed with umbrellas, gloves, shoes, pastries, silk ties, marzipan. There was the cathedral itself, on a giant platter, made all of white marzipan. He bought a marzipan goose for Viviana, and from a peddler a little Pinocchio on a string. Next to a bookstore, weaving in and out of the sidewalk coffee-drinkers—"*Turista? Turista?*"—boys were handing out leaflets in French and English. Frank Castle took one and read: "Only one of my ancestors interests me: there was a Mussolini in Venice who killed his wife who had betrayed him. Before fleeing he put two Venetian *scudi* on her chest to pay for her funeral. This is how the people of Romagna are, from whom I descend."

They rode the elevator to the top of the cathedral and walked over the roofs, among hundreds of statues. Behind each figure stood a dozen others. There were saints and martyrs and angels and gryphons and gargoyles and Romans; there were Roman soldiers whose decorated sword handles and buskins sprouted the heads of more Roman soldiers. Viviana peered out through the crenellations at the margins of the different roofs, and again there were hundreds of sculptures; thousands. The statues pullulated. An army of carvers had swarmed through these high stones, century after century, striking shape after amazing shape. Some were reticent, some ecstatic. Some were motionless, some flew. It was a dream of proliferation, of infinity: of figures set austerely inside octagonal cupolas, and each generative flank of every cupola itself lavishly friezed and fructified; of limbs erupting from limbs; of archways efflorescing; of statues spawning statuary. What had looked, from the plaza below, like the frothiest lacework or egg-white spume here burst into solidity, weight, shadow and dazzlement: a derangement of plenitude tumbling from a bloated cornucopia.

A huge laughter spurted out of Frank Castle's lung. On the hot copper roof he squatted down and laughed.

"What? What?" Viviana said.

"You could be here years and years," he said. "You would never finish! You would have to stay up in the air your whole life!"

"What?" she said. "What I no finish?"

He had pulled out his handkerchief and was pummelling his wet eyes. "If—if—" But he could not get it out.

"What? What? Francesco—"

"If—suppose—" The laughter felt like a strangulation; he coughed out a long constricted breath. "Look," he said, "I can see you falling on your goddam knees before every goddam *one* of these! Viviana," he said, "it's a *chiesa!* The priests aren't eating dinner! The priests are down below! Under our feet! You could be up here," he said—now he understood exactly what had happened at Fumicaro; he had fixed his penance for life—"a thousand years!" —CYNTHIA OZICK

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THE M & J SANITARY TORTILLA FACTORY

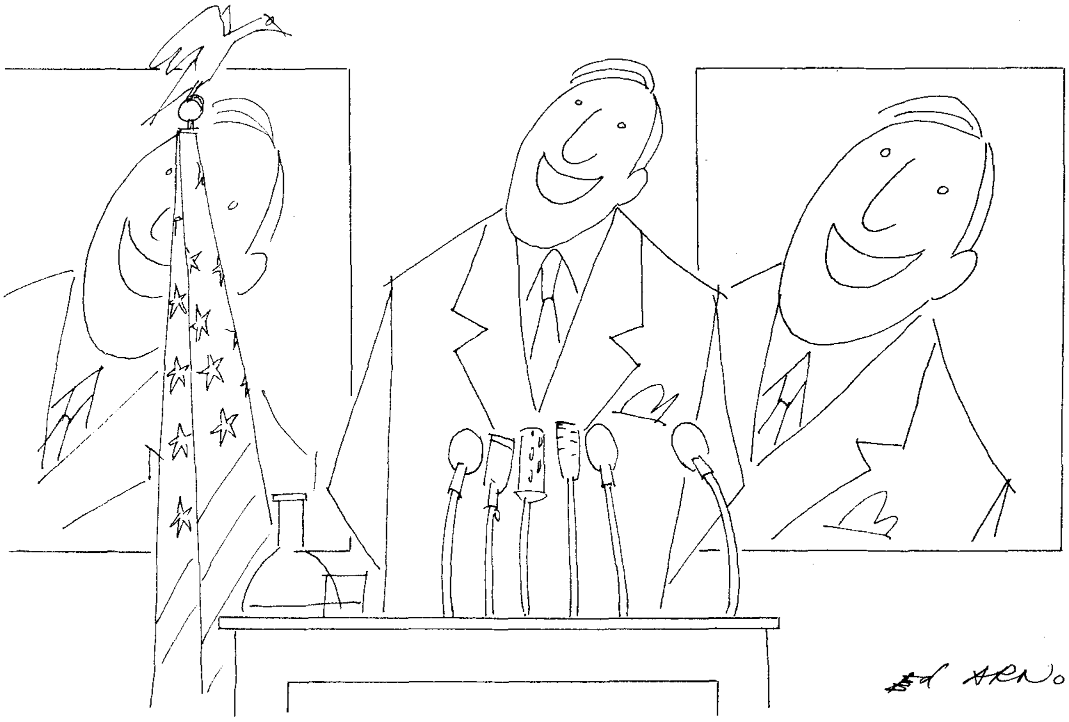
FOR over three centuries, the people of the Rio Grande Valley have been grinding dried corn, mixing it with water to make dough, patting the dough into tortillas, and baking them. Today, the process continues, in a streamlined form, a few miles from the Rio Grande—in Albuquerque, at the M & J Sanitary Tortilla Factory, home of the Five-Hongo Burrito and winner of the "PM Magazine" TV show Ultra Supremo Burrito Rating for the State of New Mexico. The chatelaine of this enterprise, which includes a small but flourishing restaurant, is Beatrice Montoya, a bustling, affectionate, youthful-looking woman everyone calls Bea. She has been honored by the local Hispano Chamber of Commerce and served as a judge in various chile-making contests (that's chile, not chili, and more about that later), and her establishment has been celebrated by the Watermelon Mountain Jug Band in its local hit record "Duke City Girl." (Jeff Burrows, its leader and composer, once recorded a tune called "Drop-Kick Me, Jesus, Through the Goal Posts of Life.") Albuquerque's sobriquet is the Duke City, thanks to Francisco Cuervo y Valdéz, an early governor of Nuevo Mexico, who established the city in 1706 and named it after the Viceroy of New Spain, the Duke of Alburquerque. No one seems to know for sure how the "r" following the "u" got lost, but the old ties remain, and the present Duke of Alburquerque occasionally drops over from Spain to enjoy the hospitality of the Duke City.

Whenever I'm in Albuquerque, my hometown, I lose no time in getting to the M & J Sanitary Tortilla Factory to see Bea and her crackerjack waitress, Dorothy Bustamante, to assuage my fairly constant yearning for the heartwarming Five-Hongo Burrito, and to pick up some stacks of tortillas and pints of chile sauce to take back to New York. On a recent afternoon typical of the Duke City—windy, dusty, and blindingly sunny—I drove through the downtown area, which has been partly levelled and rebuilt over the last decade to look like any modern American city anywhere, with multistory office buildings and wide brick malls with saplings in planters, to the M & J. Its immediate surroundings, a few blocks from the intersection of what was once Route 66 with the Santa Fe Railroad, have remained essentially unchanged. There is a bus depot, a church, a mortuary, a bar, a newspaper office, a few small warehouses, and some old frame houses. The tortilla factory is a white, one-story, flat-roofed building with arched windows in the front, where the restaurant is, facing a parking lot, the railroad yards, and the Sandia Mountains ("*sandía*" means "watermelon"), which rise like blue icebergs to the east of town. The minute I got out of the car, I could smell the hot, dry, delicious aroma of tortillas baking and sopaipillas and tostadas frying. Sopaipillas are puffy, hollow, pillow-shaped pastries eaten with honey; tostadas are cut-up wedges of corn tortilla that have been deep-fried and are used to scoop up hot sauce. As I went in, I noticed that a colored poster of San Martín Caballero in the window next to the door was turned around to face the street; usually, it faces inward. San Martín is on horseback holding a cloak aloft as a nearly naked beggar crouches nearby, lifting his arms in supplication. As always, next to the poster was a full glass of water.

Beatrice Montoya has long auburn hair, brown sloe eyes, perky eyebrows, and a ready smile. Today, she was dressed in high heels, neatly pressed jeans, a blouse with a leopard-skin print, and the necklace she always wears. It is a pendant of the Blessed Hand, or *La Mano Poderosa*, an open hand of gold with a cross on the palm—a gift from a customer. She called out a greeting from the counter where the cash register sits, under a big wooden wall plaque of a greenback, hurried to a table where a retired couple had just sat down, made inquiries about their health and their children and grandchildren, took an order for burritos, filled some red plastic tumblers at another table from a big pitcher of ice water, sponged off a green vinyl tablecloth at another table, and then came up to me. "Hi, hon!" she said. "How are you doing?" She has a lilting, pleasant voice and an expressive face. We talked for a minute, and she told me that it had been a slow day—the restaurant was only two-thirds full. But then it was a Saturday, and she gets most of her customers on weekdays, from nearby office and government buildings. "I turned San Martín Caballero around anyway—to pull in those customers," she said.

"I wondered about that," I said.

"When business is good, I turn him



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back around. You know the story, sugar? San Martín Caballero is the patron saint of restaurants. That nude beggar says to him, 'I'll do anything for you if you will give me a piece of your cloak,' and San Martín Caballero —'*caballero*' means 'horseman' or 'gentleman'—says, 'I will if you promise to give my horse some water every day.' You look in a restaurant that's doing well and you might see that the people have remembered to leave out a glass of water for San Martín Caballero's horse."

Bea told me she was shorthanded, because Dorothy Bustamante, the M & J's waitress for the past decade (she is so efficient that she often writes up the orders of regular customers when she sees them coming down the street), had gone to Las Vegas for the weekend. Bea's daughter, Eileen, had to come in with her infant son, to whom Bea refers as her grandbaby, to help out.

LATER, when Bea had some time, she took me into the back, into a room about a third the size of a high-school gym, where the tortilla-making machinery and the kitchen are situated. The tortillas are manufactured under the supervision of Jake Montoya, Bea's husband and co-proprietor. The process begins the way it has for centuries, with dried corn kernels soaking in a solution of lime and water. At the M & J, three hundred pounds of white corn at a time are brought to a boil in a chest-high metal bin, drained and thoroughly rinsed, and then shovelled into a hopper and ground into a fine, moist paste called *masa*. (Traditionally, the corn has been ground on a *metate*, a slab of smooth stone, with a *mano*, a sort of stone rolling pin. Although some Indians still do it this way as a daily practice or on ceremonial occasions—corn, especially white and blue cornmeal, is sacred to the Pueblo Indians —people from nearby pueblos often come to the M & J to buy their *masa*.) The *masa* goes into a spreader, which rolls the dough to a thickness of about one-sixteenth of an inch and stamps it into circles about six inches across. These drop onto a conveyor belt that passes over gas flames, flips the tortillas, bakes them once again, and then sends them out onto a mesh conveyor belt to cool. Someone at the end—Lupe Guerrero, his brother Rosolio Guerrero, or Lino Ramirez, longtime employees who double as cooks during restaurant hours—stacks them and puts them into packages.

I asked Bea how the M & J Sanitary Tortilla Factory got its name.

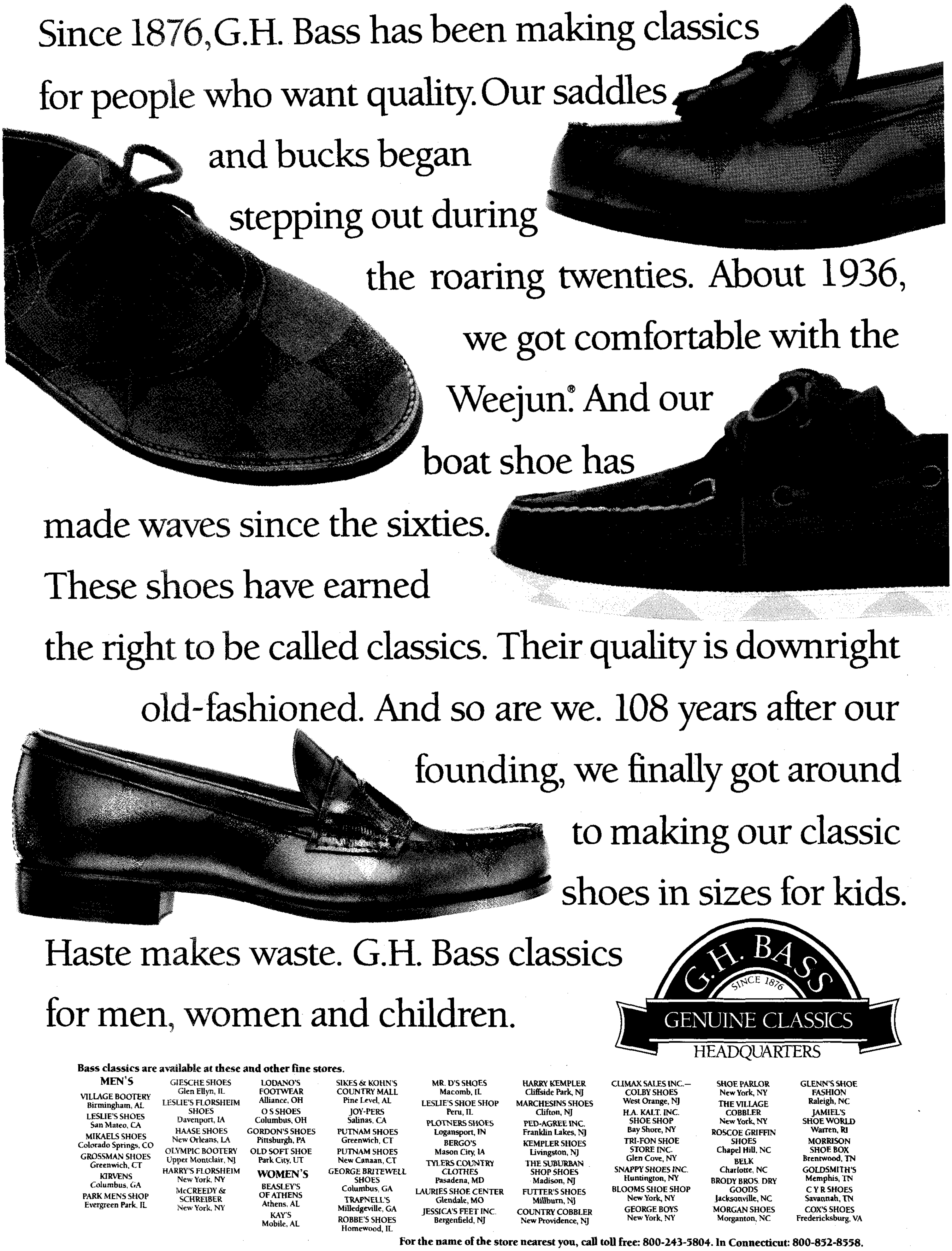
"M and J are the initials of some previous owners, but the original Sanitary Tortilla Factory goes back forty-five or fifty years," she said. "People had always made tortillas by hand, and so when a machine was invented to make them the owners called the new kind sanitary tortillas. The first machine could make only four tortillas a minute. Now we can make two thousand dozen a day, and that's by nine in the morning—we start early, because the restaurant is open from nine-thirty to three. We make more tortillas around Christmas, when the demand is bigger. We also make flour tortillas fresh every day, but we do those by hand." The flour tortillas are made from wheat flour, baking powder, and lard, and are rolled out with a rolling pin and baked on a greaseless griddle. Handmade flour tortillas are moister and thicker than machine-made flour tortillas, and better-tasting.

Bea pointed to a sign near the kitchen. It said: "UN BUEN EMPLEADO CUIDA SU TRABAJO." She explained, "It means that a good employee takes care of his job."

Most of the tortillas are distributed daily to restaurants and schools around the city or sold over the counter at the M & J. But quite a few go directly into the M & J kitchen, where they are turned into tostadas to go in baskets on the tables in the restaurant or used to make burritos, enchiladas, and tacos prepared mostly according to recipes that have been handed down in Jake's and Bea's families for many generations.

Bea comes from a family of ranchers in the high mountains of northern New Mexico, near Raton. Since her mother's death, she has become the matriarch of her extended family, whose members often come to her for solace or advice. Jake, a quiet man with a black mustache who stays in the background, is from Taos, where his family is active in politics. They met in Albuquerque in 1960, when they were working at a Mexican restaurant. She was a waitress and he was a cook. As Bea tells it, he refused to pay attention to her. "I was always asking if I could bring him anything—a glass of water or something—and he always said no. He would just ignore me. One day, it was real hot, and I brought him a big glass of iced tea. I don't know what all I put in it—hot sauce, chile peppers, you name it. You should have seen him come through that kitchen door!" Ten years ago, when they acquired the M & J, the restaurant had only a few tables. Jake and Bea enlarged it, adding tables, chairs, and booths they picked up here and there until it was big enough to seat a hundred and forty people—it often does—and began cooking, from their own recipes and those of their aunts and grandmothers, fresh and from scratch, the traditional food of New Mexico.

Native New Mexicans tend to be touchy about their cuisine. They don't like it to be confused with Mexican food, any more than they care to be considered Mexicans. In the fifteen-forties, Spanish conquistadores crossed the desert of northern New Spain and discovered a land of vast arid plains, scrub-dotted mesas, and rugged mountain ranges. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, colonists and their priests followed, making their way by oxcart up the Rio Grande Valley from New Spain to what they now called Nuevo Mexico. They built adobe houses and missions and, over the years, often intermarried with Pueblo Indians. To this day, many New Mexicans refer to themselves as "Spanish." The traditional cuisine that evolved relied strictly on what was locally available; until the coming of the railroad, in the late nineteenth century, the region was quite isolated. The recipes usually combine chiles, and sauces made from chiles, with meat, beans, and cheese in various ways. The flour or corn tortilla is a foundation for many of the dishes, and also serves sometimes as a spoon, and even as a plate. The seasonings are usually coriander, cumin, oregano, and garlic. The intensity of flavor of these herbs, grown at high altitude in a dry climate flooded with sun, is extraordinary. But the power and the glory of the cuisine flow from the chile pepper. It is hard to exaggerate the tenderness and fervor with which the



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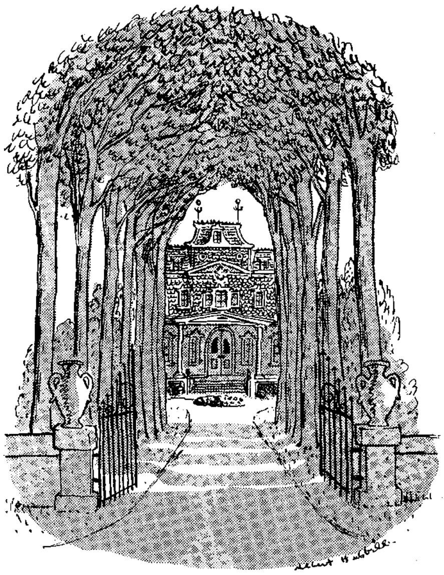
majority of New Mexicans regard the chile and its products. The New Mexico Legislature has declared the chile, along with the pinto bean, the official state vegetable. The chile pepper and its sauces are not to be confused with chili—widely held to be a dubious conglomeration emanating from the large, suspiciously regarded state due east. The chile is sung about in love songs like "La Llorona" ("The Weeping Woman"): "*Soy como el chile verde, Llorona, picante pero sabroso*" ("I am like the green chile, Llorona, hot but tasty"). Its cultivation and its nutritional value (it has plenty of Vitamin C, and long before anyone had heard of vitamins the chile was considered a cure-all) are studied and enhanced at New Mexico State University, in Las Cruces. Because of the depth of feeling people have about the chile, it gives rise to many violent arguments and closely held beliefs. For years, there has been a controversy about where the best chiles come from. Certainly, the flavor of New Mexican chiles is distinct and indescribable—it seems to bloom forward on the palate, and these peppers do not burn the way, for instance, jalapeño peppers, popular in the cuisine of Mexico, do—and no one would consider trying chiles from out of state. Some people are partial to the chiles from the north, from around Chimayó—a town famed for El Santuario de Chimayó, a Catholic church built over a hole in the ground from which pilgrims take sacred, healing dirt. Although Bea is from the north, she swears by the chiles grown in the south, around Hatch and Las Cruces. She is very picky about the chiles she buys for the restaurant. The dried red chiles, from which red chile sauce is made (after the seeds and veins are removed, the chiles are soaked in warm water, puréed, and simmered with spices and herbs), must be a bright red, and she searches for a particular taste and aroma. When she is selecting green chiles, she just takes a bite of one. If it's good and stinging, then she knows it's a good chile.

THE most popular item on the menu at the M & J is the carne adobada burrito (spelled "adovada" in the menu in deference to the regional Spanish dialect, which contains many archaic usages and in which "b" is pronounced almost as "v"). It is this masterpiece that has won the M & J the "PM Magazine" Ultra Supremo Burrito Rating for the State of New Mexico. It is this masterpiece that has caused the New Mexico *Independent*, an occasionally vehement weekly published and edited for the past fourteen years by Mark Acuff and written chiefly by him in the guise of various personae (Duncan H. Gonzales writes the food column, Parnelli Gonzales the automobile column, Jean-Claude Gonzales the skiing column, and Paul Gonzales the religion column), to award the M & J the highest possible gastronomic award, five hongos ("hongo" means "mushroom," and can refer to hallucinogenic mushrooms), every year since 1978. Acuff takes his chiles seriously. In a recent column, he wrote that "the International Society of Connoisseurs of Green and Red Chile, Albuquerque Pod, has scheduled a meeting . . . for, among other things, the purpose of proposing to the legislature that a penalty be added to the State Vegetable Law making it punishable to spell chile in Texan (chili). . . . *Chile* is spelt that way in the law, and that's the way it is. The law doesn't say what *chili* is, but most of us know the word refers to that horrible red gook served in places like Texas and New York. You know—the kind you are expected to put crumbled crackers and catsup in, urrgh. . . . I've already discussed this dire problem with the governor, and although he didn't give a formal commitment, he indicated he generally agrees with the idea. The penalty, of course, will be deportation to Texas." Acuff recently moved the office of the *Independent* into a building half a block from the M & J. Lest he be accused of favoritism, he invited his readers this year to do the judging (there are many categories in which hongos are awarded or withheld—worst hamburger, ugliest building, best place to watch the sunset in New Mexico, best eatery for overhearing strange conversations, best lingerie shop), and the M & J came out the overwhelming winner in the restaurant category. There are probably many other superb dishes on the menu at the M & J: chiles rellenos (green chiles filled with longhorn cheese, dipped in batter, and deep-fried), blue-corn enchiladas (made from tortillas of ground blue corn, which are a beautiful slate blue and have a delicate texture and flavor), huevos rancheros (eggs in red or green chile sauce, with a side of refried beans, rice, and a couple of tortillas or sopaipillas), posole (hominy cooked with red chile sauce and pork), menudo (there is a sign in the window advertising menudo, and Bea says a lot of people come in for it; she calls it "the champion of breakfasts" but is a little reluctant to describe it—menudo is the lining of a cow's stomach cooked with chile).



I'm sure these are all good things to eat, but I can never get past the carne adobada burrito. It is a freshly made flour tortilla wrapped around a generous helping of carne adobada—diced roast pork that has been simmered in a hot red chile sauce—and drowned in red or green chile sauce flavored with whole cumin seeds, garlic, and oregano.

I took a seat in a corner booth, under a bright yellow-red-orange-and-blue painting of Our Lady of Guadalupe, who, according to Bea, watches over the M & J. Eileen, the Montoyas' daughter, a dreamy-eyed young woman with a mop of fine black curls, came over and took my order. She said that her baby, slumbering on an infant seat on a table nearby, didn't want to sleep at night. After she left, to wait on an Indian in a big black Stetson who had taken a seat at a table near white plaster statues of the Virgin and of St. Francis of Assisi, I scooped up some table sauce—a mixture of chopped tomatoes, chiles, and a pepper called yellow-hot, which, even in minute amounts, has the force to take the top of your head off if you're not careful—with a tostada and basked in happy anticipation. The restaurant is a single room lit by fluorescent tubes overhead and painted white. The smells and noises from the kitchen and the factory in the back and the conversations of the customers and Bea's and Eileen's banter combined to give an impression of cozy well-being. A big man with a beard paid at the cash

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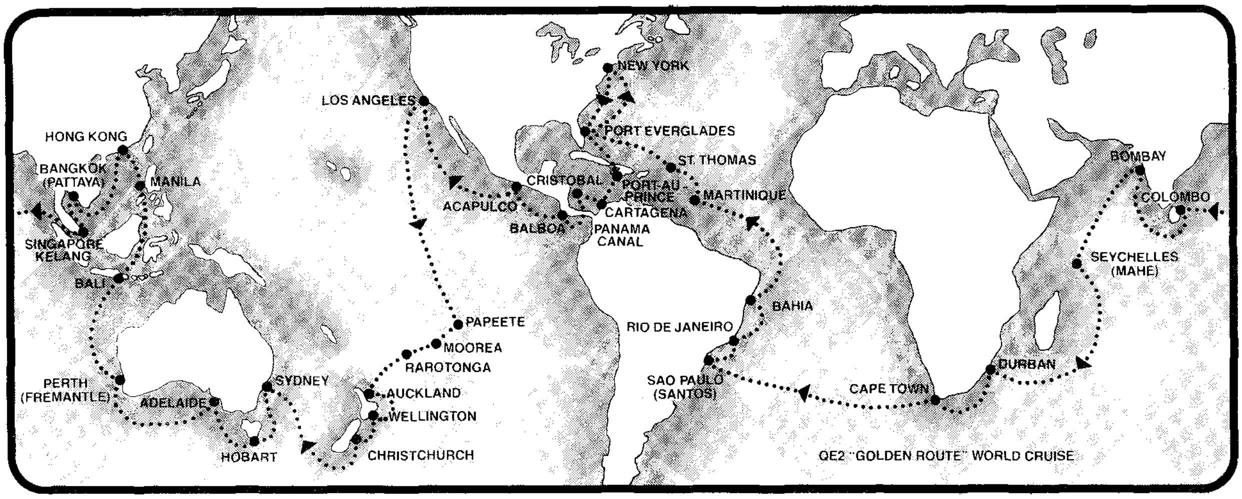
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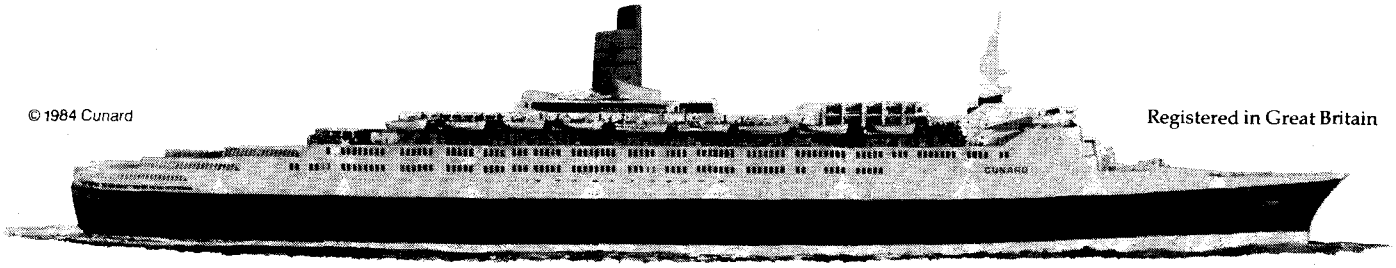

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register. "Are you doing some good today or some bad?" he asked Bea.

She laughed. "Oh, a little of both, sweetie."

After the man left, she said to me, "I have my sweeties, my sugars, my sugies. There's the businessmen that come in, and the guys from the TV station, and people come over from the bus depot, and then I have my little old ladies. They come in buses. They come all the way from Belen sometimes." Belen is a town about thirty miles south of Albuquerque. "My ladies, they bring me these statues and things."

The back wall is dominated by a picture of Jesus wearing a crown of thorns. There are also pictures of the Sacred Heart and of San Cipriano, and dozens of postcards of saints that customers have sent to Bea. There are also letters from ecstatic customers ("Best food west of the Mississippi." —Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "We love authentic Mexican food & yours is the best. We look forward to seeing you again at the next Arabian National Horse Show."—Youngsville, Louisiana) and snapshots of some of them wearing T-shirts that bear the legend "M & J Sanitary Tortilla Factory—Home of the Five-Hongo Burrito," which Bea had made up for a local marathon race a few years ago. "My T-shirt is internationally known," she said, pointing out snapshots of men and women in the T-shirt. "This one is from Cuenca, Ecuador, this one is from Peru, this one is from Alberta, Canada." There was a red-and-blue metal plaque that said, "In appreciation of your support of Roy's Boxing Club." There was a photograph of a local baseball team Bea sponsors. Over a corner booth, there was a big oil painting by one of the faithful, Paul Akmajian, of himself sitting in the booth regarding a burrito with red chile sauce. There were watercolors of the mesas and mountains around Albuquerque. "People ask me if I will expand. I will never expand. I can't even paint the place without Mark Acuff complaining about it in his paper. I would like to get some of those serape-material curtains, though. That would be real nice." She showed me a statue of St. Anthony on the counter. "He's the patron saint of miracles. If you want a boyfriend, just ask him and he'll get you one."

Regulars at the M & J have told me over the years that Bea often quietly gives food to the poor and takes food to invalids in the neighborhood. She routinely prays and lights candles for customers who have to go into the hospital.

Eileen brought me a basket of hot sopaipillas and a plate with a carne adobada burrito in green chile sauce. I immediately took a bite of the burrito and then a bite of sopaipilla with honey in order to bank the fire of the chile sauce. My heart pounded. The light in the room seemed to grow brighter. The delicious flavors of cumin and chile and pork and tortilla exploded on my palate. Tears came to my eyes. I felt, as I always do at this moment in the M & J, when I return after a long absence and take the first bite of a burrito, truly blessed. I drank a big glass of ice water.

After lunch, I paid my check and collected my supplies—tortillas, blue-corn tortillas, flour tortillas, and several pints of red chile sauce, green chile sauce, and carne adobada. It was late, and Bea and Eileen were wiping off the tables and pushing the chairs up against them. Bea presented me with a bag of cherry-filled empanaditas she had made. They're little fruit-filled turnovers that ordinarily appear in New Mexican households around holiday times. I added the empanaditas to the staples that I hoped would keep body and soul together until my next visit. "Things are going well for you," I said.

"I thank God for the good *and* the bad," Bea told me. "This old lady that used to come in before she died—we called her Gramita—had a little hand grinder, and she would grind her corn for her tortillas that way. Well, Gramita used to say that God must be so tired because people are always asking him for favors, always putting requests in the basket of the Infant Jesus. She said, 'That basket doesn't go up to God with very many thank-you notes.' So I always thank God for everything, good and bad. But He's been mostly good to me. He's been *incredible* to me!"

—GWYNETH CRAVENS

•

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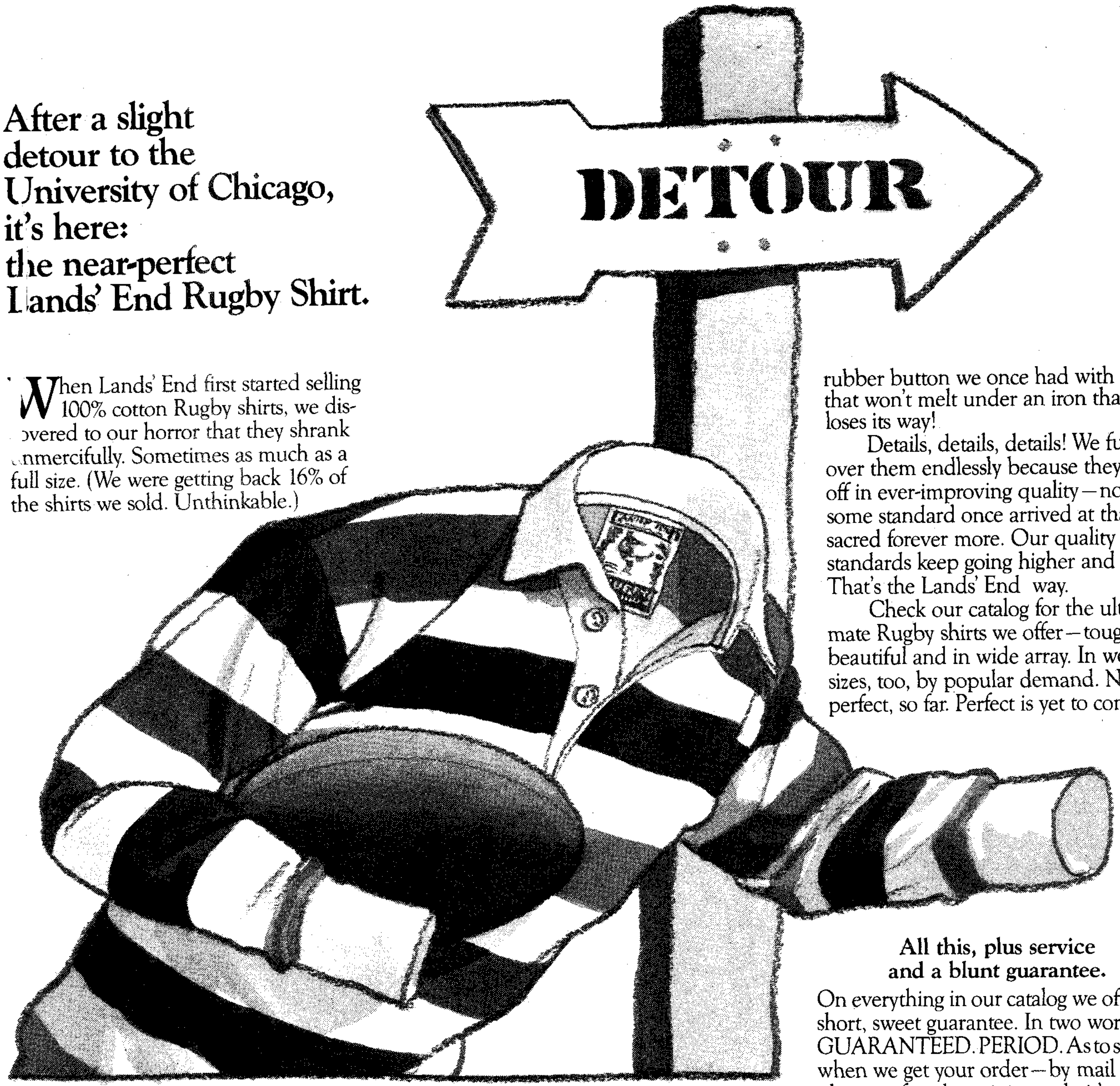

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

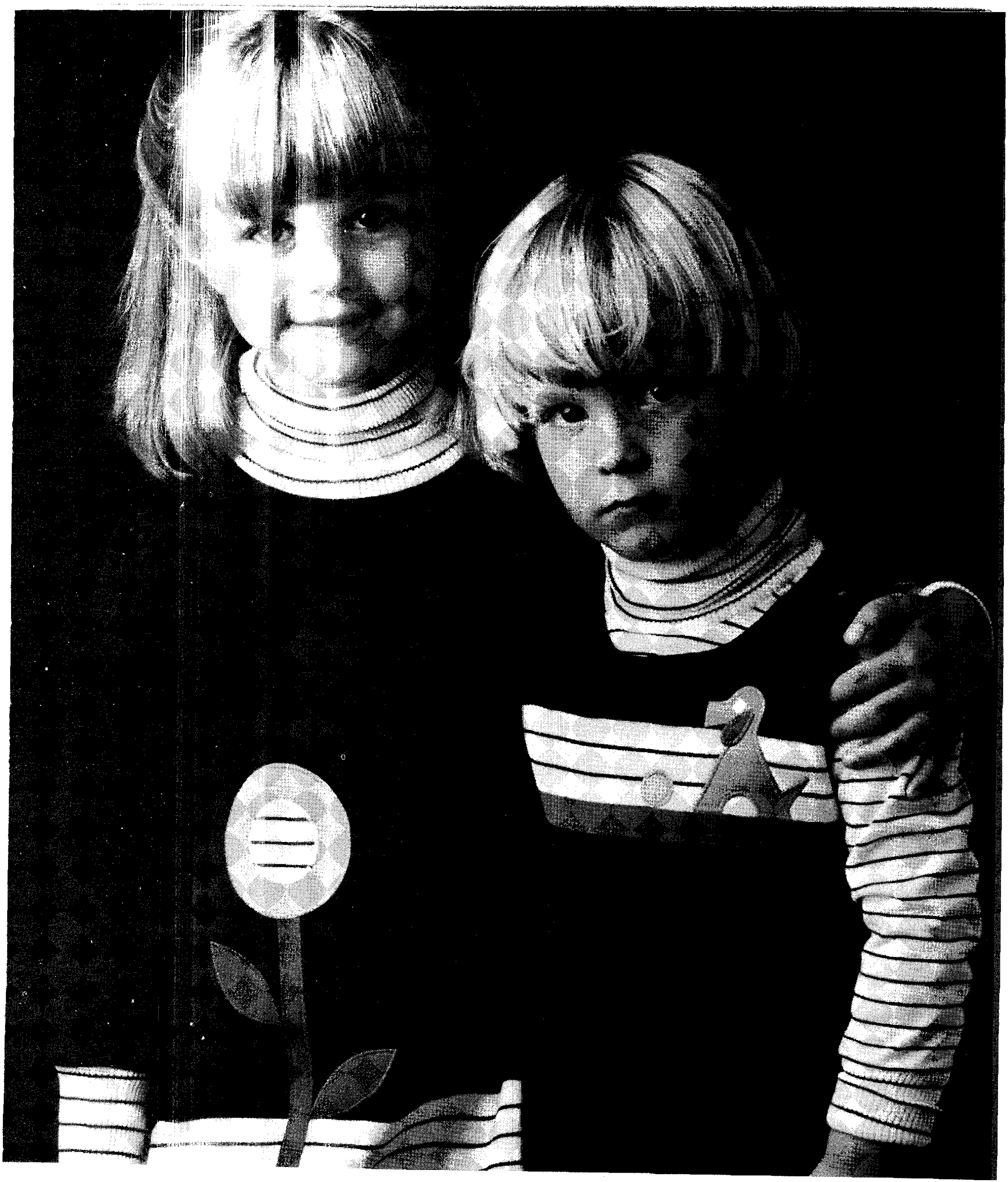
The Woman Question

WHEN Henry James wrote "The Bostonians," which was first serialized in *The Century Magazine* and then published in book form, in 1886, his sentences hadn't yet hit the grand stride of his later manner. His writing wasn't as imperturbably cadenced as it was to become in the maniacal, formal perfection of the novels he brought out after the turn of the century ("The Wings of the Dove" in 1902, "The Ambassadors" in 1903, "The Golden Bowl" in 1904). It's easier to recognize the greatness of those later novels: they are so circumspect and finespun they're almost abstract. You can get heady from the rarefied air. And even those of us who take an intense pleasure in their super-subtlety can recognize that there's a kind of battiness about them. It's James's battiness that we come to love, breathing to the roll of those arch, loony sentences—equilibristic feats that seem to constitute a world of their own. "The Bostonians" has a more earthly kind of greatness. Set in the period after the Civil War, among the abolitionists, who are now—it's 1875—turning their energies to the emancipation of women, it's a wonderful, teeming novel, with darting perceptions. It's perhaps the most American of James's novels—not just because it is set here but because all the characters are Americans, and because Boston, with its quacks and mystics, its moral seriousness and its dowdiness, is contrasted with New York's frivolous "society" and the South's conservatism. James had immersed himself in Hawthorne's work (he published his biography of him in 1879), and he may have been influenced by Hawthorne's novel about the Brook Farm socialists and idealists, "The Blithedale Romance." He sees Boston as the capital city of the high-minded —the freethinkers, whom he views satirically, yet admiringly, too. The book is packed with rude (and detailed) psychological observations, and with ironies that aren't quite focussed —he's still in the process of discovering them when the story ends. It's the liveliest of his novels, maybe because it has sex right there at the center, and so it's crazier—riskier, less controlled, less gentlemanly—than his other books. He himself seems to be pulled about, identifying with some of the characters and then rejecting them for others. I think it is by far the best novel in English about what at that time was called "the woman question," and it must certainly be the best novel in the language about the cold anger that the issue of equal rights for women can stir in a man. I first read the book when I was in my early twenties, and it was like reading advance descriptions of battles I knew at first hand; rereading it, some forty years later, I found it a marvellous, anticipatory look at issues that are more out in the open now but still unresolved.

The mind-lock of the central male character, the tall, distinguished-looking, and intelligent young Mississippian Basil Ransom, is chilling. Ransom thought women "essentially inferior to men, and infinitely tiresome when they declined to accept the lot which men had made for them." Their rights "consisted in a standing claim to the generosity and tenderness of the stronger race." James is so sensitive to nuance that every time Ransom puts on his mask of chivalry and addresses a woman chaffingly, jocularly—gallantly—you just about feel your teeth grate. Impoverished by the war in which he fought, Ransom, who belongs to the aristocratic, plantation-owning class, has come to New York to be a lawyer and to try to repair the family fortunes. On a visit to Boston, to make the acquaintance of a distant relative, the wealthy, ascetic bluestocking Olive Chancellor, he accompanies her to a meeting at the home of a Miss Birdseye, an elderly leader of the suffragettes. The featured speaker is a lovely, flaming-red-haired young girl, Verena Tarrant, who is the daughter of a mesmerist faith healer and has a golden voice and a "gift" for inspirational oratory. Her father has to "start" her —he puts her in a semi-trance, but then she keeps going on her own. Verena has been brought up as a perfect hypnotist's subject: she has been trained to surrender her mind. Both Olive Chancellor and Ransom are drawn to her, and the novel becomes a tug-

HEY! THANKS!
MStevens

OUT-OF-TOWNER



This is my baby brother. Mom thinks he's cute.
I think it's the Florence Eiseman.

Florence Eiseman®

of-war between the repressed lesbian Olive, who takes Verena into her fine house on Charles Street and grooms her to be a spokeswoman for the emancipation movement, and Ransom, who likes women to be "private and passive." He thinks that the movement is a "modern pestilence," and he's only half joking when he blames the Civil War on women—the abolitionists, he says, were "principally females." He is offended by the idea of Verena's speaking in public—he wants her for himself alone.

The book has a whole gallery of women, with James's tone ranging from the affectionate (almost adoring) satire of the aged, selfless Miss Birdseye (based on Hawthorne's sister-in-law, the abolitionist Elizabeth Peabody), who is "in love . . . only with causes," to the caricature of Verena's mother, the inane, ever-hopeful-of-attaining-a-high-social-position Mrs. Tarrant. There is the diminutive Dr. Prance, a shorthaired, no-nonsense Boston physician with a friendly, dry manner of speech; she is absorbed in her work and has no inclination to listen to emotional feminist rhetoric. And there is Mrs. Burrage, the shrewd, rich New Yorker who arranges for Verena to speak at her home, because her son is in love with the girl and, besides, the movement is the latest fashion.

Virtually everyone in the novel loves Verena. She's a darling. She's one of James's incorruptible American innocents—the girls (Daisy Miller is the most obvious example) who are so often his trusting, ingenuous heroines. Ransom speaks for the author when he tells Verena, "You are outside and above all vulgarizing influences." And like James's other generous-hearted innocents—his fatally impressionable girls who fall in love with the wrong men—she wants to please. James shows us the mechanisms of the Southerner's manly will and certitude which would make him attractive to a soft and trusting girl. Poor pale Verena, who's only nineteen, is a conventional, perky, flirty girl. She's an asset to the movement just because she's agreeable and pretty rather than forceful. And it's because of her submissiveness—she can't say no—that she becomes the battlefield for the battle of wills between Ransom and Olive Chancellor, who, on meeting Verena, feels that she has found "what she had been looking for so long—a friend of her own sex with whom she might have a union of soul." Alone with Verena for the first time, Olive immediately asks, "Will you be my friend, my friend of friends, beyond everyone, everything, forever and forever?" Verena, the mesmerist's daughter, is, of course, willing. She's like an actress eager for a role. She has an appealing manner but no content; she's an exaggerated version of many men's (and women's) feminine ideal—she's an empty vessel. Ransom and Olive are at war over a vacuum. (At times, this book comes close to modern magic realism; it's no wonder it was a terrible flop when it came out.)

Olive takes on the task of educating Verena, and they study together—they study the history of "feminine anguish." James writes, "Olive had pored over it so long, so earnestly, that she was now in complete possession of the subject; it was the one thing in her life which she felt she had really mastered." And she wants revenge: she feels that men must pay. James is at his most devastating with the humorless Olive Chancellor. He writes that "the most sacred hope of her nature was that . . . she might be a martyr and die for something." And he shows us how Olive unconsciously coerces Verena while talking the rhetoric of freedom. Yet he comes to stare in wonder at Olive's quivering sensibility and her capacity for suffering. She says, of not having the vote, "I feel it as deep, unforgettable wrong. I feel it as one feels a stain that is on one's honour." She develops such neurotic exaltation that even her creator is impressed. In her intertwined folly and nobility, Olive, who has taken on protégée after protégée, and had each one desert her and the cause to which she has consecrated herself—always for a man—is the most heroic figure in the novel.

There's every reason in the world to read the book, and to do it before you see the movie (so that you don't let the movie images saturate what you read). The only good reason to see the film version is Vanessa Redgrave's performance as Olive Chancellor. Her voice shaking with emotion, she gives this woman who is "unmarried by every implication of her being" mythological size. Physically, she's so much stronger and riper than the tremulous fanatic of the book that she stands as proof of the absurdity of women's position in the society. With her powerful neck and broad shoulders, she's like a mature swan; she's gloriously neurasthenic. (And an actress who can be glorious in a role in which she never gets to laugh is a miracle worker.) She brushes off Ransom's flowery condescension as a minor indignity.

Vanessa Redgrave gives the film the force of repressed passion, and I don't know how she does it with so little help. (My companion suggested that she pulled the performance out of her skin.) "The Bostonians" was produced by Ismail Merchant, and directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, and although it's not as limp as some of their other collaborations, they don't dramatize the great material they selected, and Ivory doesn't shape the performances. Christopher Reeve's handsome, mustachioed Ransom has too likable a presence; he's wholesomely romantic, and when he delivers the rigid-minded, contemptuous-of-women lines that James wrote, his crinkly smile and boyish affability take the sting out of them. He's more Rhett Butler than Basil Ransom. That makes him pleasant, dumb fun to watch, but the tensions that are necessary to the theme don't build. His Ransom isn't bitter; he isn't replaying the Civil War, determined that this time the South will win. And you just don't feel the irony of the bird-in-a-cage life he offers Verena. With Reeve as Ransom, that life seems rather jolly. I don't know what to make of Madeleine Potter's film début as Verena. Her plaintive, Trilby-like Verena is certainly not the fresh, sparkling ingénue that the material calls for; she's more odd than anything else, and she's overcontrolled. Her pallor is rather depressive. (I've seen Potter on the stage and have found her problematic there, too: she works hard, but it isn't acting, exactly—not yet, anyway; it's more like thoughtful pretending.)

Some of the other performers seem so right for their roles that you may want to yelp in pain at the way they're wasted. Jessica Tandy could do so much more with the angelic Miss Birdseye, and Linda Hunt is just a shade away from bringing out the full ironic possibilities in Dr. Prance. Nancy Marchand is luckier: as the New York society woman Mrs. Burrage, she gets to play a long scene (right from the book) in which the drama is allowed to develop—a conversation between Mrs. Burrage and Olive Chancellor, with Mrs. Burrage trying to strike a bargain, suggesting that Olive should encourage Verena to

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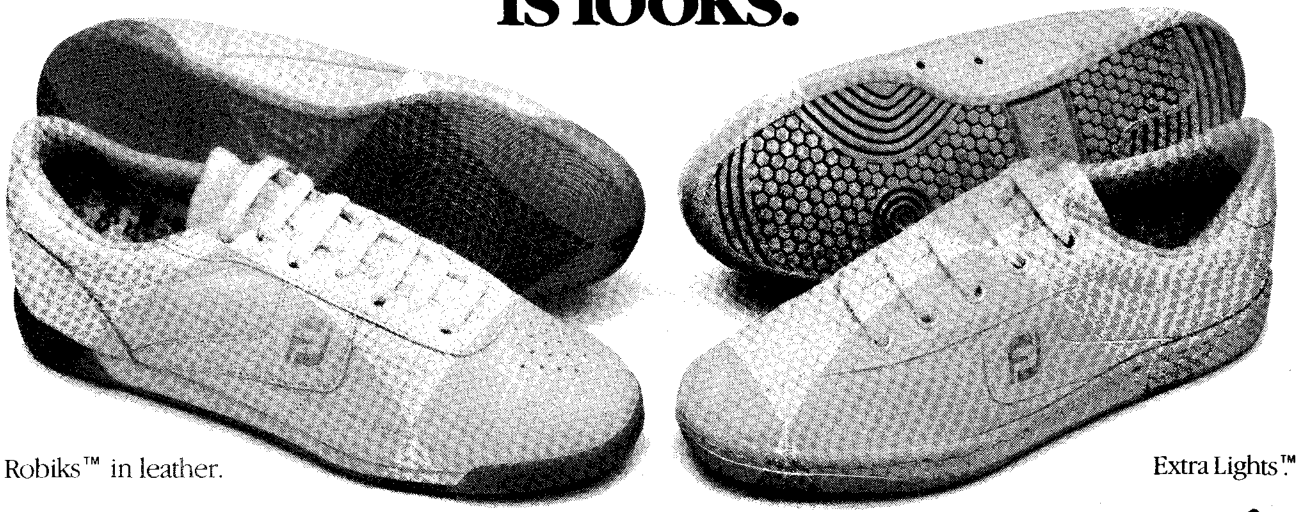

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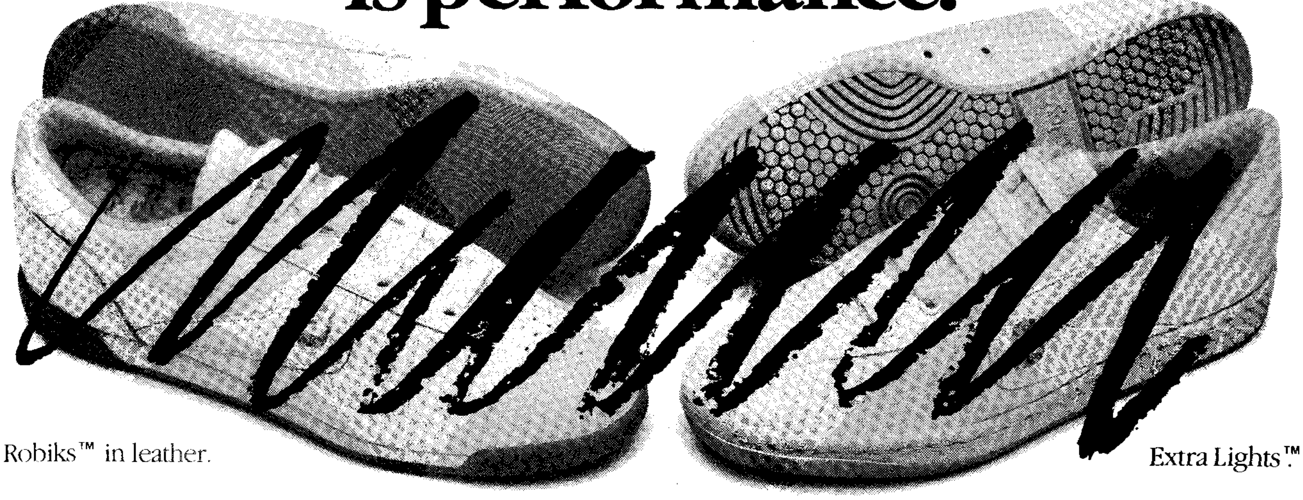

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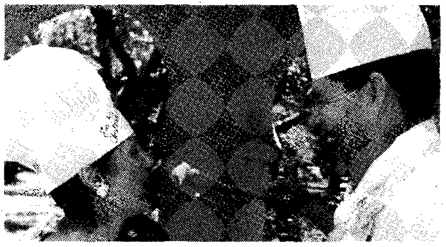

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marry her son, as the lesser evil, and as a way of keeping her in the suffrage movement, which the Burrages will back with money and influence. Marchand's face perfectly expresses the "detestable wisdom" that, according to James, Olive sees in her; it's as if you'd looked into Mrs. Burrage's soul and a ravaged old panderer returned your gaze. The only other performer who makes an impression is, surprisingly, Wesley Addy, as Verena's ineffectual father, Dr. Tarrant, the mesmerist who doesn't have enough conviction or energy to be a real charlatan. Addy (who from some angles looks like a fuddled version of Jean Cocteau) brings just enough grotesquerie to his facial contortions—Tarrant seems always to be on the verge of saying something that no one will listen to. Other performances—such as Barbara Bryne's Mrs. Tarrant, John Van Ness Philip's young Burrage, Nancy New's Adeline (Olive's sister), and Wallace Shawn's newspaper reporter, Mr. Pardon—don't come through at all, or, as in the case of Pardon, come through awkwardly, as if the lines were being read from the script without ever entering the actor's consciousness.

The movie follows the book faithfully, except for an attempt at an upbeat ending—a story-conference type of ending—to reassure us that the movement will go on. (Is there some danger that we'll think it stopped?) Until then, the film's worst mistake is that it's full of short scenes in which nothing develops—glimpses of Ransom walking in the woods with Verena or standing on the shore with her at what's meant to be Cape Cod. These glimpses are simply intended to carry the narrative further—they're like those vacuous montages of couples cavorting in photogenic surroundings which were so common in sixties movies, persisted into the seventies, and then finally seemed to be consigned to commercials and MTV. They're filler in "The Bostonians," and an embarrassment, because what is crucial to Henry James is that every scene have its exact emotional weight. In "The Bostonians," he hadn't yet got to the point he reached in the later novels, where a single line of dialogue would explode and reverberate back over everything we'd read; "The Bostonians" has many explosions of meaning, and at the end there's a climactic one, in which you'd have to be a fool (or a saint, like Miss Birdseye) not to register that Basil Ransom isn't just expressing his devotion to Verena, he's also skewering Olive Chancellor. That has been part of his motivation from the start. He's sticking it to her.

Ivory's "The Bostonians" is the Henry James novel without the revelations. And the movie's upbeat ending deprives Olive of her tragic stature. But, in its own insignificant, washed-out way, it goes along fairly inoffensively until the last sequence, when we're given the impatient sounds of a large Boston audience that has come to hear Verena speak and is being kept waiting. The shouts and stomping noises from the audience are so unconvincing that the movie falls to pieces. The whole last section is nightmarishly mangled; it's as if the director had said, "Let's really foul this thing up."

"Repo Man" is set in a scuzzy sci-fi nowhere: it was shot in the L.A. you see when you're coming in from the airport—the squarish, pastel-colored buildings with industrial fences around them, though they don't look as if there could be much inside that needed to be protected. The action in the film takes place on the freeways and off ramps, and in the lots in back of these anonymous storefronts and warehouses that could be anything and could turn into something else overnight. It's a world inhabited by dazed sociopaths—soreheads, deadbeats, and rusted-out punkers. The young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps them all speeding around—always on the periphery. There's nothing at the center.

We're not asked to identify with the teen-age Otto (Emilio Estevez), the kid with a cross dangling from his ear who gets fired from his supermarket job, goes to work repossessing cars, loves the excitement, and takes off the cross, or with his clearly deranged mentor, the veteran repo man Bud (Harry Dean Stanton). L.A. is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by confiscating other people's cars; there's a definite element of realism tucked into this low-budget nihilistic fantasy. It's a woozy comedy for people who will appreciate the idea of the mean, gaunt Stanton's being called Bud, and of his being anybody's mentor. (Or even just the idea of Harry Dean Stanton.) Bud teaches Otto the repo "code," and points out that "not many people got a code to live by anymore." That certainly looks to be the case. There's no civility or courtesy left—people kill for minor provocations and casually dispose of the corpses. And though there may still be police helicopters and clandestine government agencies, they don't seem to connect to anything. The attraction of the movie is its friendly, light tone, its affectlessness, and its total lack of humanity. Cox never once slips—he never lets it get sentimentalized or organized.

"Repo Man" is far from a brilliant movie, though it takes off from one—Godard's "Weekend," the 1968 visionary satire that also dealt with cars as possessions and the hostility that drivers have toward one another. In some ways (especially at the beginning), "Repo Man" is an amateur's try at "Weekend." Produced by Michael Nesmith, who was one of the Monkees, it's a little like something left over from the sixties that cheerfully moldered into the eighties. Cox may have picked up ideas from Robert Aldrich's "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955), and Zemeckis and Gale's "Used Cars" (1980), but the film's catatonic, shoo-fly humor is all its own. Cox has underhand ways of being funny, and the jokes don't often jump out at you—sometimes they barely peep out at all, because of the film's ramshackle ineptness. But the whole atmosphere of druggy burnout gets to you. The characters include a scientist from Los Alamos who has had a lobotomy and recommends it highly, a girl trying feverishly to locate the aliens deposited by a flying saucer "before they turn to moosh," and an acidhead philosopher in overalls (Tracey Walter, who makes everything he does seem loco and rather wonderful); he tends fires in garbage cans, and gets to deliver the film's only statement: "The more you drive, the less intelligent you are." Robby Müller's cinematography sustains the flat grunginess of the conception, the sense of stagnation; so does a song by the L.A. group called The Circle Jerks. The movie gives you the feeling that you've gone past alienation into the land of detachment. It takes place in a different dimension—a punkers' wasteland where you never really know where you are, and nobody cares to make things work, and everybody you see is part of the lunatic fringe. A movie like this, with nothing positive in it, can make you feel good.

—PAULINE KAEL

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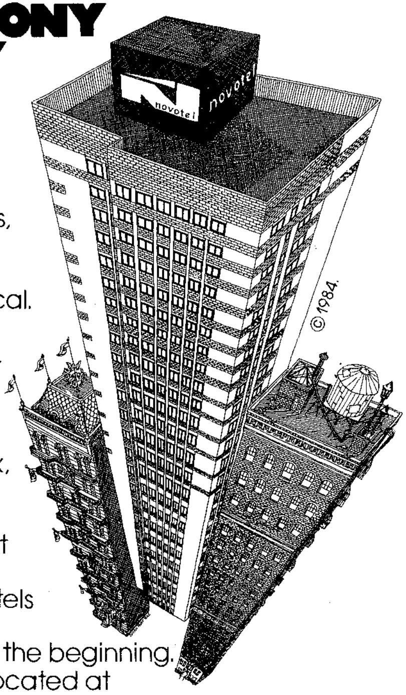

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La stupidité de l'homme d'argent, quoique devenue quasi proverbiale, n'est cependant que relative.—Balzac.

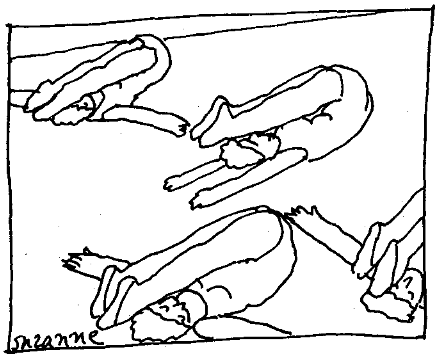
PARIS, JULY 27

IT is part of the folklore here that land and Catholicism have left the French unfit for capitalism. The merchant bankers who were France's first capitalists were the Jews and the Protestants of the country, following in the footsteps of fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers who had loaned money to Popes and kings in the days when usury was a sin and a crime for the Catholic faithful. (The first Catholic bankers with business in France were not French at all but Lombard, and it took a Medici Pope, with one foot, so to speak, in faith and one in money, to arrange that.) Some historians think the French Revolution might have been avoided if Louis XIV had thought sensibly before revoking the Edict of Nantes and forcing the country's thrifty and industrious Protestants—and their money—into exile. The Protestants came back after the Revolution, of course, and prospered. When Napoleon looked around for the best people to start a Bank of France, he came up with four Protestant merchant bankers and one Sephardic Jew. By the late nineteenth century, there were two kinds of banks in France. There were the private banks, run by the Jews and Protestants who began them and dedicated to the great capital ventures of their time—the wars and the colonies and the railroads and the visionary engineering projects, like the Suez Canal—and there were the big new public banks, run by Catholics and dominated by the state and its institutions. It was taken for home truth that those Catholic bankers out of the landed bourgeoisie and the *petite noblesse* were, by definition, more concerned with what one owned than with what one made, and would therefore consider lending money or investing money to be a shady and indelicate practice, on the order of an indiscreet adultery. (A young investment banker I know with a Protestant father and a Catholic mother says that his Catholic relatives went into banking as if they were going into the civil service, whereas his Protestant relatives thought of banking as a big business.)

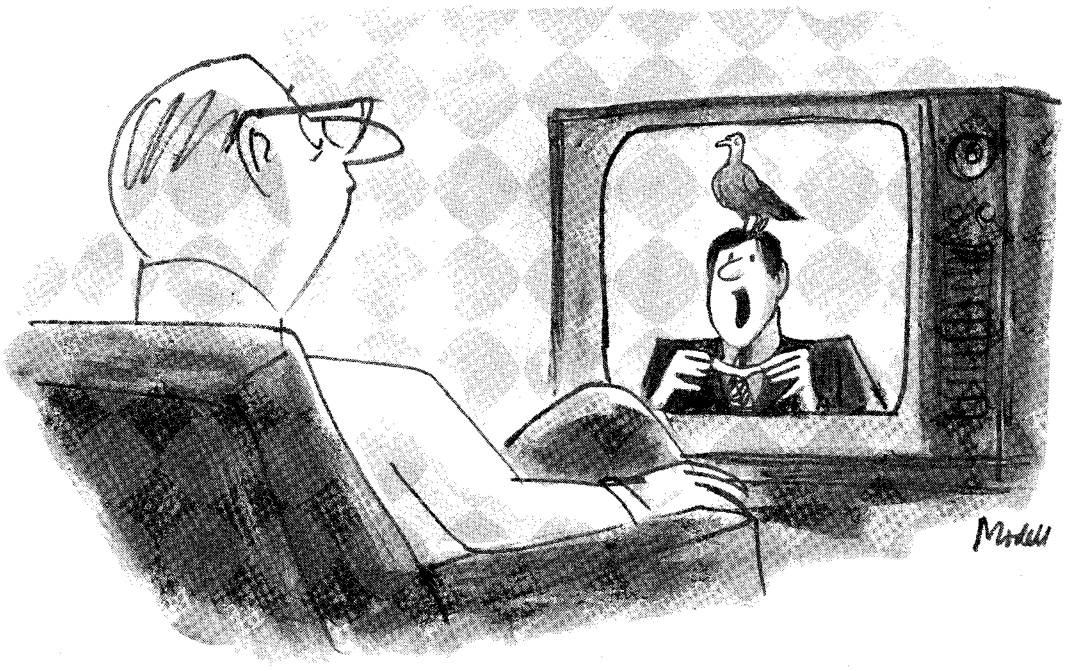
When the richest public banks were nationalized after the war (they are Crédit Lyonnais, Société Générale, and what is now the Banque Nationale de Paris), not many Frenchmen seemed to care, because those banks had never really been independent of the state to begin with. People went on putting their gold under the mattress, and the biggest trader on the Paris stock exchange was the French government.

GAULLIST France, with its breadbasket rhetoric and its enthusiasm for "*la France profonde*," was not encouraging to the old merchant bankers. The Protestant banking families—the Schlumbergers and the Vernes and the Mirabauds and the Neuflizes—had been merging or selling out or moving since the war. As for the Jewish banks, history had taught the Jewish banking families that discretion was the better part of power, and they kept their local operations small—though not small enough for the Banque Rothschild to avoid being nationalized by President François Mitterrand. ("Jew under Pétain, pariah under Mitterrand—that's enough for me," Guy de Rothschild wrote in *Le Monde* when the bank was put on the nationalization list.) Mitterrand nationalized thirty-eight independent banks, all told, toward the end of his first year as France's first Socialist ruler since Léon Blum. Every bank with deposits of over a billion francs was on his list, and when the list was published it turned out that the biggest and certainly the most aggressive independent bank in the country was not a rich family bank like the Banque Rothschild but a publicly held merchant bank and holding company called the Compagnie Financière de Paris et des Pays-Bas, or Paribas.

The man who ran Paribas at the time was a banker named Pierre Moussa. He was the son of a Catholic midwife from Lyons and an Egyptian and (at least by origin) Muslim father, but the fact of a Catholic mother did not seem to have kept him from becoming a dazzling capitalist. Certainly, he had no ties to the old banking bourgeoisie. Nor was he connected to any of the great banking dynasties, like the Rothschilds, or to what economists sometimes call the "smart-people, no-money" school of banking, like his friends at, say, Lazard Frères. He was, if anything, a banking intellectual. He had gone to the École Normale Supérieure, become an Inspecteur de Finance, and taught at the Institut d'Études Politiques de Paris ("Sciences-Pô") and at l'École Nationale d'Administration before he was a banker. People said that there was something exotic, something not quite French, about Moussa, but it was really that he was sallow and heavy-lidded from too much work and too much reading. Coming to Paribas, he was solitary and a little elusive, even a little furtive. But in twelve years at the bank—three and a half of them as president—he made his reputation as the most enterprising international banker in France. By 1981, Paribas money was invested in forty-one countries. More than half the bank's business was outside France. It had rich banking subsidiaries—the French call them *filiales*—in Switzerland and Belgium, and assets of two hundred and thirty-eight billion francs (at the time, about 42.5 billion dollars), increasing at the rate of twenty-three per cent a year. Mitterrand called the nationalization of Paribas "*la récupération du patrimoine*"—the recovery of the national patrimony—but Moussa and his partners in Brussels and Geneva did not seem to consider *their* investments France's to recover. Moussa tried his best to talk the government out of nationalizing the subsidiaries along with the parent bank. When he failed, he put an old contingency plan into operation. It was called Noah's Ark, and it was a plan to spin the subsidiaries off—which meant right off the President's list. It took two days in the fall of 1981 for Pierre Moussa to "liberate" Paribas-Suisse and Cobepa, the Belgian Paribas; he simply sold France's majority holding in the Swiss subsidiary to the Belgian subsidiary, and vice-versa. For practical purposes, this meant that the control of Paribas-Suisse went to a Swiss holding company called Pargesa—it is the company of a Belgian steel millionaire named Albert Frère—which was acquiring the rest of the stock and had guaranteed the takeover. The "liberation" of Paribas-Suisse



and Cobepa was an astonishing sleight-of-hand, and it was the scandal of France's first Socialist year. The Socialists accused Moussa of everything from having an "émigré mentality" to masterminding dark, Freemasonic plots against the people of France, but Moussa's only crime was that he loved his banks more than he loved his government.



"*And now this just in.*"

• •

There was nothing illegal about Moussa's selling twenty per cent of the shares in two Paribas subsidiaries for what in fact turned out to be about twice their market value. A bank president in France has enormous power. Moussa had the authority to sign those Paribas-Suisse and Cobepa stock transfers without the government's—or even the Paribas board's—approval, and he took it. A lot of bankers here agreed with what he did, and said that, whatever their feelings about nationalization, they did not see how Belgium's second-largest holding company and Switzerland's fastest-growing bank could legitimately be considered France's property. Moussa himself believed that selling Paribas-Suisse and Cobepa for such an important profit was not really so different from selling, say, Crédit du Nord or any of Paribas's domestic companies. He said that in business everything has a price, and that in 1981, with the price right, it was his duty as a businessman to sell. Paribas had owned sixty per cent of its *filiales* before the sale. Moussa sold twenty per cent—which was enough to free the banks from French control—and he told his board that he found it much more interesting for Paribas-France to own forty per cent of a couple of prosperous, independent companies than to own sixty per cent of subsidiaries that were bound to lose a lot of power if the government took them over. The Paribas board—fifteen men who, among them, controlled two hundred and sixty billion francs in assets and employed more than half a million people—did not find it more interesting. Mainly, the board was shocked. Some of the members were angry not because of what Moussa had done but because he had done it without telling anybody—and they felt foolish. Some were angry because they shared a particular French pride in "serving the legitimacy," and Moussa, to their mind, had abandoned France by serving the bank instead. The fact is that in France business and the state are not adversaries. The impulse is to reflect, to identify. *Le patrimoine* is a real, if exaggerated, notion, and it meant that, in the end, most of the people on Paribas's board accepted Mitterrand's decision to nationalize. One of the most powerful members, Jean Riboud, the head of Schlumberger, was particularly close to Mitterrand. Riboud's advantage lay in his being the senior capitalist, so to speak, in a Socialist President's entourage; it did not lie in his being the champion of Pierre Moussa. He wanted Moussa out of Paribas, and so did the honorary chairman of the board, Jacques de Fouchier, who had run Paribas before Moussa took it over. De Fouchier was a banker of the old school, but it was he, more than anyone, who had sponsored Moussa. He had wanted Moussa for a dauphin, and he had fought hard for his appointment—but he had also expected to preside at Paribas afterward as an éminence grise. He never forgave Moussa for actually moving into his office (and moving him out). He and Riboud, with the board's approval, forced Moussa out of Paribas.

ON November 10, 1981, Pierre Moussa was indicted under the French Customs Code and charged with being "interested in the fraud" in a case involving four bankers from Paribas's *service gestion privée* (a money-management service) who had helped some three hundred and eighty-five clients send a total of a hundred and eighty million francs illegally out of France and into numbered accounts in Paribas-Suisse, in Geneva. The four bankers were indicted, too, along with fifty-five of the clients, some of whom referred to Paribas's special Swiss service as Les Must de Paribas (after Cartier's jewelry boutiques, Les Must de Cartier). One of the bankers, Léonce Boissonnat, killed himself that winter. His superior at the bank, Jean Richard, eventually fled the country. And his most notorious client, Pierre-Jean Latécoère—Paribas had smuggled thirty-five thousand pieces of gold across the border for Latécoère—settled down in Switzerland, after a *crise de nerfs* having less to do with the indictment than with the fact that someone at the bank had skimmed eight hundred rare Indian-head dollars from his cache and substituted ordinary gold coins. As for Pierre Moussa, he waited for his trial and changed offices. He rented a small suite on the Avenue Montaigne and went from being the most enterprising investment banker in France to being the most enterprising financial consultant—and eventually he put together an investment company of his own with a safe Luxembourg base and a hundred million dollars of foreign capital to spend. Paribas itself did well enough without Moussa, but it missed the convenience of a Geneva bank whose assets were fuelled by flights of capital, and whose investment arrangements were much more interesting than anything a bank in France, under French constraints and French disclosure laws, could offer.

MITTERRAND'S economic experiments—basically, they had to do with the same sort of heavy-handed state socialism that British Labour had tried, to its regret, in the nineteen-sixties—were by most accounts a disaster. Laurent Fabius, who is the new Prime Minister here, had encouraged those experiments back in 1981, when he was a thirty-four-year-old budget director in Mitterrand's Cabinet and enjoying his first year of power. He had fought for the nationalizations, and he had fought for Pierre Moussa to be indicted. He was a talented, ambitious, and, to some people, disagreeable young man—one of the Jacobins of the Socialists' government. He was not noticeably hard up for cash, being the son and heir of the most important antique dealer in Paris. He liked to show-jump, and he drove the most elegant Maserati in town, but he seemed to identify with people who wanted to see the rich punished. In 1983, he was promoted to Minister of Industry and Research, and it was then that he took a sobering look at the companies that the Socialists had nationalized and at the state banks that were obliged to underwrite them. Mitterrand clearly took a look, too. He stopped nationalizing and talking about nationalizing. He stopped underwriting redundant jobs in redundant industries. He started firing and letting private industry fire. (Three thousand auto workers at Talbot, which belongs to Peugeot and is a private company, were the first to go.) He called this the second stage of French Socialism—"*la politique de rigueur*"—but nobody else did. Robert Lattès, the head of nationalized Paribas's foreign-investment department, went off to America and came back talking excitedly about venture capitalists and "*la leçon Américaine*." Mitterrand himself began to behave like a capitalist. He had soothed his party by making good on a decade of campaign promises, but he had antagonized millions of people who had voted for him believing that the promises meant nothing. Now he needed to persuade those people to invest in France. He pumped the Paris stock market, pushing up prices by ordering a lot of what would have been called institutional investing, except that all the institutions involved—banks, pension funds, insurance companies—belonged to him as President of France. He exhorted people to invest—people who still tended to believe the folklore about the French making bad capitalists, people who preferred objects they could dust and polish and admire to stock certificates locked away in a bank vault or a desk drawer. He reduced the capital-gains tax to fifteen per cent—the lowest French capital-gains tax ever. Last year, there was more trading on the Bourse than at any other time in sixty years.

It was around this time—toward the end of 1983—that the Procureur Général informed Pierre Culié, the presiding judge of the Eleventh Correctional Court at the Palais de Justice, that Jean-Pierre Monestié, one of his public prosecutors, was ready to argue the government's case against Pierre Moussa and his old officers and clients. By then, most people here had forgotten that there was a case, or wanted to have forgotten. Moussa may have been bitter, but for two years he had kept whatever bitterness he had to himself—and, furthermore, he had done better, financially speaking, than the government. By the time he came to trial, the same people who had talked about dark plots and émigré treachery had decided that the treachery was Mitterrand's. They knew that Moussa was not being punished for sending money to Switzerland—he was being punished for selling Paribas's foreign banks when the President wanted them. Mitterrand had intended the Paribas trial as an object lesson. He had wanted the French to know what happened to bankers and businessmen, like Pierre Moussa, who tried to resist the state—and, while he was at it, he wanted the French to know what happened to people who got caught with them. But the French were mainly ashamed at the spectacle. Some of the men and women who went on trial last winter were in their nineties. Their bank accounts were illegal, but the stories they told were more like soap opera than like testimony. Denise Adam, who was said to be ninety-two, had kept her money in Switzerland for an invalid sister; she told the Judge a long, sad story, and then she died before his verdict. Fernand Louis de Robert de Lalagade, who was also ninety-two, had held the French monopoly on Iranian caviar since 1937; he had opened his Geneva account for the purpose of paying the Shah the ten-per-cent kickback the Shah demanded, and he was now liable for some twenty-four million francs. He began to cry in court. "In 1914, I spilled my blood three times for France," he told Judge Culié. "To have lived through that and to find myself before you now, like a bandit . . . This is terrible, terrible."

The fact was that none of the Paribas clients felt like bandits—not even the ones who were. Swiss bank accounts are an old and ingrained French habit. (When Mitterrand declared a currency amnesty in 1982—people who brought their money back to France during the first three months of the year could do it openly, paying a capital-gains tax of twenty-five per cent—practically everyone ignored it.) Most governments here have looked on Swiss accounts as a natural function of being rich and French and, by definition, parsimonious, and until the Paribas indictments they were never considered a breach of citizenship. People who got caught taking money out of the country usually made their arrangement with French customs—the Douane—and, by common consent, those arrangements had never involved more punishment than a quiet, negotiated cash settlement. Paribas itself had negotiated with the Douane and settled out of court the day before the trial started, paying some-

where between twenty-seven million and a hundred and thirty million francs to be institutionally absolved, as it were, of its own "interest in the fraud." (Pierre Moussa's lawyer, Jean Loyrette, represented Paribas in the negotiations.) The clients themselves had been negotiating for a year when they were suddenly indicted. Pierre-Jean Latécoère, for one, was arranging to pay a thirty-six-million-franc fine on his smuggled gold, and Paribas was lending him most of the money. To the clients' mind, the Paribas trial was not *their* trial. It was the trial of Pierre Moussa by François Mitterrand.

The trial ended in February, and Judge Culié delivered his verdicts on April 24th. Pierre Moussa was acquitted. No one except, perhaps, the prosecutor was really surprised, because the charge of being "interested in the fraud" had involved a loose and rather fuzzy concept to begin with, and, by April of 1984, Moussa's particular "interest" was less a question of the law than of the situation in the courtroom. (The concept is peculiar to the Customs Code. It has nothing to do with responsibility or foreknowledge, or even complicity; it has to do with someone being in a position to benefit, directly or indirectly, from a crime, whether or not he is responsible for the crime or for the criminals.) Twelve Paribas clients were acquitted, too, for lack of solid evidence against them. Forty-one people were found guilty. Jean Richard, the missing bank officer, was sentenced to prison in absentia, along with Latécoère and two other clients who had fled the country in March of 1982. Everybody else got a fine and a suspended sentence (the sentences ranged from two months to eighteen months). It seemed as if the only people left in France who were still angry at Pierre Moussa on April 24th were Paribas's clients.

PEOPLE in different countries cheat in different ways. Americans do it at work, in ways—from stealing pencils to stealing payrolls—that would horrify the French, but it is not their habit to expect to negotiate their taxes, as the French do, or to stash their money in a Swiss bank, or to be outraged when the government asks them to declare it. Maybe the French identify so thoroughly with the state that authority becomes a kind of household familiar, something they are bound to work around, like a strict father or an irritable wife. For years, there was more gold in private hands in France than anywhere else in the world. (Latécoère kept *his* thirty-five thousand pieces under the floorboards of the family château.) It stays in private hands because of the determination of people here literally to possess wealth, rather than to invest wealth productively in France and watch it grow. The French are patriots, and often chauvinists, but they are rarely, to their own mind, foolish enough to want to squander their inheritance on governments and wars and politics. When a Frenchman puts his money in a Swiss bank and then uses it to buy a piece of Southern California, he believes that he is preserving the wealth of France from the whims and manipulations of France's rulers.

In the past, when it was mainly the Jews and the Protestants who practiced the arts of finance, bankers here were considered not to have the same conservative, concrete, innocent attachment to the idea of France as their Catholic countrymen. Today, there is still a kind of innocence in the way their countrymen define "France." Mitterrand talks about *le patrimoine* as if it were a household inventory. People "preserve" France in Swiss francs and California quarter-acres. One of the prosecutors involved in the Paribas case said that it was an easy case to argue but a hard one to judge, because people in France have felt economically betrayed by their history for at least two hundred years—and their feelings are accurate. He said that the druggist or the piano teacher heading for the border with the family gold in a little suitcase really did see Switzerland as a magic place—a place of peace and stability, where "France" would be safe until the French got smart. The French franc has been devalued so many times in the sixty-six years since the end of the First World War that by now it is virtually another currency. It is not hard to understand why, in the course of those years, a lot of Frenchmen decided that their best insurance against the future was to convert their French francs into Swiss francs, if not directly into gold—which went from two hundred francs a kilo to a hundred thousand francs a kilo while the franc was weakening. ("*L'or bien caché monte*" is how the French put it.) Anyone here over the age of seventy has lived through two long wars and an enemy occupation at home, not to mention a war in Indo-China and another one in Algeria. People at the Paribas trial often talked

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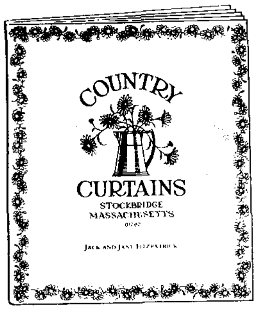

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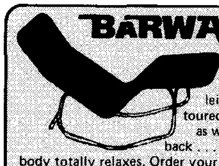

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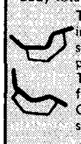

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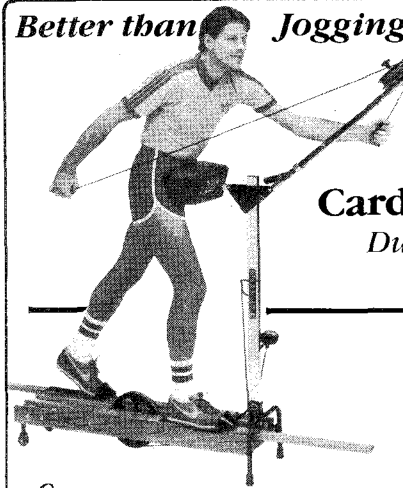
about wars—about losing everything in one war and then losing it all over again in another. They talked about the First World War, when the government asked the French to turn in their gold in exchange for war bonds; people from all over the country carried their coins and their wedding rings and their cufflinks to the war office, but then the war was over and nobody who had bought one of those bonds was ever able to redeem its value. They talked about 1944, when Fascist *miliciens* and even hustlers posing as Maquisards were demanding gold for guns, gold for "war taxes," gold that the French never saw again, either. There were times during the trial when it seemed as if wars were fought and people died in them simply to rob the bourgeoisie of its money.

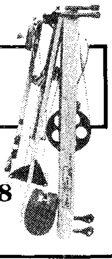
THERE have been controls on the exporting of capital since the Liberation. Charles de Gaulle relaxed those controls for twenty months in the nineteen-sixties, figuring that the franc was stable enough to stand the change, but money literally poured out of the country when he did, and the controls were never relaxed again. In 1983, Mitterrand imposed a two-thousand-franc limit on French tourists who wanted to leave the country—and he enforced it. The limit was only five thousand francs per trip before 1982, but people then paid very little attention to currency controls, because they were rarely stopped at the border and, more important, because they could charge anything they wanted on their credit cards. There were officers, too, in most French banks who would open illegal accounts in Switzerland for their clients. (Actually, the biggest numbered-account scandal before the Paribas affair involved a nationalized bank, the Crédit Lyonnais. Customs agents raided Crédit Lyonnais in 1976 and discovered that bankers there were managing Swiss accounts for clients.) Keeping your money in Switzerland was an arrangement with certain risks and certain rules and very few surprises. People who did get caught, because of a bank raid or a spot check at the border or a tip from an informer, would call their lawyers, and their lawyers would sit down with the Douane's lawyers and negotiate a settlement that, by tradition, involved the actionable amount—capital leaving France for Switzerland, say, or interest from Switzerland coming illegally into France—along with a nice fine for the government, a commission for the Douane, and a ten-per-cent *prime d'aviseur* for the informer. Nobody worried much about the outcome. People paid their fines—two or three times the actionable amount of money was the rule of thumb—and told their friends "*J'ai transigé*," which means "I compromised," and their friends always knew what they were talking about. These currency crimes rarely made it to the courtroom. In the first place, it was not in the interest of the Douane to bring a currency case to trial, because no respectable judge was going to demand the sort of fines and commissions and informers' fees the Douane expects. Then, too, the court itself was never enthusiastic about currency crimes. Cases involving capital flight and numbered bank accounts were at best exercises; they focussed on a few people out of thousands, and they made the thousands uncomfortable. One of the prosecutors put it this way: "Suppose it was a matter of car theft instead of bank accounts. Suppose your car was stolen and the thief said, 'It's all right to steal cars because everybody does it.' Well, in the case of those Swiss accounts . . . It's *not* right. *And* everybody does it."

THE law in France is based on the notion of the *bon père de famille*. This is what every Frenchman is taught to aspire to, and the problem for the fifty-five people who got indicted with their bankers during the Paribas affair is that a good father in this relentlessly bourgeois country is, by definition, a father who protects and preserves the family capital in any way he can. One of the defendants liked to quote Napoleon III: "I'll make the politics here, you make the money." It was because of Napoleon III, the defendant said this spring while he was waiting for the verdict, that he did not consider keeping a Geneva bank account a crime. He considered it merely a *petit délit*—a little misdemeanor. No one else quoted Napoleon III, but the fact is that a lot of Frenchmen do take their *petits délits* as a patriotic duty. The Douane has ended up with twenty-two thousand agents, including a special branch of four or five hundred "investigators" with what amounts to police powers. People who join the Douane are not apt to be disposed toward the sort of men and women who have bank accounts in Geneva and gold under the floorboards of the family château. Like every other institution here, the

Douane is political. Politicians from every party will use it if they have the power, but nearly three thousand of the *douaniers* belong to the Confédération Générale du Travail, the union close to the Communists, and another three thousand belong to the Confédération Française Démocratique du Travail, the Socialists' union, and their reputation among the bourgeoisie is sinister. They have time and license, and (when it is not to their advantage to be tolerant) they are brutally unscrupulous.

There is a customs official by the name of Michel Danet whose job it is to sit in his office on the Rue de Rivoli, at the Louvre, and reflect upon the nature of the French and the regulations they are likely to break. M. Danet is the Douane's house philosopher, responsible, as he puts it, for "*la conception de la lutte*" in a country with 1,841 miles of frontier and another 1,934 miles of coastline and about two hundred and fifty million people going in and out each year. Given the likelihood that every one of those people is carrying *something* illegal, it is up to M. Danet to decide what, precisely, the Douane wants to find, and where to find it, so that an agent at the Belgian border knows if he is looking for heroin or diamonds or guns or rolled-up Fragonards when he opens a suitcase. Last year, customs agents reported two hundred and ten thousand violations. According to their figures, the problem for France right now is not just the traffic in francs; it is the traffic in drugs and in what is officially known as "*le patrimoine artistique et culturel*"—in other words, Louis XV snuff boxes and the family silver. Only fifty-one hundred of the violations last year had to do with flights of capital. And in 1980—the year that ten customs agents raided Paribas and discovered a list of code names for the three hundred and eighty-five clients with Swiss accounts—Paribas clients represented nearly half of all the currency violations reported. Of course, it is easier to spot the family silver at the border than a Swiss deposit slip. Whatever their politics, customs agents are going to feel a little awkward about asking a family of five on its way to a hike through the Bernese Oberland to turn its pockets out. Still, one of the most important border arrests the Douane has made in years involved a man who was stopped for a spot check and asked to open his briefcase. The briefcase was clean, but as the man was lean-





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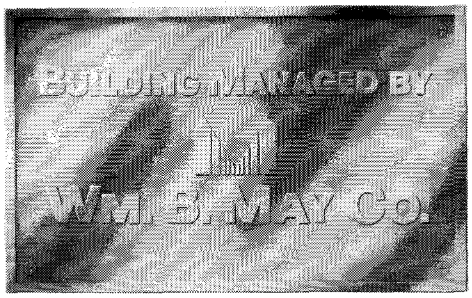

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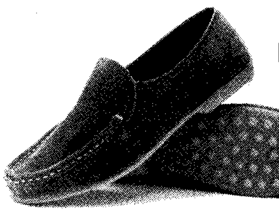

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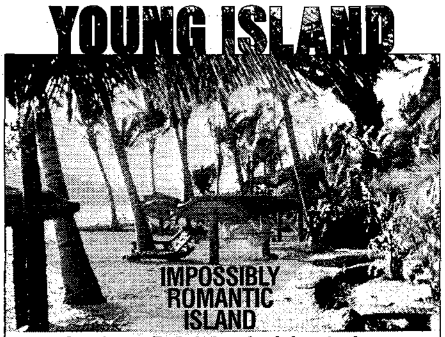

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ing over to close it his wallet fell out of his breast pocket and then a Swiss check fell out of the wallet—and the *douanier* discovered that he had caught a currency runner who had been carrying huge sums of money back and forth across the border for twenty years.

Mainly, the Douane makes its big discoveries in banks, not at borders. As many as ten per cent of the people who work in Basel and Geneva banks are French citizens either living in Switzerland or commuting across the border to their jobs. Some of them are, if not harassed, at least under a certain amount of pressure from the Douane to coöperate—which means passing along names and figures—and others are obviously paid informers. Swiss Socialists organized a referendum on banking secrecy this spring, and the canton of Geneva, like every other canton in the country, voted to maintain it. This was distressing to President Mitterrand—who seems to have held the belief that with the right encouragement people in Switzerland would be more Socialist than Swiss—because most of the French money in Switzerland is probably in Geneva banks. The Douane has been raiding Paris banks with Geneva branches or correspondents for years. Paribas itself was raided ten times—the last time in 1978—before those ten customs agents stopped in, on a tip, on November 28, 1980, when all the bankers were out to lunch, and found the information they wanted. There are people who say that that was the day the "liberation" of Paribas-Suisse started.

VALÉRY GISCARD D'ESTAING was still the President of France in 1980, and so it is reasonable to assume that any "political instructions" (as one man from the Douane put it) about Paribas came from the right, not the left. Giscard had been Finance Minister for a while, under Georges Pompidou, and he had close connections at the Douane, which officially falls under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Finance. He also had an election coming up, and in those days Pierre Moussa was quite respectably connected to the French left. Moussa had put in time as *directeur de cabinet* for a colonial minister in Pierre Mendès France's Fourth Republic government. He had invented the phrase "*les nations prolétaires*," and he had even written books about those nations. It may be that Giscard thought the threat of a banking scandal—or, at least, of a lot of long negotiations and expensive settlements—would help keep Paribas's money out of François Mitterrand's campaign. (This is the common wisdom among bankers.) It may be that Giscard wanted some leverage when he asked Moussa to put more money and more credit into places like Creusot-Loire, the heavy-engineering company, which was in danger of going under. At any rate, there were about four thousand private accounts at Paribas at the time—which meant that ten per cent of the bank's clients were taking advantage of its accommodating Swiss service. Jean-Pierre Monestié says that the most stupefying piece of evidence he had, as prosecutor, was the number of illegal accounts that Paribas was managing. One woman who went on trial last winter said that Paribas's Swiss service was "the little extra" with which the bank wooed customers. People took Paribas up on that service because the bank could make transfers that were mainly paper transfers and that did not have to involve sending big bundles of franc notes across the border. The bank was also known to cover financially for its clients the way an expensive American accountant might guarantee his time in the event that a client was audited by the Internal Revenue Service. Most Paribas clients who admitted to having Swiss accounts told Judge Culié that Paribas had promised to provide this sort of protection—protection from prosecution, protection from publicity, protection from fines and commissions and informers' fees. None of the clients had expected to go to court. Some were able to deny having their accounts at all, once it was clear that they could not be traced conclusively to their code names. (Even now, no one knows who Henry IV, Praline, Faust, and Mephisto were.) The ones who could be traced had already spent a year negotiating with the Douane when they were indicted. There was never talk of indictment during that year. Most of the clients expected that their *petits délits* would be settled discreetly, for a price, and that the bank would help them pay. (Some of them say they had already settled.) They continued to believe this through the elections and through the first months of Mitterrand's Presidency—and so, apparently, did Pierre Moussa, who did not even bother to remove Jean Richard, the man running Paribas's Swiss service.

Léonce Boissonnat was the banker

most of the defendants knew best at Paribas. He was not the most important banker in his department, not particularly high in the pecking order of Paribas officers. He managed three hundred and eighty-five Swiss accounts because somebody higher up told him to. He was by all accounts a decent man and a very kind one. Judge Culié himself interrupted the testimony one day to say that Léonce Boissonnat was "an eminently respectable man" and that the court would not tolerate attacks on his character. Boissonnat's friends say that when Laurent Fabius—in his capacity as budget director at the Finance Ministry—instructed the Procureur Général to indict fifty-five of Boissonnat's clients, Boissonnat believed he had betrayed those clients by his own helplessness. He believed, too, that Paribas was betraying him. Pierre Moussa went into seclusion in his apartment on the Quai d'Orsay the day the indictments were handed down. Boissonnat stayed in Paris. On December 19, 1981, he sent his family away to the country and put a bullet through his heart.

It would have taken years to try three hundred and eighty-five Paribas clients—a few were so senile that they had forgotten all about their Geneva accounts—and the government was more interested in Pierre Moussa than in his clients, anyway. Fabius needed a way to eliminate most of them, and he settled on a formula by which clients with less than two million francs to account for could continue negotiating their settlements and clients with more than two million were indicted. The statute of limitations in cases of customs fraud is four years in France, and most Paribas clients had had their numbered accounts much longer. This meant that they were not necessarily responsible to France for their capital. They were responsible for, say, interest they had drawn on their capital or for additions they had made to it—for money that, from the point of view of the Douane, had crossed the border within the past four years. It also meant that anyone with two million francs to account for had a lot more francs behind him. The people who finally came to trial with Pierre Moussa were known in Paris as "*les plus belles clientèles.*" One of them had been president of Motobécane, the bicycle company; another was the president of Darty, the chain of appliance stores where most of France buys its refrigerators and its washing machines. Some of them were simply too

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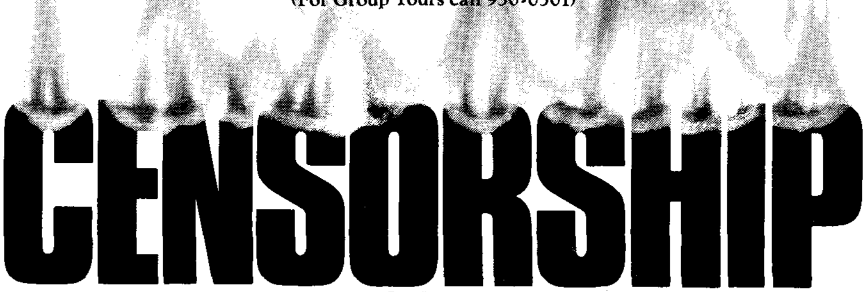

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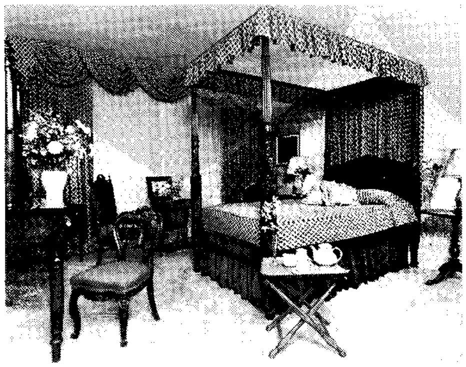

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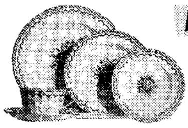

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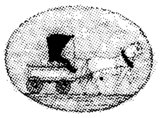

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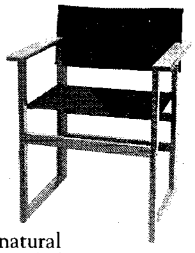

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old and too ill to come to court, and others refused to come, saying that the prosecutor must have confused them with other Paribas clients of the same name. The people who did come to the Eleventh Correctional Court to testify insisted that their Swiss accounts had been Paribas's idea. One immensely rich young man by the name of François Rochas said that he had discovered Paribas-Suisse when his mother sold the family business—it happened to be Parfums Marcel Rochas, one of the biggest perfume manufacturers in France. Paribas handled the sale, and afterward, apparently, Jean Richard approached Rochas, wanting to know what he was planning to do with all the money he received. Richard told him that it was certainly too much money to keep in France—that it should be somewhere safe from scrutiny and taxes. As Rochas tells the story now, he flew to Geneva, where Richard joined him for a nice lunch at Paribas-Suisse with two of the bank's directors, and he opened his account that afternoon. Rochas went back to France and bought a vineyard in Bordeaux, and after that, whenever he wanted to check on how his money in Geneva was doing, he would stop at Léonce Boissonnat's office on the Rue d'Antin and Boissonnat would place a call and make some notes and go over the figures with him and then burn the notes with his cigarette lighter. Rochas says that he was never really worried about the money—that even after the raid four years ago he was sure the bank would take care of him. He was not much troubled by the propriety of his banking arrangements either. He came to court looking (according to *Libération*) "bronzed" and "elegant," and when he talked about Paribas in court he sounded less distressed than petulant. He seemed to hold the charges against him—charges that had to do with currency controls and moving money around—not in contempt but in disregard. Or, rather, he did not seem to accept the fact that there were controls like that, controls that most intelligent people agreed were ridiculous but that could still make rich young men like himself inconvenienced or unhappy. He regards opening a secret Swiss bank account as a particularly farsighted and energetic gesture. Right now, in fact, he is trying to sue Paribas-Suisse for letting the French Paribas know anything about him. He says that his Swiss bankers have violated their own laws of banking secrecy. His argument goes that they had no business passing information to his Paris bankers, even though it was information he asked for.

PEOPLE like François Rochas—people with time and money and little to lose—will appeal the sentences that Judge Culié handed down in April. An appeal takes about a year here. A second appeal—one to the Cour de Cassation, which is the procedural court—takes another year. This means that at least a few Paribas clients will have two more years before they have to pay their fines, and in two years the interest they have earned at the bank will probably be enough to cover them. Covering their costs is what most of them want, in the end. There are other Paribas clients—clients who are less sophisticated, perhaps, and more caught up in their humiliation—who want something more than their costs back, something they will never get in an appeal. They are clients like the old caviar importer, or like Gérard Avalle, who was convicted this spring and given a six months' suspended sentence. Maître Avalle is a bailiff, a *huissier*, and bailiffs in France are like *notaires*—they are a kind of caste, a closed society. Nobody knows very much about them but other bailiffs and their families, because their number is fixed by a *numerus clausus*—a hundred and twenty bailiffs for the city of Paris; eighteen hundred for the whole country—and they often pass the profession down from father to son, the son taking his place among the eighteen hundred bailiffs when the father dies or retires. It is a Balzacian sort of profession, having to do with being there when banks foreclose or summonses are served or debtors are thrown out of their homes or buildings expropriated or adulteries committed or bankruptcies filed. Every time a French bailiff signs his name to a piece of paper—an act or a court order or an affidavit—he makes some money. According to Claude Roire at the *Canard Enchaîné*, there are bailiffs who make twelve francs on every hundred-and-fifty-franc parking ticket processed in the city of Paris.

Maître Avalle is head of a Paris bailiffs' association, and he likes to talk about his three years at Sciences-Pô, where his class included Jacques Chirac, the Mayor of Paris, and Jean-Yves Haberer, the man who took over Paribas when Pierre Moussa left. He is frenetically conservative—it is a tradition among bailiffs to cultivate shiny suits, shabby offices, miserly dispositions, and right-wing views—but very much a man of the court (*un homme de robe*, the French say), and he keeps two Daumier prints called "Men of Justice" on his office wall. To his own mind, Maître Avalle is a diligent citizen and a French patriot. Once, after the trial, he said that the charges against him were "unhealthy," that they had to do with "*la volupté de ceux qui s'abstiennent*"—by which he meant a kind of prurient asceticism that must have been inherited by the Left from Robespierre. In his way, Gérard Avalle represents what people mean by *la France profonde*—Catholic, conservative France, where every father is a good father of the family. Avalle himself has five children. He is a man who looks after the interests of his friends' widows and who lectures the ten clerks in his office on the fact that no one spending eight hundred thousand francs a year on salaries, as he does, and another four hundred and twenty on social security and insurance charges should have to listen to talk about turning his office into a coöperative. He admires people like his grandfather, who had a little factory and produced the first automobile batteries in the country. His grandfather put the money he made on batteries into property in Paris, and retired young, to live, like the nobility, on his income. Avalle is an almost classic *bourgeois*, like that grandfather. The closest he gets to the demimonde is when someone calls him there as a witness, the way he was called this spring to a Paris night club, the Élysée Matignon, which was owned by a couple who were getting divorced; he witnessed the fact that the husband had been locked out of the premises.

Avalle was nearly undone by his indictment—humiliated as a man of the court, fearful for the career he would lose if he was convicted, bewildered by the events that were stripping the euphemisms of his life of their respectability. He told a strange story. He talked about going to Paribas in 1973 and meeting a "man of family" who had been a hero in the war and had lost an arm saving a minister or a general and wore the Légion d'Honneur in his lapel; the man was Léonce Boissonnat. He said that he and Boissonnat had had a conversation about how France was being ruined by its governments. After that, he left two million five hundred thousand francs with Paribas. He could have made a fortune there. Once, he flew to America to buy some land on Jean Richard's advice. He travelled by Concorde, he says, and spent the night in a Holiday Inn outside Norfolk (his reservation was under the name of one of Paribas's American employees). Then he flew to Mississippi, drove south in a camper with Richard and his wife, spent *that* night in a Louis XVI canopy bed in a house in Natchez, and finally was met by a driver who took him to see the land he was supposed to be buying. The driver came from Paribas's Houston office, and Avalle says he was the first person ever to suggest to him that his money was not in France but in Switzerland. According to Avalle, Jean Richard had a scheme for financing land purchases in America. It involved borrowing dollars at, say, ten per cent interest and then lending them out in Europe at fifteen per cent, and skimming off the difference—and it also involved a big commission to Paribas for putting the deal together and laundering the money.

Maître Avalle wanted out, but he says that, according to the people at Paribas, the only way he could safely bring his money home to France was to invest it in raw materials—in oil, say, or forests—because the income from raw materials was "free" and could enter the country undeclared. By the time he went on trial, Avalle was the owner of five thousand acres of virgin forest in Quebec Province. He was also planning to sue Paribas, on the ground that the real fraud in the Paribas affair was the bank's. "The bank has saved its furniture," he told the court, "and forgotten its clients."

THE *Nouvel Observateur* says that there are five million numbered accounts in Switzerland. It is one figure nobody seems to dispute. Right now, there are safer ways than Paribas's for opening a secret Swiss account. Some people incorporate themselves. They register as a Luxembourg company, and their Luxembourg company, in turn, incorporates itself. It forms what is known in the trade as an "offshore" Panamanian company—that is, an address or a post-office box and no product—and then the Panamanian company opens the account in Switzerland. There are lawyers in Switzerland who have set up hundreds of these Panamanian companies for their clients. They charge about five hundred dollars for

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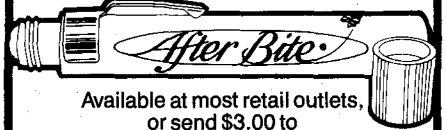

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their time, along with the three hundred and fifty dollars it costs to incorporate in Panama, and for an extra two hundred or so people can choose a name they like for their company, the way Paribas clients used to choose code names like Leopard and Rhododendron and Socrates. Paribas was always known as an aggressive bank, and, like any aggressive bank, it made whatever deals it could through Switzerland. Under Moussa's predecessors, Paribas began to devote itself to pure capitalism—that is, to money and power. It was Moussa's genius to combine this devotion with the liberal politics of a French Fourth Republic intellectual.

Businessmen here were a little scared of Paribas. They liked to say that if you dealt with Paribas—if, say, you needed cash and Paribas gave it to you for five per cent of your company—Paribas would own you within the next two years. The bank had a certain reputation for unscrupulousness. It was known as the kind of partner that would call in its loans on the twenty-ninth of the month unless it got a few more shares of your business, the kind of partner that would cancel your credit unless it got a bigger cut of your profits. One of the ironies of the Paribas affair is that Pierre Moussa had turned the bank into a great entrepreneurial force, with engineering projects that were his own equivalent of a Suez Canal and financing projects that were helping to underwrite development in the Third World. There is not much buccaneer spirit left at Paribas now that Moussa is gone. These days, Paribas likes to invest in the agents, not in the creation, of capital. Last year, the bank bought a controlling interest in a Wall Street investment bank and brokerage house by the name of A. G. Becker—becoming, in effect, a nationalized stockbroker—and a couple of months ago called in all the remaining stock, which had belonged to the Becker-Paribas employees. Moussa himself announced this spring that *his* new company was buying fifty per cent of the London subsidiary of another Wall Street brokerage house, Dillon, Read & Co.

Moussa is now “recuperated,” as François Mitterrand would say. And so, indeed, is some of the patrimony Mitterrand wanted. About two weeks after Moussa was acquitted, the holding company Pargesa sold its majority in Paribas-Suisse back to France and announced that the banks had resumed their proper partnership. Pargesa had run Paribas-Suisse for a little over two and a half years. Its profit on the sale was somewhere between two hundred and eighty million and five hundred million Swiss francs—between a hundred and twenty-four million and two hundred and twenty-two million dollars.

In the end, even the bankers here were surprised. People in the business knew that Paribas and Paribas-Suisse had been working on a deal for most of those two and a half years—but it was a deal they assumed would save face for France while it kept the control of Paribas-Suisse in Switzerland. They expected, say, that France would get back its sixty per cent of the old subsidiary—it actually got seventy-two per cent—and that some formula involving voting shares would be devised to leave the Swiss bank independent. In fact, the new Paribas-Suisse was transferred to a holding company in which half the voting shares belonged to France and the other half to Pargesa. The president of the holding company casts the deciding vote if there is any argument, and the president is Jean-Yves Haberer, from Paribas. François Mitterrand has finally—maybe permanently—nationalized Paribas-Suisse. It may be that Paribas-Suisse was what he demanded in exchange for Moussa's acquittal. Moussa cannot have been pleased to see the bank he “liberated” returned to the French state, but he seems to have taught Mitterrand something about business all the same: When the price is right, people sell. Moussa's friends sold.

—JANE KRAMER

●

HOW AMERICA PASSES THE TIME

[*From the Monterey* (*Calif.*) *Peninsula Herald*]

SOAP STORY . . . Among the many Peninsula fans of the TV soap opera “All My Children” is Jo Dunn of Seaside.

Seems that this week an important event occurred on the show: Jenny and Greg got married.

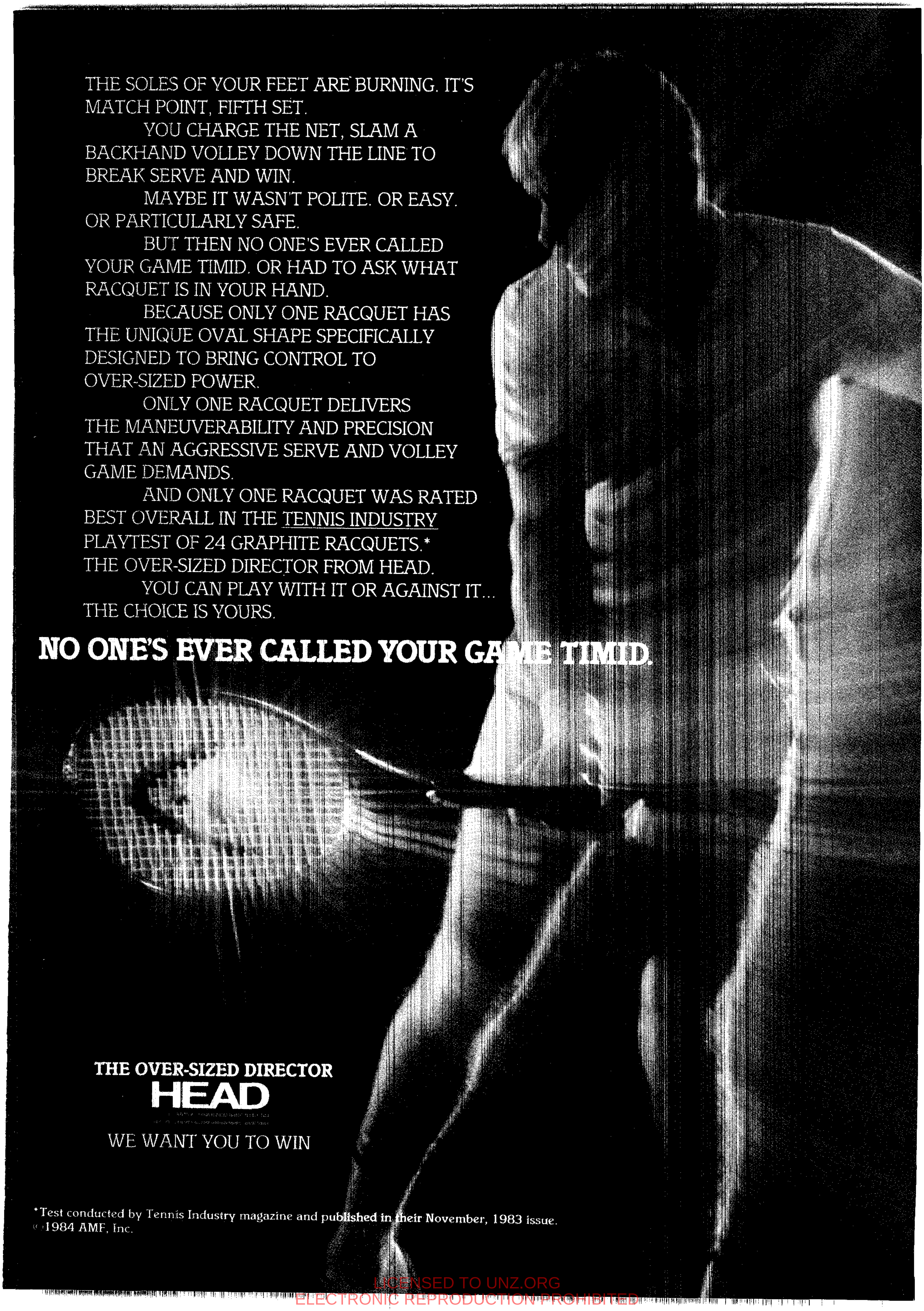
Jo's grown daughter, Mary-Frances, knows her mother is a big fan of the show and realized that the wedding was going to be shown Tuesday. So daughter—on her way out the door en route to work that morning—gave Mom a packet of rice.

Mom thought that was funny.

But Mom went one up on her daughter by ACTUALLY tossing the rice—at the appropriate time—during the show. And leaving the rice on the stairs for her daughter to see that night.

The story gets better.

To top things off, Mom made a bouquet of flowers and told her daughter that SHE had caught the bride's bouquet!



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Gary Mottau/*Horticulture*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Sacrifice

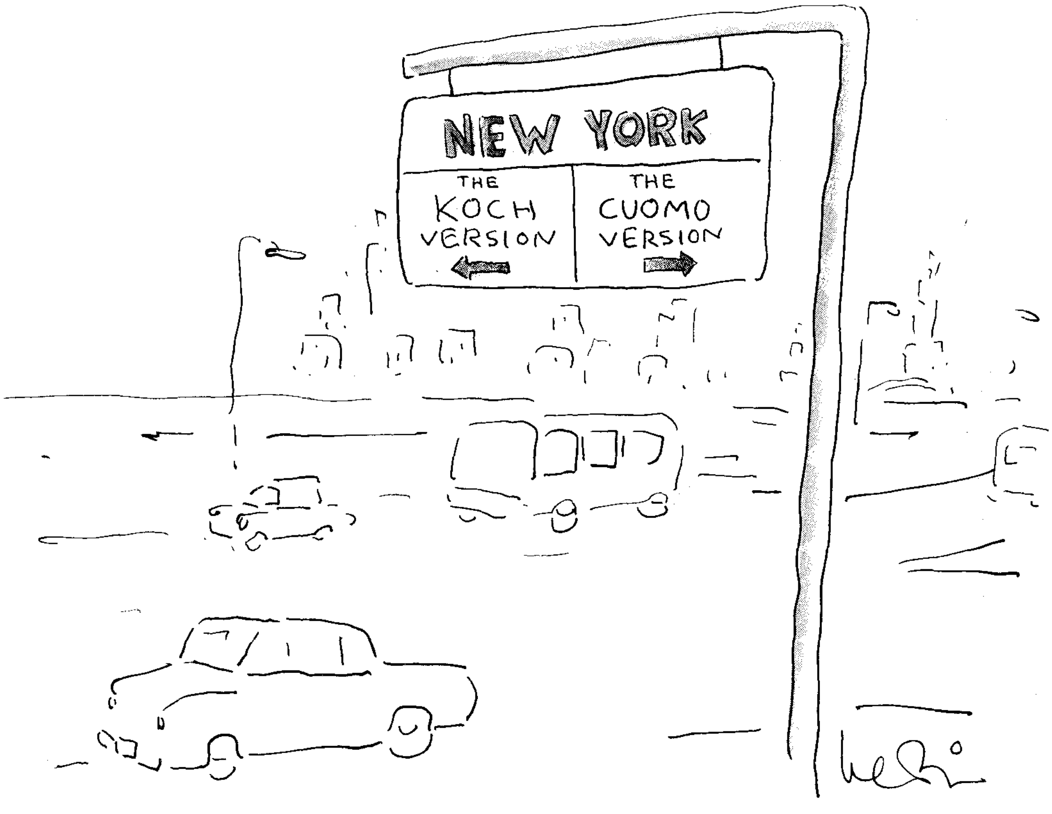
GLUCK is a great composer honored more often by dutiful praise than by impassioned performance. All that gets done with any frequency is "Orfeo"—and that usually in a text where music that he composed for a tenor is transposed for an alto and mixed in with the original alto music in a way to produce tessituras, textures, and even melodies that Gluck never wrote. But perhaps things are beginning to change. St. Louis this summer staged a 1762 "Orfeo" adulterated only by the flute-solo dance of 1774; both Riccardo Muti (Angel) and Sigiswald Kuijken (Accent) have recorded the original version; Concert Royal stages it, with period band, later this month; and Mr. Muti gives a concert performance with the Philadelphia Orchestra in October.

Gluck is not easy to get right. In an 1854 communication to the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, Wagner—making an earnest point with Shavian exuberance—proposed a moratorium on his music, since it was as a rule so unintelligently performed that the reverence for the composer instilled from youth up and the impression left by his works in actual performance proved incompatible and utterly confusing. In Dresden, Wagner himself had conducted "Armide" in 1843 (with Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient) and "Iphigénie en Aulide" in 1847. For the latter production, whose staging and designing he also supervised in detail, he made his own edition of the score. It's been preserved; in fact, the RCA recording of "Iphigénie en Aulide" (now out of print) was Gluck-Wagner, in German, with Anna Moffo, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Thomas Stewart, and Bernd Weikl in the cast. Wagner's edition is a fascinating document—music criticism written in music—of what he admired in Gluck and what he thought could be bettered. (But also, of course, of what he thought needed adjustment to the taste of a particular audience and to the capabilities of a particular cast; that factor makes the document less than straightforward to assess. If the Dresden tenor had been able to compass with ease Achilles' air as Gluck wrote it, Wagner would presumably not have "repointed" it, removing high notes to the detriment of the melodic contours.) This Gluck-Wagner "Iphigénie en Aulide" had what seems to have been its American première at the Waterloo Festival last month.

The vocal score Wagner began with was a bilingual one by F. Brissler, published in Berlin in 1839. (There's a copy in the New York Public Library.) His orchestral material came from Berlin and had been worked over by Spontini. Dissatisfied with Brissler's German translation, Wagner revised it thoroughly. Dissatisfied with Spontini's orchestration, he sent for Gluck's original, published in Paris in 1774. Wagner's own copy of the French score survives. (It was formerly in the Burrell Collection in Philadelphia's Curtis Institute and is now in Bayreuth.) It's larded with inserted pages and papillons (those pinned-on or pasted-on scraps of paper that easily flutter off when scholars pry for readings concealed beneath them), and on almost every page it bears Wagner's revisions and performance instructions. In his autobiography, Wagner described his aims:

> I sought to bring the libretto as far as possible into agreement with Euripides' play. . . . For the sake of dramatic vitality, I tried to join the arias and choruses . . . by connecting links, postludes, and preludes, doing my best to use Gluck's own motifs so as to make the interventions of a strange composer as unnoticeable as possible. . . . I revised all the instrumentation more or less completely, but only with the object of making what was already there tell effectively.

EURIPIDES' "Iphigenia in Aulis," even in the imperfect form that has come down to us, is one of the most powerful of anti-war—and, in modern jargon, anti-macho—plays. It throws into question all received Homeric values. Agamemnon, Menelaus, Clytemnestra, Achilles have been corrupted by power games. The four have decent qualities. Perhaps even Calchas—offstage in Euripides but brought on by his successors—has decent qualities, although he seems to embody superstition and state religion as inhumanely as any Verdian priest. By allowing the decent qualities to show, Euripides emphasized the extent of the corruption. Against it are set the chorus—women who know what war means to those who don't glory in it—and Iphigenia herself, a naïve young victim in her acceptance of the men's values but a shining heroine and redeemer in her readiness to sacrifice



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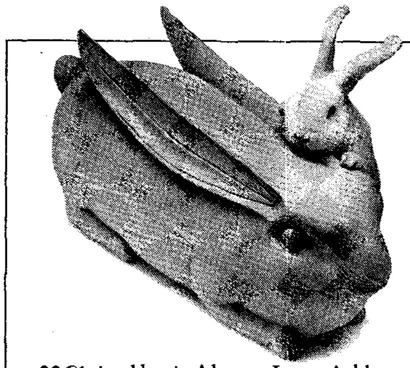
her own happiness for the general good.

When Racine rewrote the play, in 1674, he turned the villains into heroes driven by inexorable decrees. He added a "love interest," between Iphigenia and Achilles. And by a Gilbertian dénouement he saved Iphigenia from immolation: one Ériphile, a daughter of Helen and Theseus, and herself in love with Achilles, commits suicide at the altar; her real name, it transpires, is Iphigenia, and so the letter of the oracle—calling for the sacrifice of an Iphigenia—is fulfilled and (except for Ériphile) all can end happily. There was classical precedent for this version of the tale. Apostolo Zeno adopted it for his Iphigenia libretto, much set in the first half of the eighteenth century. Then a back-to-Euripides movement began. Francesco Algarotti ended his influential "Essay on the Opera" (1755) with an "Iphigenia in Aulis" libretto, offered as a model, in the last scene of which Diana (as narrated in Euripides) descends to whisk Iphigenia away into her service, leaving a hind on the altar. A flood of Iphigenia operas followed. The libretto for a 1768 Berlin revival of Carl Heinrich Graun's "Ifigenia," in whose writing Frederick the Great probably played a part, specifies in its preface that while the action is imitated from Racine, the ending follows Euripides. Gluck and his librettist, the Bailli du Roullet, also followed Racine but provided a different ending, neither Racine's nor Euripides'. Two endings, in fact. In 1774, Calchas suddenly announces that the sacrifice need not take place after all. In 1775, Diana herself descends to announce that the gods, moved by the daughter's virtue and the mother's tears, have abated their wrath: the Greek armada, no longer becalmed, can sail for Troy, and the young lovers can be happy. Of four "Iphigénie" productions I've seen, two used the 1774 close and two the 1775. The former is more effective. It can even be realistically played: as if the wily Calchas, perceiving that Achilles and his Myrmidons have invaded his temple and will prevent the sacrifice or, at least, make it an occasion of general carnage and rebellion—and at the same time, perhaps, perceiving that the wind is about to change anyway—bows to the inevitable and expediently declares it to be the goddess's decree. Rummaging through libraries and archives to discover a composer's alternative treatments of diffi-



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cult scenes is not just a pastime; it has practical consequences for performance, whether the work concerned is from the eighteenth, the nineteenth, or the twentieth century. How to end "Iphigénie" is a problem.

Wagner found it one. He didn't know the 1775 dénouement (a critical score was published only in 1873), and he didn't like the 1774. Therefore, he devised his own and composed an intervention by Diana, unaware that Gluck had already done so. His goddess prepares the way, as Racine's does not, for "Iphigenia in Tauris," declaring that she thirsts not for Iphigenia's blood but for her exalted spirit. She will take her into her service, and one day Iphigenia will redeem the curse on the house of Atreus. Gluck's quartet follows (here amplified by chorus), and the opera ends abruptly with a cry of "Nach Troia!," recalling the cry of "Nach Rom!" that ends the second act of "Tannhäuser." Gluck's 1775 close was equally abrupt: Calchas interrupts the final chaconne with a cry of "Volez, volez à la victoire!" But in 1774 this was followed by an exciting unison chorus, Berlioz-bold, of "Partons, volons." Brissler omitted it; strange that Wagner didn't restore it, once the 1774 score was in his hands.

Wagner's other changes can be briefly summarized. He omitted Gluck's three dance-and-song divertissements, one in each act. The only dance in his score is a curious, slightly clumsy little D-major minuet. (Is it his own essay in Gluck pastiche? I don't find it in Gluck.) He cut a good deal else and—this is surprising—abridged petits airs in *aabb* form to a plain *ab*, thereby making them sadly short-breathed. He elided many full closes into what follows, both within and at the end of numbers. He lowered the Iphigenia-Achilles duet by a tone, and by the repointing of Achilles' air removed eighteen A's and eight B's above the staff. (In Paris, the whole air was on occasion simply lowered from D to C—whether to spare the tenor or to give him the chance of showing off a high C or two is unclear.)

Wagner's principal additions are two. Iphigenia's air of farewell to Achilles is reconstructed. Gluck wrote an andante *aabb*, "I must submit to destiny," followed by a long lento, "Remember that Iphigenia loved you." Wagner, in his expressed desire to eliminate the Racinian love interest, reduced the andante to *ab*, removed the tender lento, and composed a new pas-

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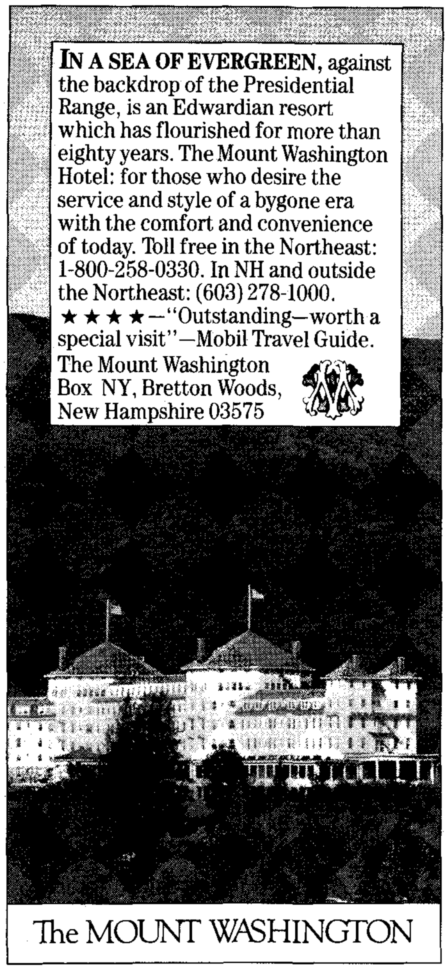
sage in which Iphigenia, in the tones of Elisabeth and accompanied by "Tannhäuser" harmonies, declares that Hellas' fate depends on her. Then the abridged andante is repeated—creating the da-capo form that Gluck in his reform operas sought to avoid. Artemis' arioso-recitative speech, on the other hand, clearly anticipates Lohengrin's "In fernem Land." These additions are accompanied—like Elisabeth's prayer, in "Tannhäuser"—by winds only. So are Iphigenia's air of farewell to her mother and—another episode Wagner himself composed—her slow departure for the altar. The passages are assigned to a backstage wind consort—an ethereal effect. Once, at a Karajan production of "Tannhäuser" in Vienna, I heard Elisabeth's prayer similarly accompanied.

Wagner made much of his discovery that the 1774 score (unlike Brissler's) bears no indication for tempo change after the slow introduction: "How incredibly Gluck's overture has been disfigured by playing it twice too fast!" Wagner's deliberate pace is certainly impressive, but if he'd pursued his researches further he'd have found in the Paris performance material (preserved at the Opéra) a "*Grave*" at the unison "motif of power" and then an "*Animé*" where the main movement begins.

"IPHIGÉNIE EN TAURIDE"—"Gluck's last French opera," I nearly wrote, forgetting, as people often do, the final "Echo et Narcisse," which is filled with greatness and beauty, and is most unjustly neglected—is by general consent his masterpiece. "Iphigénie en Aulide," his first work for Paris, is also a great opera. So are "Orfeo," "Alceste," "Paris and Helen," and "Armide." But none of them are performer-proof. In inspired productions, they touch the very heart of one's being; reveal music's power to sound every string of a listener's psyche; make the theatre what it should be, a place of, at once, ecstasy, entertainment, and moral and political enlightenment; join the spectators with all those who through twenty-four centuries have discovered in contemporary stage enactments of the ancient myths new ways of understanding the world they live in. But in unworthy performances the operas can seem to show Gluck as an aspirant, earnest calculator—an intelligent plodder with sensible ideas but not heaven-sent felicity, melodic fertility, and grace. A contemporary reproved Gluck for giving the army in "Iphigénie en Aulide" always the same tune to sing as they call for Iphigenia's death. He retorted that crowds that assemble with one object in view always chant the same slogan, over and over again ("Dump Reagan," as it were); as a musician, he could well have written differing melodies, but as a dramatist he'd done what he'd done quite deliberately. The performance will determine whether the effect is chillingly realistic or simply monotonous. Wagner decided to recompose one of the choral interjections.

The success of "Orfeo," "Alceste," "Armide," and "Iphigénie en Tauride" depends very much on the dramatic and vocal abilities of the protagonist. "Iphigénie en Aulide" has the practical advantage of spreading that burden pretty well equally across the soprano, the mezzo, the tenor, and the baritone. It's perhaps Gluck's most varied and tautly exciting opera, with great scenes for Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, and eventful, surprising action. Wagner produced it with his "Tannhäuser" cast: Johanna Wagner (Elisabeth, Iphigenia), Schröder-Devrient (Venus, Clytemnestra), Joseph Tichatschek (Tannhäuser, Achilles), and Anton Mitterwurzer (Wolfram, Agamemnon, later the first Kurwenal). He interrupted the composition of "Lohengrin" to undertake the revision. If Gluck-Wagner rather than Gluck is to be revived, it must be done, wholeheartedly, in a way that enables listeners to visit a staging post on the journey that leads from "Tannhäuser," through "Lohengrin," to "The Ring," in which Attic drama, ancestral myth—and just about everything that men have thought, done, written, composed—play a part. The RCA recording is pointlessly "de-Wagnerized;" transitions that Wagner added have been deleted. The Waterloo performance was in concert form, and Wagner might not have approved; he once wrote, "I can imagine no more hideous travesty of a dramatic and, especially, a tragic piece of music than to have, say, Orestes and Iphigenia—in tailcoat and ball dress, complete with posy, holding their scores in kid-gloved hands—proclaiming their death agonies in front of a concert orchestra." No half loaves for him: "Where an artistic illusion is not fully at work on me, I cannot be even half content." But without concert performances the modern operatic repertory would be meagre. The Waterloo performers had no posies or kid gloves. Nor, it seemed, had they thought themselves deeply into the drama or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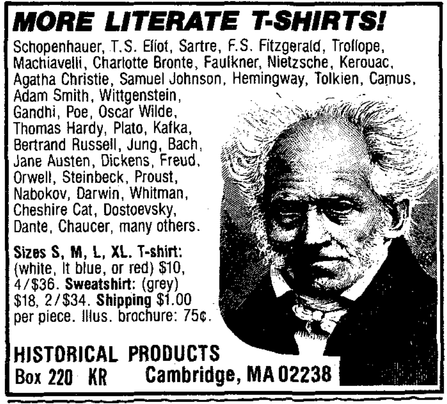
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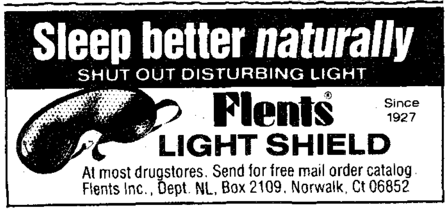
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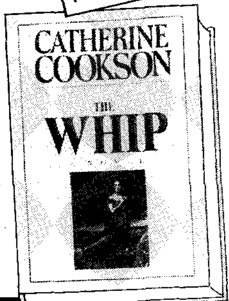

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pondered the ways that by glance, by demeanor, and, above all, by declamation, accent, and phrasing concert performers can create an illusion. They seemed to be singing off their scores, not from their hearts. Except for the Iphigenia, Alessandra Marc. She has a large, shining, steady soprano. It's not quite technically finished but is blessedly unforced and already impressive. She sang the music with simple, unaffected dignity and phrased with tender feeling. Katherine Ciesinski, the Clytemnestra, pushed her voice into harshness and impurity. Gary Lakes, the Achilles, is a promising young heldentenor, solid and sure. Norman Bailey, who has sung Wotan's and Hans Sachs' words so eloquently, was a disappointing Agamemnon: "zart," "teuer," "grausen" all sounded much the same. His reading lacked passion. Justino Diaz, the Calchas, produced some big, strong notes. Communicativeness was impeded by the use of a translation intended for a Dresden, not a New Jersey, public. All appoggiaturas—as vital in Wagner as they are in Gluck—were ignored and were turned into ugly "blunt endings" (repeated notes at the end of phrases).

The performance, conducted by Gerard Schwarz, seemed underrehearsed. The Waterloo Festival Orchestra, a mixed professional and student body, accompanied recitatives as if it didn't know the singers' lines—bumping in on the conductor's beat, not moving with the actors' minds. Much of the playing was undercharacterized, undramatic, and mezzo-forte; many of Wagner's careful dynamic inflections went for little. It was not a carefully studied, stylishly convincing re-creation of the 1847 drama. But I'm glad to have heard it, for I'm a half-loafer myself: rather this moderately competent, uninspired (except when Miss Marc sang) "Iphigénie" than no "Iphigénie" at all. Waterloo is a pleasant place—an eighteenth- and nineteenth-century village carefully and unobtrusively restored, set in broad parklands beside lakes and the Morris Canal. Woodland or waterside strolls—and serious catering—induce a tolerant frame of mind. The performance was warmly received. But Wagner and Gluck deserved better.

—ANDREW PORTER

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[*Headline in the Ithaca* (*N.Y.*) *Journal*]

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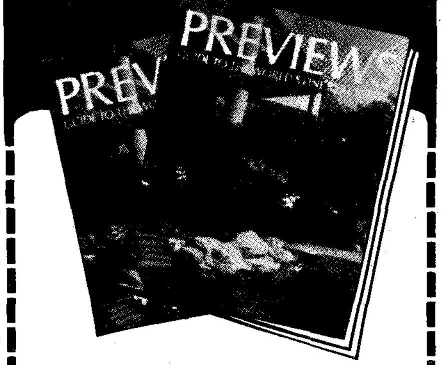

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BOOKS

Old Hickory

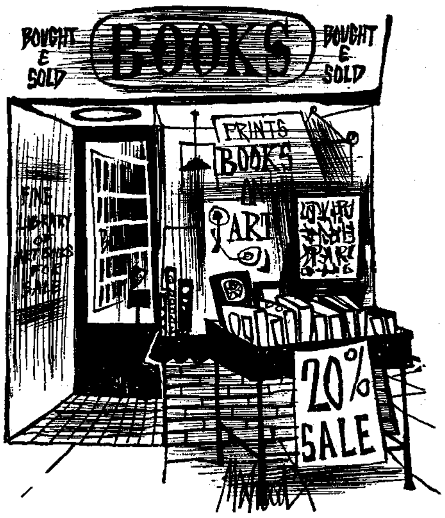
WITH the publication of "Andrew Jackson and the Course of American Democracy, 1833-1845" (Harper & Row; $27.95), Robert V. Remini concludes his definitive and engrossing biography of our seventh President. The two earlier volumes were "Andrew Jackson and the Course of American Empire, 1767-1821" and "Andrew Jackson and the Course of American Freedom, 1822-1832." All three volumes open with apologies: Mr. Remini, who has been working on the Jacksonian period since the late nineteen-forties and on this life since 1970, had not expected to take so long or to write so much. His amplitude is welcome; Jackson's multifariousness demands it. And the work's completion in an election year, when we are thinking about the Presidency, is a happy coincidence. Jackson did not simply enhance the powers of the Presidency, he altered Americans' concept of the office by asserting that the President was the representative of the people and responsible to them, instead of being a magistrate or Prime Minister responsible to the Congress. During his two terms as President (1829-37), Jackson's powerful personality and leadership elicited unequalled adoration and hatred, to the point where the man himself outweighed the issues; Mr. Remini comments that Jackson's retirement allowed American politics to function normally. I think this has been true of other great leaders. Washington's Presidency made Americans temporarily more dignified and less contentious; his retirement was followed by furious party battles. Franklin Roosevelt's passing revealed divergent tendencies within his own party that his personality had obscured.

Mr. Remini shows Jackson's Presidency as a turning point. The background of his life was economic and technological modernization—from the oxcart to the railroad, from the handloom to the factory. These developments challenged the nation to decide whether to emphasize its egalitarian or its hierarchical possibilities—in the language of the era, to determine whether the United States was a democracy or a republic. The decision was Jacksonian democracy, and the modern political ethic—one person, one vote—descends from Jackson.

This majestic biography allows us to see the world as Jackson saw it. His youth was grim. His parents and brothers had died by the time he was an adolescent, and he suffered from wounds and diseases contracted as a teen-age fighter in the Revolution. His life was epic action accompanied by a succession of injuries and ailments. In November of 1814, for example, he came down with a fever that left him unable to eat for most of the twelve-day march from Pensacola to New Orleans to prepare the city for the British assault. During his Presidency, he was in constant pain. The medical arts of his time were worse than useless. When Jackson's wife was diagnosed—rightly or wrongly, we have no way of knowing—as suffering from phthisis (tuberculosis), her doctor prescribed smoking. What the physicians did to Jackson scarcely bears thinking of; the only tolerable remedy, prescribed by a Dr. Flood in 1839, was a sugar-laced toddy called "burnt brandy" three times a day. Jackson's contemporaries did not think his suffering as remarkable as his fortitude, for nobody in that age expected judges, representatives, governors, senators, generals (Jackson held all these positions at various times), or Presidents to be healthy, or even to feel well.

Mr. Remini attributes Jackson's stamina to his formidable will. He is sometimes troubled by Jackson's temperament (by, for example, his propensity for duelling)—mainly, I think, because American styles in aggressiveness have changed. Our last popular general-President, Dwight D. Eisenhower, presented a much blander face to the world than Jackson did. In respect of naked will, the modern leader who most resembles Jackson is de Gaulle, but Jackson lacked his manipulativeness. Jackson was as naïve about intrigue as Winston Churchill; being himself forthright, selfless, and single-minded, he often forgot that other men were not. Mr. Remini does not slight Jackson's gifted rivals Calhoun, Clay, Webster, and John Quincy Adams, but Jackson's outsize character shrinks them. It also created difficulties with subordinates. Mr. Remini greatly admires Jackson but often criticizes him, particularly for his failures with personnel. His troubles with his Cabinets were indeed, as Mr. Remini maintains, often his own fault. Yet because he was in so many respects a first in our history it seems to me that his unfortunate appointments and friction-filled reshuffles and removals were early demonstrations that the Cabinet is the most confusing of our institutions. Like a modern President or Prime Minister, Jackson did not intend simply to run the country day by day, taking what came. He had a specific program he had pledged to achieve. A Cabinet—which is a collection of ambitious people, many competing with each other, and some with their chief, who are serving simultaneously as department heads and representatives of diverse geographical territories, economic interests, or political tendencies—can hardly be expected to operate as a unified, disinterested advisory or policymaking body. Jackson's solution was to invent the informal "kitchen cabinet" of outside advisers. His program was reform and retrenchment. He believed that the federal government was corrupt and extravagant, and he promised economy and efficiency. However, as Mr. Remini points out, he discovered that efficiency and honesty are expensive: under Jackson the federal bureaucracy became effective, but it also grew larger. Really good administration came high then, as it does now.

Jackson's Presidency foretells so much of the present that we are sur-



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prised by some aspects of the past—particularly by the feebleness of this country and the dangers that assailed it during his lifetime, starting with the agonies of guerrilla warfare in the Carolinas during the Revolution. In the post-Revolutionary era, the great powers of Western Europe were distracted by the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, but their actions showed agreement on one subject: they did not accept the verdict of the American Revolution. Mr. Remini makes plain that the War of 1812 was decisive: it made good our revolution, our independence, and our territorial integrity. He vividly records Jackson's campaigns without pretending that his generalship was first-class: Jackson shone by contrast with his inept colleagues. Mr. Remini explains that Jackson's victory at the Battle of New Orleans was more than an inspiriting triumph over a stronger and better trained enemy. The outcome of the battle persuaded the British to reinterpret the Treaty of Ghent, which had ended the War of 1812. They had not recognized the Louisiana Purchase, Jackson's conquest of West Florida, or the United States' right to any portion of the Gulf Coast. Mr. Remini tells us that as late as April, 1815, the Spanish government, assuming that the British had won the Battle of New Orleans, reminded the British government that it was supposed to hand back West Florida and Louisiana to Spain. Jackson's victory made possible an outcome from which all North America benefitted: only three nations share this continent. His insistence on removing the Indian nations across the Mississippi stems in part from his concern for American security. Not surprisingly, most Indians allied themselves with our enemies. Jackson also thought that the Indian nations' continued existence as states within states was impossible, and doubted whether the tribes could survive side by side with whites. The cruelties of the Indians' removal elicited some reprobation at the time, and has elicited much more since; Jacksonian administration was unequal to such an immense task. Jackson's much criticized Indian policy highlights a modern problem on almost every continent: no one has yet found a humane or equitable way to acculturate tribal peoples. The self-transformation of the Manus, which Margaret Mead recounted in "New Lives for Old," remains an exception.

Mr. Remini's studies have persuaded him that Jackson was correct in believing that the Era of Good Feeling was an era of corruption. Nevertheless, he takes account of criticisms of Jackson's remedies, both by his contemporaries and by historians. Jackson's destruction of the Bank of the United States, his efforts to replace paper money with specie, his extinction of the national debt, and his opposition to "internal improvements"—federally supported public works—have been portrayed as ignorant or retrograde or as schemes to benefit new moneymen at the expense of the old financial establishment. Mr. Remini does not assume that a biographer's brief entails unqualified support for nineteenth-century economics, but he does make clear that Jackson's purpose was to combat—if possible, to eradicate—oligarchy. Oligarchy may be preferable to tyranny—life in Russia today is doubtless more attractive than it was under Stalin—but, for the most part, in modern times oligarchy has been acceptable primarily to oligarchs. One could describe the history of Great Britain from 1688 to the present as a relatively gentle struggle against a comparatively benign oligarchy.

Though Jackson's faith in the people was almost religious, his methods struck his opponents as so high-handed that they feared that, under the pretext of guaranteeing liberty for the majority, he would abolish liberty for all. Mr. Remini records an anecdote about Jackson's foe Senator Henry Clay and ally Vice-President Martin Van Buren: the men savaged each other in the Senate Chamber but kept on good terms personally until an occasion when Clay suddenly lost command of himself outside the Senate and poured out his genuine fears that Jackson's despotism would destroy liberty and the Union. I suppose there is no sure way to discriminate between a popular leader and a demagogue aiming at the subversion of freedom. So far in our history, though, I think our demagogues have tended to be provincials (Huey Long) or roughnecks (Joe McCarthy). Jackson was neither. An overemphasis on Jackson the frontiersman ignores the fact that his business with the frontier was mastering it. When, in 1788, as a young lawyer, he moved from North Carolina to Tennessee, his notion of improving his own circumstances implied civilizing the territory: he helped bring to the wilderness law, architecture, and other marks of urbanity—he supported the Presbyterian Church and was a founder of Nashville's Jockey Club. His manners were courtly: in 1833, a young sprig of New England Federalism who expected to meet a wild man found instead that the President was "a knightly personage." Stories about Jackson dramatize his eruptiveness; but Jackson's power lay not in intermittent explosions but in steadiness, as Mr. Remini demonstrates in his account of the nullification crisis of 1832-33, in which Jackson put a stop to South Carolina's rehearsal for secession.

Toward the end of Jackson's life, Mr. Remini tells us, his paternalism, at once protective and commanding, grew more marked. In truth, Jackson reads like Zeus or Wotan—an all-father—and I am a little afraid of him. His mythic qualities pervade these three volumes, which read like the Iliad or the "Song of Roland" mixed up with tariffs. Though Mr. Remini does not parade his labors or his learning, readers cannot help appreciating the depth of his studies, his mastery of personality and politics and sources. Yet Jackson somehow detaches himself from reality; he keeps moving into the fabulous despite all Mr. Remini's efforts to pin him firmly into history. Mr. Remini artfully teaches us about the American past. Jackson inescapably teaches us about a remoter human past that lives on in all of us—our penchant for transmuting our heroes into models and metaphors and, at last, into legends.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TWO WINTERS AND THREE SUMMERS, by Fyodor Abramov, translated from the Russian by Jacqueline Edwards and Mitchell Schneider, with an introduction by Maurice Friedberg (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $17.95). "Remember," a Party official shouts down the telephone line to the chairwoman of the "New Life" *kolkhoz*, or collective farm, "the war may be over for some, but for us northerners it's just beginning." This example of Soviet "village prose," set in the postwar nineteen-forties, is the middle novel of a trilogy; the two others have not appeared in English. Through a system of never-ending tithes and taxes, the *kolkhozniki* are being bled dry. Worse yet, their depleted ranks—largely women and old people—are recruited to man the "timber front" in order to rebuild southern cities, and the exhausted fields and livestock must be left untended. Fyodor Abramov concentrates on chronicling the *kolkhoz* as a whole, as bad weather and bad policies take their toll; individual characters tend to exemplify the common plight. One hard worker, for instance, stores his war medals in his bread basket; the days of moss-and-sawdust rolls may be over, but nobody eats anything better than potatoes and gray salt. One woman, looking back, sees that the *kolkhoz* was a fist for the duration; now, having been handed too many bad-news telegrams and unreasonable Party directives, "the fist was loosening."

GENERAL

INTIMATE MEMOIRS, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Harold J. Salemson (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $22.95). M. Simenon's memoirs take the form of a letter addressed, turn and turn about, to each of his four children—Marc, the only child of his first, more or less platonic marriage, and Jean (called Johnny), Pierre, and Marie-Jo (who killed herself at twenty-five), of his second and ultimately disastrous marriage. His purpose, he notes at one point, is "to tell you each about your own childhood, all four of you, to tell you about details you yourselves have probably forgotten." The result is an enormous book (close to half a million words)—a loose and rambling book that has none of the terse lucidity for which its author is renowned. It is enormously detailed. It covers his childhood in Liège, his Grub Street years in Paris before the Second World War, his discovery of Maigret, his wartime years interned in the Vendée, his American years (in Tucson, Carmel, and Lakeville, Connecticut), his return to France, his eventual settling in Switzerland, his great wealth, his many honors, his international celebrity, and his many celebrated friends. It is, as the title promises, intimate. He tells his children about the frequent pleasures of his marriage bed, and also of the many casual copulations that filled his leisure hours, rising at times to an almost pornographic zest. He writes of other intimacies—his drinking, his insomnia, his constipation, his hiatus hernia, his prostatitis, his coughs and sneezes and aches and pains. He recalls the births of his children—the state of the weather at the time and his own comings and goings, the name of the novel on which he then was working. He recalls the minutiae of their lives: "Do you remember your lamp? We found it in Poughkeepsie and are proud of it. On the shade, there is . . ." He recalls, perhaps most intensely, his passion for the strange and finally insane Canadian woman—called only D.—who became his second wife. There is an awful fascination in his portrait of D.—gay and uninhibited, moody and self-reproachful, cold and accusatory, ever striving for "status," ever conscious of being Mme. Georges Simenon, increasingly extravagant, and, with all this, capable of accompanying M. Simenon to a whorehouse where she watched him and the girl of his choice. His portraits of his children have an almost equally awful fascination. He presents himself as a loving father, and there can be no doubt that he is. But his love seems to have manifested itself largely through barrages of expensive presents, lavish allowances, a total lack of parental discipline, and sentimental utterances quite painful to read. These last reach a terrible intensity in the pages devoted to the poor, aimless, promiscuous, disturbed Marie-Jo; the book closes with a compilation of pathetic letters and poems by her addressed to "Daddy-Daddy" or "My Dad-Daddy" or "My big Dad." And the portrait that emerges here of the author? It shows us a decent man, a compulsive writer, a weak and selfish man, and something of a fool.

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Sheriff's Log in the Friday Harbor (Wash.) Journal of the San Juan Islands*]

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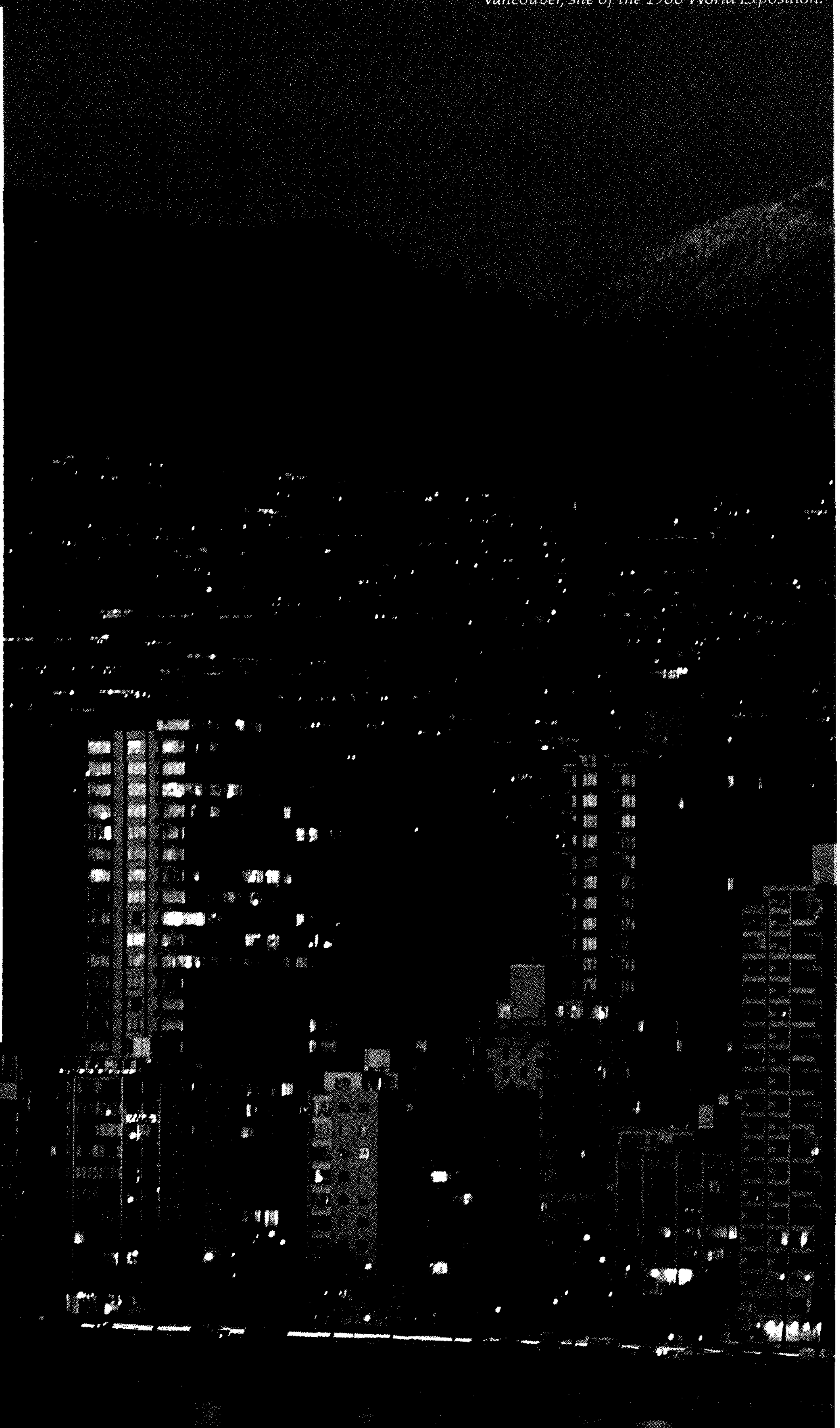
Vancouver, site of the 1986 World Exposition.



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